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OCEAN PASSENGER TRAVEL.

By John H. Gould.

THERE are, undoubtedly, many men and women in New York to-day who went down to the Battery and cheered and waved their hands in greeting to the first steam-ship that entered this port from Europe. This important event took place on April 23, 1838, and it was doubly interesting and significant because not only the first transatlantic steam-ship came to anchor in the harbor on that day, but the second also; steam travel across the sea thus beginning with a race that was earnestly contested and brilliantly won. Furthermore, it was a race that attracted infinitely more attention than any of the contests that have succeeded it. Two steam-vessels had crossed the Atlantic in years previous, both having started from this side; the Savannah, from Savannah, in 1819;* and the Royal William, from Quebec, in 1831; but neither of these voyages had demonstrated the feasibility of abandoning the fine sailing packets and clippers for steamers when it came to a long voyage. The Savannah used both steam and sail during eighteen of the twenty-five days required for a passage to Liverpool, and more than one clipper overtook and passed her during the voyage. The Royal William had to utilize all her hold for coal in order to carry sufficient fuel to insure a completion of the voyage. The reasons for the commercial failure of such craft are, therefore, apparent; but they proved to be available and profitable for coastwise traffic, and meantime inventive genius was at work on plans and models and theories all intended for the construction of a steam-ship capable of carrying goods and passengers between Europe and America, and of outrunning the packets. Public interest, accordingly, was deeply stirred on both sides of the ocean when, in 1837, it was learned that two steam-vessels were on the stocks, building for the American service. These were the Sirius, at London, and the Great Western, at Bristol. It was these vessels that made the first race; the Sirius making the trip, measured from Queenstown, in eighteen and a half days, and the Great Western in fourteen and a half days. The Sirius, having had nearly four days' start, came in a few hours ahead of the winner. She brought seven passengers, and whether the Great Western had others than her crew on board, cannot now be ascertained.

At this time there were several lines of sailing vessels in operation between America and Europe, among the most important of which were Williams & Guion's Old Black Star Line, afterward merged into the Guion Line of Steamships; Grimshaw & Co.'s Black Star Line; C. H. Marshall & Co.'s Black Ball Line; and Tapscott's Line. All these concerns conducted a profitable busi-

*See The Development of the Ocean Steam-ship, by Commander F. E. Chadwick, U.S.N., in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1887.

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ness in carrying passengers, and the ships were provided with accommodations for the three classes into which travellers have been divided from early times. It is impossible at this day to determine with exactness the volume of passenger traffic in clippers, for no complete records were kept; but that it was comparatively light may be inferred from the fact that provision was made in the large ships for ten first-cabin and twenty second-cabin passengers.

The steerage capacity varied from eight hundred to one thousand, and it was a long time after steam-ship lines had been established before immigrants ceased to come over in clippers. In fact for ten years after the inauguration of the first steam line the immigrants had no choice — the steam-ships carrying none but cabin passengers. The rates were, £30 for first cabin; £8 for second cabin; and £5 to £8 for steerage. The appointments of cabins and state-rooms were meagre as compared with the great steam-ships of to-day, but the table fare was substantially the same that is provided now. The first-cabin passengers fared as they might in a good hotel; those in the second cabin, or "intermediates," as they were called, had a plentiful supply of plain, well-prepared food, and the needs of the steerage passengers were looked after by the British Government, which instituted an official bill of fare. These matters will be described in greater detail further on.

A Quiet Flirtation.

In the *Marine News*, of April 4, 1838, published in New York, the agents of the Sirius advertise her as a "New and Powerful Steam-ship, 700 tons burden, 320 horse-power." The advertisement continues:

> This vessel has superior accommodations, and is fitted with separate cabins for the accommodation of families, to whom every possible attention will be given.
>
> Cabin, $140.00, including provisions, wines, etc.
>
> Second cabin, $80.00, including provisions.

Commenting upon the arrival of the Sirius and Great Western, the New York *Courier and Enquirer* of April 24, 1838, said:

> What may be the ultimate fate of this excitement—whether or not the expenses of equipment and fuel will admit of the employment of these vessels in the ordinary packet service—we cannot pretend to form an opinion; but of the entire feasibility of the passage of the Atlantic by steam, as far as regards safety, comfort, and despatch, even in the roughest and most boisterous weather, the most sceptical must now cease to doubt.

The "fate of the experiment," as far as the Sirius was concerned, was decided by the initial voyage. She had taken on four hundred and fifty tons of coal at Queenstown, all of which had been consumed before passing Sandy Hook, and had it not been for the sacrifice of spare spars and forty-three barrels of rosin to the demands of the furnace, she would not have entered the upper bay under steam. Nevertheless, there were people who trusted her capability to get back to Queenstown with the same quantity of coal, and among these confident, not to say venturesome travellers, were the

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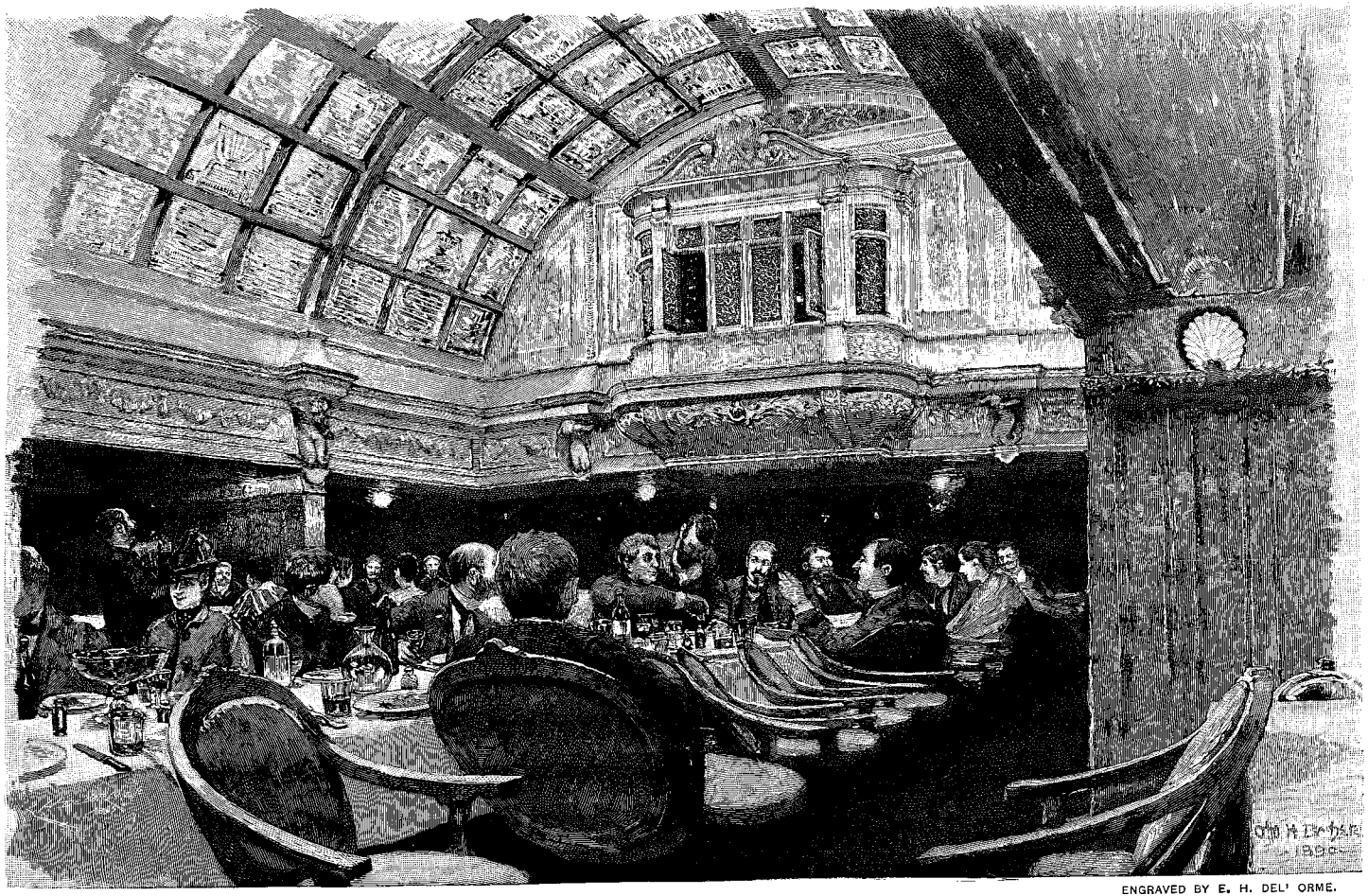

DRAWN BY O. H. BACHER.

In the Grand Saloon of an Inman Steamer.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL' ORME.

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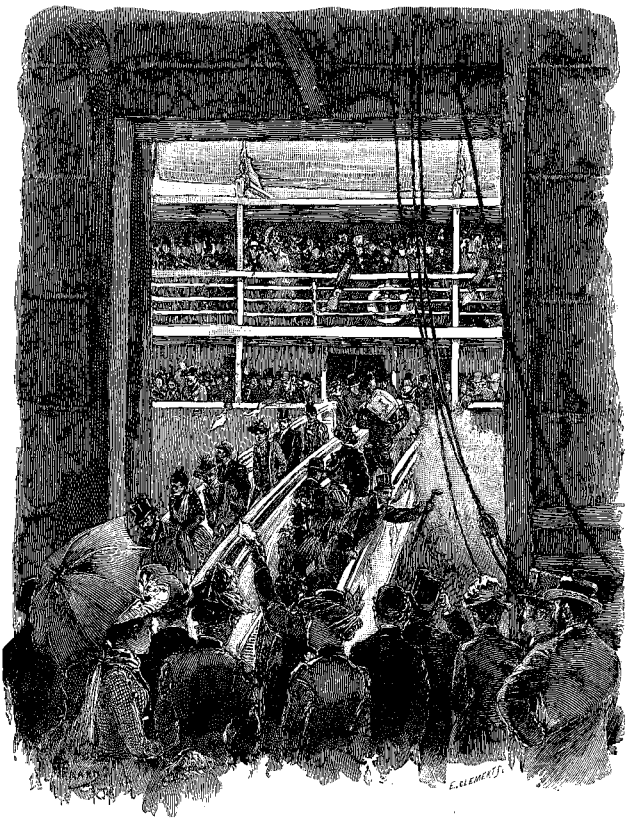
Chevalier Wyckoff and James Gordon Bennett, Sr. The Sirius made better time on the eastward trip, but she never again crossed the ocean. For many years she plied between Cork and Dublin.



The Gang-plank—just before sailing.

As a business venture the Great Western was more successful, and she made in all thirty-seven round voyages between Bristol, or Liverpool, and New York. Sixty-six passengers sailed in her on her first voyage from New York. Enthusiastic reporters of that day record that at least one hundred thousand persons crowded the Battery and other points of view to see her off. She had been advertised as follows:

BRITISH STEAM-PACKET SHIP GREAT WESTERN,

JAMES HOSKEN, R.N., *Commander:*
Having arrived yesterday from Bristol, which place she left on the 8th inst., at noon, will sail from New York for Bristol on Monday, May 7th, at 2 o'clock P.M.

She takes no Steerage Passengers. Rates in the Cabin, including Wines and Provisions of every kind, 30 guineas; a whole State-room for one person, 50 guineas. Steward's fee for each passenger, £1 10s. sterling. Children under 13 years of age, half price. No charge for Letters or Papers. The Captain and Owners will not be liable for any Package, unless a Bill of Lading has been given for it. One to two hundred tons can be taken at the lowest current rates.

Passage or freight can be engaged, a plan of cabin may be seen, and further particulars learned, by applying to

RICHARD IRVIN,
98 Front St.

Other steam-ships made experimental voyages across the Atlantic after this, and several attempts were made to establish regular lines, that is, a service with stated times of sailing from one year's end to another; but none of these succeeded until 1840, when the British and North American Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company was organized. The chief promoter of this concern was Mr. Samuel Cunard, of Halifax, and the name of the corporation was speedily forgotten in the popular adoption of his name to designate the line. Mr. Cunard and his associates had been keen observers of the various experiments in steam navigation, and naturally they profited by others' failures. By no means the least important feature of their enterprise, by which it differed from previous ventures, and by which it secured a fighting chance for prosperity, was an arrangement with the British Government for carrying the mails. The first mail contract covered a period of seven years at £60,000 annually. This service was monthly in the beginning, afterward fortnightly, and the points touched were Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston. Eventually, with increased subventions from the Government, a weekly service was established between Liverpool and New York, as well as a semi-monthly

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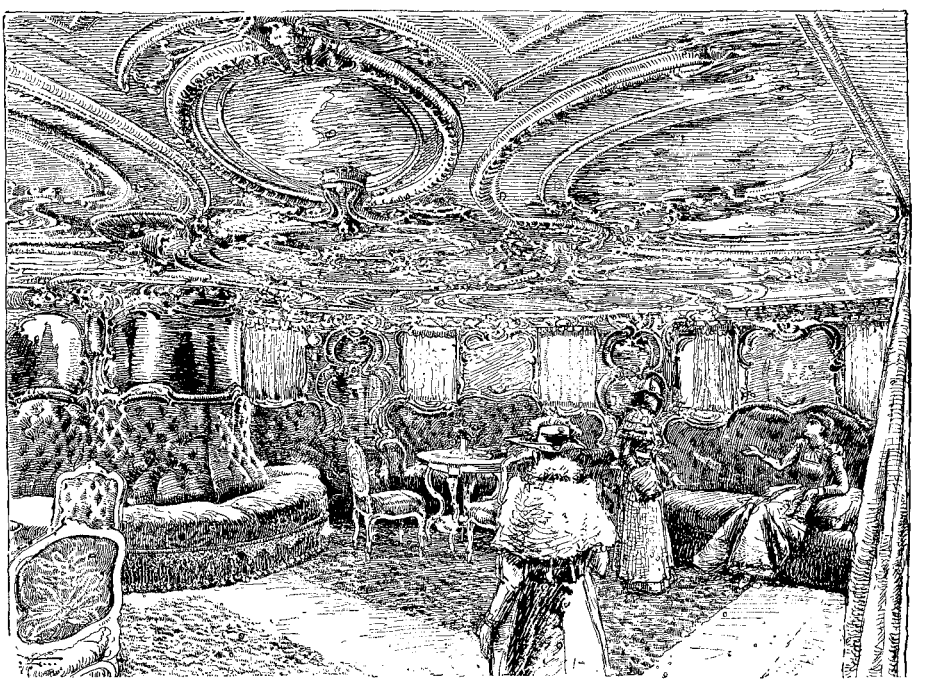
service between Liverpool and Boston. The first fleet of the Cunard Line consisted of four vessels—the Britannia, Acadia, Caledonia, and Columbia. Another steam-ship, the Unicorn, made what was probably a voyage of announcement for the company. The Unicorn was the first steam-vessel from Europe to enter Boston Harbor, where she arrived on June 2, 1840. Although Boston made as much fuss over this event as New York had over the arrival of the Sirius and Great Western two years before, regular communication with Europe was not established until the arrival of the Britannia, the real pioneer of the Cunard Line. She left Liverpool on Friday, July 4, 1840, and made the voyage to Boston, including the détour to Halifax and delay there of twelve hours, in fourteen days and eight hours. That Mr. Cunard was correct in believing that transportation by steam would stimulate travel between the continents is clear enough to us now; but he and his associates must have felt justified in the undertaking by the fact that the Britannia carried ninety cabin passengers on her first trip.

Although the passengers had "the run" of the entire ship, their accommodations were little, if any, better than those provided in the clippers. The saloon and state-rooms were all in the extreme after-part of the vessel, and there were no such things as comfortable smoking-rooms on deck, libraries, sitting-rooms, electric lights and annunciators, automatic windows to port-holes; and there were no baths to be obtained except through the kind offices of the boatswain or his mate, who vigorously applied the hose on such passengers as came dressed for the occasion when the decks were being washed in the early morning. "State-room" was much more of a misnomer then than it is now. On the most unpretentious modern steamship there is room enough in the chambers to put a small trunk, and even other articles of convenience to the traveller; and one may dress, if he takes reason-



The Saloon of a Hamburg Steamer.

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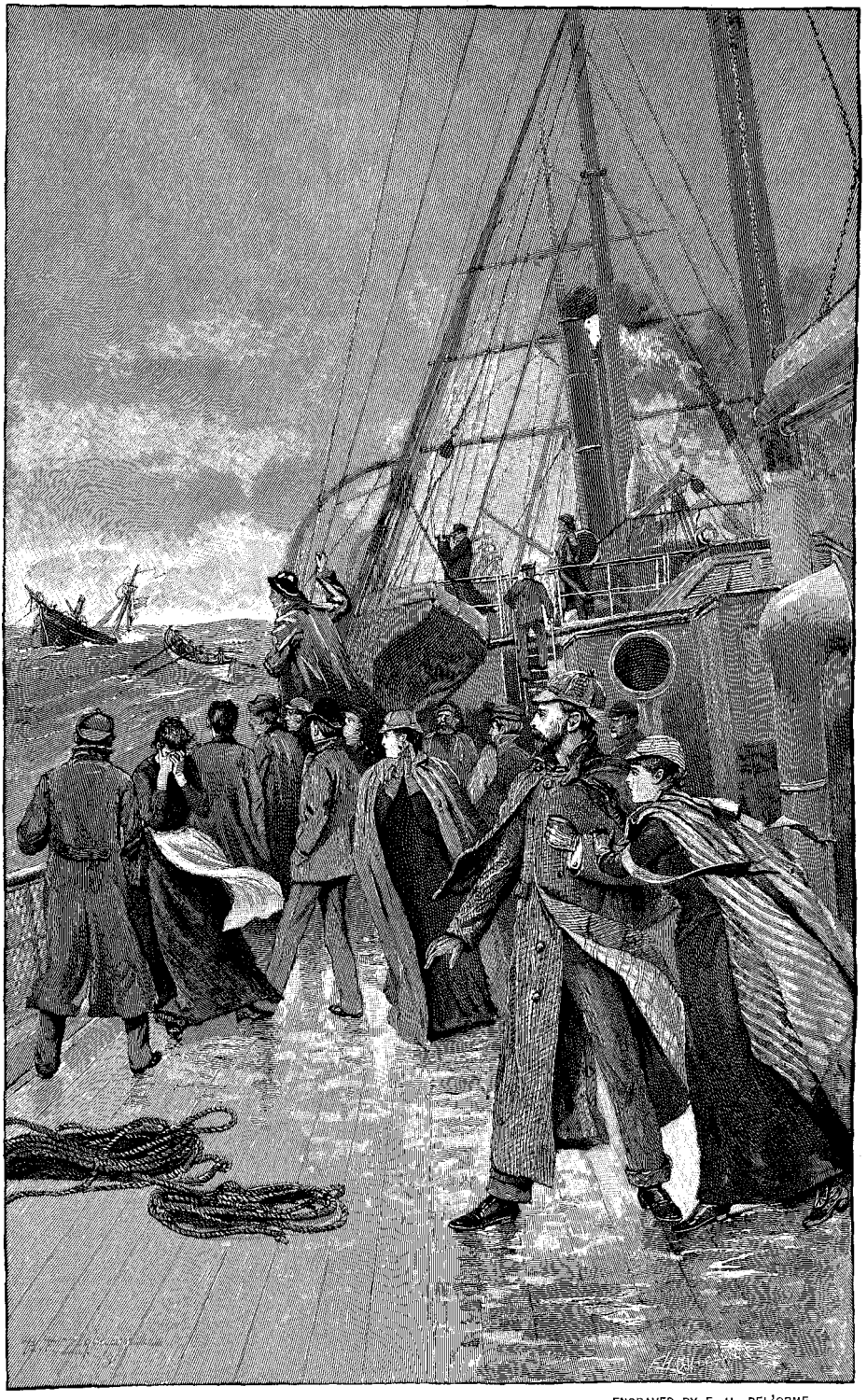

DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

A Drama of the Sea.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

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able care, without knocking his knuckles and elbows against the wall or the edges of his berth. Nowadays, too, the state-room is usually large enough to accommodate three or four persons, while some are arranged to hold six and even eight persons. The pioneer steam-ship had chambers so narrow that there was just room enough for a stool to stand between the edge of the two-feet-wide berth and the wall—mere closets. There were two berths in each room, one above the other. By paying somewhat less than double fare a passenger given to luxury might have a room to himself, according to the advertisement of the Great Western. Within such narrow quarters, however, everything possible was done for the passenger's comfort. A gentleman, now in business in New York, who crossed in the earliest days of the Cunard Line, and who has since sailed on the modern racers, says that the difference is by no means as great as might be expected. He puts it this way:

"The table was as good then as it is now, and the officers and stewards were just as attentive. There is more costly ornamentation now; but that aside, the two great improvements over the liners of forty-five years ago are in speed and space. There is more room now to turn around in, and the service is somewhat better."

This is a very good-humored view of the matter. It is not probable that latter-day travellers would be content to put up with narrow rooms, smoking lamps, low ceilings, and other discomforts that have been removed in recent shipbuilding. The traveller to-day demands more than comfort and safety. Travelling is in the main itself a luxury, and as more and more Americans have found themselves with sufficient means to indulge in it, they have demanded more and more luxurious surroundings and appointments. It is in response to this demand and the growth of the traffic, that within the last few years there has been placed upon the transatlantic lines a fleet of steam-ships that surpass in every respect anything that the world has seen.

For several years the Cunard Line enjoyed what was substantially a monopoly of the steam carrying trade between England and America, although individual vessels made trips back and forth at irregular intervals, and various and unsuccessful attempts were made to establish a regular service. The first enterprise of this kind that originated in the United States was the Ocean Steam Navigation Company. In 1847 this corporation undertook to carry the American mails between New York and Bremen twice a month. The Government paid $200,000 a year for this service, and the vessels touched at Cowes, Isle of Wight, on each trip. Two steam-ships were built for this line, the Washington and Hermann. When the contract with the Government expired both were withdrawn and the project was abandoned. About the same time C. H. Marshall & Co., proprietors of the Black Ball Line of packet-ships, built a steam-ship, the United States, to supplement their transatlantic business, but the venture proved to be unprofitable. Then came the New York and Havre Steam Navigation Company. This line was also subsidized by the Government for carrying the United States mails between New York, Southampton, and Havre, fortnightly, at $150,000 annually. The two steam-ships built for this purpose were wrecked, and two others were chartered in order to carry out the mail contract, until the Fulton and the Arago, two new steam-ships built for the line, were ready for service in 1856.

The most important American rival which foreign corporations have encountered in transatlantic steam navigation was the famous Collins Line. Mr. E. K. Collins had grown up in the freight and passenger business between New York and Liverpool, and in 1847 he began to interest New York merchants in a plan to establish a new steam-ship line. Two years later a company which he had organized launched four vessels—the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, and Baltic. They were liberally subsidized; the Government paying to the company $858,000 yearly for carrying the mails; conditions imposed being that the vessels should make twenty-six voyages every year, and that the passage from port to port should be better in point of time than that made by the

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Cunarders. The Collins Line met the conditions successfully; its vessels making westward trips that averaged eleven days, ten hours, and twenty-one minutes, as compared with twelve days, nineteen hours, and twenty-six minutes by the British steam-ships. The vessels of the Collins Line cost upward of $700,000 each. This was a great deal of money to put into a steam-ship in those days, and as the largest of the fleet was considerably smaller than the smallest of the steam-ships that now ply between New York and European ports, there was naturally a good percentage of cost in the appointments for the comfort of the passengers. Many features that have since come to be regarded as indispensable on board ship were introduced by the Collins vessels. Among them none attracted more comment when the Atlantic arrived at Liverpool, at the end of her first voyage, May 10, 1849, than the barber-shop. English visitors to the vessel, as she lay at anchor in the Mersey, saw for the first time the comfortable chair, with its movable head-rest and foot-rest, in which Americans are accustomed to recline while undergoing shaving. Another novelty was a smoking-room in a house on the after-part of the deck. In the predecessors of the Atlantic smokers had to get on as well as might be in an uninviting covered hatchway known as the "fiddley." The Collins Line vessels had not only a dining-room sixty feet long by twenty feet broad, but had a general saloon sixty-seven feet by twenty feet. These were divided by the steward's pantry. Rose, satin, and olive woods figured prominently in the decorations; there were rich carpets, marble-topped tables, expensively upholstered chairs and sofas; a profusion of mirrors; all the panels and the saloon windows were ornamented with coats-of-arms and other designs emblematic of American freedom; all of which made, according to an English writer, a "general effect of chasteness and a certain kind of solidity."

The Collins Line obtained its share of a steadily increasing passenger traffic between the Old and New Worlds. It carried freight at from $30 to $40 a ton; it had the advantage of an immense subsidy; but to all intents and purposes the corporation was bankrupt at the end of six years. It cost too much to maintain the high rate of speed required by the Government. Moreover, two vessels were lost; the Arctic, which went down after a collision with a French steamer off Cape Race, in September, 1854, when two hundred and twenty-two of the two hundred and sixty-eight people on board were drowned; and the Pacific, which was never heard from after she left Liverpool on June 23, 1856.

Almost simultaneously with the inauguration of the Collins Line another candidate for ocean business appeared, bringing with it two innovations of great importance to all travellers. This was the Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia Steamship Company, better known, even in its own offices, as the Inman Line. It was the original plan of this company to establish a line between Liverpool and Philadelphia, and for several years, beginning in 1850, no calls were made at New York. The Inman Company was successful in securing a contract from the British and Canadian Governments for carrying the mails *via* Halifax, and was the successor to the Cunard Line on that route; the company then settled down, with a comfortable mail contract, to carrying passengers, freight, and mail between Liverpool and New York, calling at Queenstown on every trip.

During the Crimean War the transatlantic trade received a severe check, as more than half the steam-ships were withdrawn and placed in the service of the British and the French Governments as transports; during that time the Collins Line and other American lines received quite an impetus by many of the vessels of both the Cunard and Inman Lines being required for transport duty. At the close of the Crimean War, however, a reaction set in when these ships were again put in commission, with a decidedly disastrous effect on the American lines.

In 1855 Commodore Vanderbilt endeavored to get a subsidy from the American Government for a mail line to Europe, but, notwithstanding his failure to procure this contract, he placed three or four vessels on the route between New York, Southampton, and Havre, and

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later on the Bremen route. The venture was more or less profitable. The last remnants of American enterprise in Atlantic passenger traffic disappeared with the steam-ships Fulton and Arago of the New York and Havre Line, which were withdrawn in 1868.

Two innovations introduced by the Inman Line became prominent features of ocean business, and it may be left an open question as to which was the more important. One was the use of the screw-propeller, and the other was the carrying of steerage, or third-class, passengers. Previous to 1850 all steam-ships built for transatlantic voyages had been side-wheelers, and even as late as 1870 there were steam-vessels that came into the port of New York with the walking-beam, familiar to patrons of modern ferry-boats and river steamers. The principle of the screw-propeller had been known and utilized for many years; but it was not believed that a steam-ship could cross the ocean in safety unless side-paddles were employed. The first iron transatlantic screw steam-ship was the City of Glasgow, built on the Clyde by Tod & McGregor. She made four successful voyages between Glasgow and New York before she was purchased by the corporation that afterward became known as the Inman Line. This innovation, although it did not result at first in any marked increase of speed, soon found approbation in the policies of rival companies for reasons of economy and space, and other considerations that need not be mentioned here.

The other innovation was equally long in finding acceptance among oceanic steam-ship companies, but it eventually prevailed, even to the extermination of the clipper ship as a passenger carrier. It may be remarked just here that the introduction of the screw-propeller added to the discomforts of the cabin passengers; for in the first vessels of the Inman Line the state-rooms and saloons were retained in the after part of the ships, where the motion of the sea and the noise of the screw were most apparent.

Leaving this matter for the present it is worth noting that the steady increase in passenger traffic between the two continents led to the organization of many other companies that tried to find a share in the carrying business. The Glasgow and New York Steam-ship Company was started in 1854 by Tod & McGregor, shipbuilders; the service was fortnightly. In 1859 they decided to confine their business to shipbuilding, and the fleet and good-will were then sold out to the Inman Line, who continued the service for a year or two, but finally withdrew the fleet from Glasgow and concentrated their entire business between Liverpool, Queenstown, and New York.

During the period from 1850 to 1860 many Atlantic lines were established, several of which are in successful operation to-day. The new-comers during that decade, as well as in the following decade, adopted generally the innovations ventured by the Inman Line; but it was not until after 1870 that the side-wheeler disappeared from the ocean, and it was not until 1874 that clipper ships ceased to bring immigrants. It is said that the life of an iron steam-ship is unlimited; that time enough has not elapsed since the first iron ships were floated to determine how long they would naturally last under good usage. The importance, therefore, of the innovation introduced by the Inman Line may be readily inferred when it is stated that the oldest steam-ship belonging to any of the regular lines now in the passenger service between New York and European ports was built in 1868. Within the last year or two steel has been almost entirely substituted for iron, it being lighter and more durable.

Although the transatlantic lines multiplied rapidly, and the business induced by foreign traffic increased steadily, there was no other marked improvement in the service until 1870, when the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company entered upon its career. In this case also the legal title of the corporation has been forgotten in the popular adoption of a short name to designate the line; and this new enterprise has been known almost from the beginning as the White Star Line. Their first steamship was the Oceanic, and its model and appointments throughout became the pioneer of the wonderful vessels that now ply regularly between this country and

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Europe. It was not so much that the proprietors of the White Star Line endeavored to outdo their rivals in conveniences for passengers, table-fare, and the like, but that they heeded the complaints of the travellers who suffered from the noise and motion in their state-rooms in the after part of the boat. In the old style of steam-ships the passenger who desired to sleep had to contend against the noise of the screw, the creaking of the steering apparatus, and the most extreme motion possible upon the vessel. The White Star Line arranged its saloons and state-rooms so as to bring them as near as possible to the centre of gravity; placing them, therefore, amidships.

It is not essential now to state what mechanical improvements this change involved. Certain it is that all the important lines found themselves under the necessity of following in some fashion the model set by the Oceanic, and the best ships of to-day are so arranged that the passengers who pay the highest rates are located in all their necessary movements in the central part of the vessel.

The year 1870, therefore, marks an epoch in steam navigation, and every vessel, or nearly so, built since that date has been conformed to the model set by the Oceanic. From year to year the speed has been improved, until so many steam-ships are classed as racers that the rivalry has come to be centred in appointments and luxurious accommodation.

The inauguration of the Oceanic Company marked the beginning of what may be called the second epoch in transatlantic travel, and with the first voyage of the City of New York a third epoch was begun. This last period, into which we have hardly entered, is distinguished by the twin-screw steam-ship. There are now seven great vessels of this class in the passenger service between European ports and New York: The City of New York and the City of Paris, of the Inman line; the Majestic and the Teutonic, of the White Star Line; the Augusta Victoria, the Columbia, and the Normannia, of the Hamburg-American Line. In addition to these there will presently be another, the Fürst-Bismarck, also of the latter line, and the French Line will have La Touraine running between New York and Havre in a few months. These new vessels are not remarkably superior to the best single-screw steam-ships in the matter of speed, and any advantage gained in this respect may be attributed to their having greater horse-power. As may be seen from the record of fast passages, the Etruria and the Umbria, of the Cunard Line, are not only very close seconds to the best twin-screw ships, but are even ahead of three of the new type of vessel. The great merit of the twin-screw ship lies in the increased safety which its mechanism insures. It admits of avoiding obstacles that would surely wreck a single-screw vessel, of better handling in case of collision, and of surer progress in the event of the breaking of a shaft.

Such steamers as the City of New York and the City of Paris of the Inman Line (which is now controlled by American capital, and may in a sense be regarded as an American enterprise), and the Etruria and Umbria of the Cunard Line, are designed so as to carry about five hundred first-cabin passengers each, but they carry less steerage passengers than other ships, which adds greatly to the comfort of saloon passengers. It is not probable that the $700,000 expended for the construction of a vessel of the Collins Line would much more than suffice to pay for the decorations and conveniences afforded to passengers on these ships. In correspondence with modern ideas they are subdivided into twenty-four watertight compartments, and this, with due allowance for the architect's notions, has led to the supplying of bath-rooms about the ship, according to the number of passengers carried; several suites of rooms on the upper deck are arranged with bath-rooms and toilet-rooms. To each class of passengers is furnished its own bath-rooms, smoking-room, saloon, and dining-room. The steerage is so divided that the third-class passengers are not only away forward, but aft also; and they have the whole of one deck to themselves for promenading and getting glimpses of ocean views.

These are features that apply to so

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many of the best steam-ships now plying between New York and European ports that it would be unjust to describe any one ship as against another, but as the City of New York has made the highest average speed of all the Atlantic "greyhounds," and for that matter the highest average speed of any steam-ship in the world, it is but fair to mention her wonderful performance. During the year 1890 she made eight trips to the eastward, and the average of each trip from Sandy Hook Lightship to Roche's Point, Queenstown Harbor, was six days, four hours, and five minutes; the average of her eight trips to the westward from Roche's Point to Sandy Hook Lightship was six days, five hours, and forty-four minutes. On the four trips each way from August to November, inclusive, her average west-bound voyages were six days and forty-two minutes, and the east-bound voyages six days and fifty-three minutes. For the whole season on her trips to the eastward she averaged 19.12 knots per hour, and to the westward 18.91 knots per hour. She has made a slightly better average than her sister, the favorite City of Paris, and she beat her powerful rival, the Teutonic, seven times out of ten during the past season.

The fastest westward trip on record is that of the City of Paris, her time of 5 days, 19 hours, and 18 minutes being undisputed. Her best eastward trip was made in 5 days, 22 hours, and 50 minutes, which is also the fastest trip on record to the eastward.

The lowest time claimed for the Teutonic, on a westward trip, is 5 days, 19 hours, and 5 minutes, but this record is in dispute, as there is a discrepancy of 55 minutes in the time of her arrival at Sandy Hook Lightship as shown by her log, and that given by the marine observers both at the Highlands of Navesink and Sandy Hook; there is also a difference of 28 minutes in her leaving time from Roche's Point between the time shown by her log and the reported time by the Associated Press observer, which adds one hour and twenty-three minutes to the record claimed for her. Her fastest eastward voyage was made in 5 days, 23 hours, and 34 minutes.

The City of New York has made the westward voyage in 5 days, 21 hours, and 19 minutes; she made the eastward voyage in 5 days, 23 hours, and 14 minutes.

The Majestic's fastest westward trip was 5 days, 21 hours, and 20 minutes; and her fastest trip to the eastward was 5 days, 23 hours, and 16 minutes. The Etruria has a record to the westward of 6 days, 1 hour, and 50 minutes; and to the eastward of 6 days, 5 hours, and 18 minutes. The Umbria's record to the westward is 6 days, 4 hours, and 20 minutes; and her eastward record is 6 days, 3 hours, and 17 minutes.

The trips of these six vessels are measured between Sandy Hook Lightship and Roche's Point, the entrance to Queenstown Harbor; the North-German Lloyd Line and the Hamburg-American measure the trips between Sandy Hook Lightship and the Needles, near Southampton.

The Columbia has made the journey eastward in 6 days, 15 hours; and to the westward in 6 days, 16 hours, and 2 minutes. The Normannia has made the eastward trip in 6 days, 17 hours, and 20 minutes; and to the westward in 6 days, 17 hours, and 2 minutes. The record of the Augusta Victoria is, eastward, 6 days, 22 hours, and 32 minutes; westward, 6 days, 22 hours, and 40 minutes. The new steamship Spree, of the North German Lloyd Line, made the trip to the eastward in 6 days and 22 hours, on her third trip across the Atlantic; and the Lahn, of the same line, has a record to the eastward of 6 days, 22 hours, and 42 minutes.

The fast ships of several lines now make a seven-days' journey from port to port; these lines are the Cunard, Inman, White Star, North German Lloyd, Hamburg-American, French, Guion, and Anchor. Their vessels are well fitted, the passengers find every convenience at hand, and, barring extremely bad weather, the traveller may imagine that he is confined but a few days to a first-rate hotel on land. Nevertheless it may be worth while to mention one or two comparatively minor features that have been introduced lately to make the journey to Europe comfortable. It is now possible

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to have your trunks checked at your house for delivery in London, although the steam-ship may terminate its journey at Liverpool. This service naturally calls for a small extra fee, but it is hardly more than would be charged by an expressman who would take your trunks to the dock where the steam-ship lies awaiting your departure. It is quite the custom now, also, for steam-ship companies to issue letters of credit to passengers, who, for one reason or another, may not care to deposit their moneys with the banking houses. On one line, at least, passengers can rent steamer-chairs previous to sailing at fifty cents each for the trip, and when they arrive on board they simply apply to the deck-steward for their chairs. At the offices of all the principal lines steamer-chairs may be engaged at the time tickets are procured, but the price charged for the trip is one dollar; the enterprise being managed by an independent concern who have obtained the privilege from the different lines.

Every traveller may have at least one interesting souvenir of the voyage across the Atlantic. The names of the passengers, and in some cases their home addresses, are neatly printed upon folios along with a blank chart for recording the progress of the voyage, and more or less information about the company, the vessel, and the fleet of which it is a member. A sufficient number of these passenger lists are printed to assure one at least for every cabin passenger, and the lists are usually distributed in the saloon soon after the vessel leaves her dock. They are not only prized as souvenirs, but they are invaluable in assisting one to make acquaintances—or avoid them, for that matter. It is the custom of some of the lines to distribute passenger lists at the gang-plank just previous to the sailing of the vessel, so that friends of passengers may carry away a token of the great journey, and speculate as to how companionable this or another person will prove to the party in which they are especially interested. On nearly all the larger vessels there is a miniature newspaper printed by the ship's printer, which gives the usual amount of "local" gossip and happenings peculiar to the surroundings; articles are contributed by the passengers, and sometimes there is a good deal of talent on board. Reports of concerts and domestic entertainments, etc., are given.

Rivalry between the various lines has led to the establishment of agencies in various parts of this country and Europe. Abroad the agents seek mainly, if not exclusively, to induce emigration. In this country the agents deal almost exclusively with those to whom travel has become a well-earned luxury. The central point of agencies is in Chicago. The agents there control the territory west of Chicago, and are in constant communication with the head-offices in New York, and they have their sub-agents scattered about everywhere, but especially in the Northwest. The New York offices are promptly informed by the Chicago agents concerning the number of people booked for certain steamships, and the chief stewards make provision accordingly.

Before showing how the steward has to provide for his passengers, it will be interesting to note, as well as may be, the increase in transatlantic voyaging. Exact records of cabin passengers have not been kept until within a few years; but it will be remembered that in the time of the clipper ships not more than ten first-cabin passengers were expected on any one ship. As it is now, the different steam-ship lines entering the port of New York employ several men to look after the landing of passengers. Their duties are mainly directed to steerage people; but recently they have also kept records of those who come over in either first or second class. From these records, kept in the Barge Office in New York City, it appears that ocean travel varies according to the business situation in this country. Following is an exhibit of the number of cabin passengers that arrived at this port during the years between 1881 and 1890, inclusive: 1881, 51,229; 1882, 57,947; 1883, 58,596; 1884, 59,503; 1885, 55,160; 1886, 68,-742; 1887, 78,792; 1888, 86,302; 1889, 96,686; 1890, 99,189.

From one point of view, at least, these figures are very striking. In 1889 there was a great show in Paris that attracted world-wide attention and interest. In

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the spring of that year every steam-ship agent announced to prospective passengers that all vessels would be crowded, and that the volume of passenger traffic between the continents would swamp the capacity of every line. But the figures speak for themselves. Viewing the increase of oceanic travel it appears that the financial depression of 1884 kept many people at home who otherwise might have crossed the ocean. After that distressing season had passed travel resumed its normal condition, and an increase may be noted with each year. When finances in this country had been somewhat adjusted we find that 86,302 cabin passengers landed at New York in 1888. Then came the Paris Exposition, and the record for 1889 is 96,686. That was the greatest year for ocean travel known theretofore. Yet 1890 came along, and the record of 1889 had been broken. The total number of arrivals of cabin passengers for that year being 99,189.

These figures mean that Americans are getting rich enough to travel; nothing more. An agent of an excursion company said to me during 1889:

"It doesn't need an Exposition in Paris to induce travel. Europe is the loadstone! All we have to do is to show people that they can get to *Europe* at a moderate cost, and that fetches 'em."

The same men who keep these records at the Barge Office say that at least eighty per cent. of the arrivals from Europe represent people who live in this country; that is, that not more than 20,000 people during 1890 arrived in New York who did not live here, or who were not returning to their homes. Furthermore, it should be noted here that New York has become to so great a degree the port to which transatlantic business tends, that not more than fifteen per cent. of either immigrants or cabin passengers land at any other port. A few go to Boston, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore; and a few come in *via* Quebec and the northern border; but the figures at New York really represent the volume of passenger traffic.

It is not possible to give an exact comparison between the traffic now and when passenger steam-ships first began to run between this country and Europe; but it will be remembered that the Cunards, beginning in 1840, had only four regular vessels. Now there are twelve steam-ship lines who have regular sailing days each week, and some have sailings twice and three times a week; they all terminate or begin in New York, and on these lines there are eighty-four steamships which carry saloon and steerage passengers. These lines make landings at Queenstown, Liverpool, Southampton, Havre, Bremen, Hamburg, Moville (Londonderry), Glasgow, Antwerp, Boulogne, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and Copenhagen. No line employs less than four boats, and the Hamburg-American Line keeps twenty-one in commission. The North German Lloyd Company has the largest fleet of express steam-ships; there are twelve in commission between New York, Southampton, and Bremen. This great fleet of eighty-four vessels is composed of the following lines, given in the order in which they were established: Cunard Line, 1840; Inman Line, 1850; Hamburg-American Line, 1856; Anchor Line, 1856; North German Lloyd Line, 1857; French Line (Compagnie Générale Transatlantique), 1862; Guion Line, 1864; White Star Line, 1870; Netherlands Line, 1872; State Line, 1872; Red Star Line, 1873; Thingvalla Line, 1879. Besides these lines there is also the Anchor Line, Fabre Line, and the Florio Line to Mediterranean ports; Wilson Line to London, and also to Hull; National Line to London, and also to Liverpool; Hill Line to London; Union Line to Hamburg; Bordeaux Line to Bordeaux, and Baltic Line to Stettin. All these lines carry passengers.

This record, of course, takes no account of the lines to the South American continent or to Pacific ports. Freight lines, of which there are several, are out of the question for the moment.

A great many passengers are more anxious about the table-fare upon an ocean steam-ship than about the state-rooms, saloons, smoking-rooms, and other matters of transient comfort. There is really no need for worry about the table. There is always enough, and on the best boats there is always a great variety.

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On one of the recent departures of a great liner from this port her larder was stocked as follows :

20,000 pounds of fresh beef (a portion of this, although all was available, was intended for the return trip, beef being cheaper here than in Liverpool) ; fresh pork, 500 pounds ; mutton, 3,500 pounds ; lamb, 450 pounds ; veal, 500 pounds ; sausage, 200 pounds ; liver, 230 pounds ; corned beef, 2,900 pounds ; salt pork, 2,200 pounds ; bacon, 479 pounds ; hams, 500 pounds ; tongues, 8 dozen ; sweetbreads, 200 ; fish, assorted, 2,100 pounds ; oysters, 5,000 ; clams, 5,000 ; soft-shell crabs, 500 ; green turtle, 200 pounds ; turkeys, 50 ; geese, 50 ; fowls, 248 ; chickens, 150 ; squabs, 300 ; snipe, 500 ; quail, 500 ; ducklings, 216 ; wild game, 108 pair. Butter, 1,500 pounds ; eggs, 1,200 ; condensed milk, 400 quarts ; fresh milk, 1,000 quarts ; ice cream, 400 quarts. Apples, 12 barrels ; pears, 10 boxes ; musk-melons, 100 ; water-melons, 60 ; oranges, 16 boxes ; peaches, 10 crates ; bananas, 10 bunches ; huckleberries, 100 quarts ; gooseberries, 100 quarts ; cherries, 250 quarts ; currants, 100 pounds ; grapes, 75 pounds ; lemons, 14 cases ; pineapples, 100 ; plums, 150 quarts ; strawberries, 250 quarts ; raspberries, 250 quarts. Flour, 125 barrels ; potatoes, 140 barrels ; lettuce, 72 dozen ; asparagus, 30 dozen ; green peas, beans, tomatoes, 15 crates each ; Brussels sprouts, 10 baskets. Crackers, cakes in large variety, and a quantity of pickles, sauces, spices, extracts, pâtés de foie gras, truffles, caviare, canned and dried and fresh vegetables, and general groceries in the most generous quantity. About 500 other items appeared on her list of stores besides wines, spirits, beer, mineral waters, cigars, etc.

One of the bills of fare presented to first-cabin passengers from such a commissariat is here given.

SOUPS.
Turtle and Spring.

FISH.
Scotch Salmon and Sauce Hollandaise.

ENTRÉES.
Blanquettes de Poulet aux Champignons.
Filets de Bœuf à la Bordelaise.
Cailles sur Canapés.

JOINTS.
Saddle of Mutton and Jelly.
Beef and Yorkshire Pudding.
York Ham and Champagne Sauce.

POULTRY.
Roast Turkey and Truffles.
Spring Ducklings.

VEGETABLES.
Pommes de Terre Duchesse.
Asparagus. Potatoes. Parsnips.

SWEETS.
International Pudding.
Rhubarb with Custard.
Strawberry Jam. Tartlets. Sandwich.

PASTRY.
Genoese Pastry. Marlborough Pudding.
Gooseberry Soufflés.
Lemon Cream.

DESSERT.
Seville Oranges. Black Hamburg Grapes.
English Walnuts. Madeira Nuts. Cantaloupes.
Café Noir.

Following is a literal copy of a bill of fare for a second-cabin dinner on a favorite steamship :

SOUP.—Julienne.
FISH.—Boiled Rock Fish, butter sauce.
MEATS.—Haricot of mutton ; roast beef, baked potatoes ; boiled mutton, caper sauce ; mashed turnips ; potatoes.
Rice pudding ; apple tart ; small pastry. Biscuits and cheese.

So the accommodations on board ship have kept pace with the growing traffic and the increasing demand for luxurious appointments. Vessels now are lighted by electricity in every quarter, including even the steerage ; there is ample room for exercises and games on deck ; there are well-stocked libraries and music-rooms, no well-ordered ship being without a piano or organ, and some have both ; smoking-rooms are usually on the upper deck ; electric annunciators are handy ; bath-rooms are numerous ; the thrashing of the screw is heard faintly at the worst ; there is plenty and a variety of food ; and in short, the majority of cabin passengers fare for a week better, and are surrounded by more appointments of wealth and luxury than they are accustomed to in their own homes.

Some specially interesting features have been introduced into the North German Lloyd service, and also on the express steamers of the Hamburg-American Line to make a voyage attractive. Among these is the band that accompanies every vessel. The performers are the stewards of the second cabin, who must not only be good waiters but good musicians as well. They play through the long first-cabin dinner, which lasts from one to two hours, and again on deck in the evening. There are no Sunday services on these boats,

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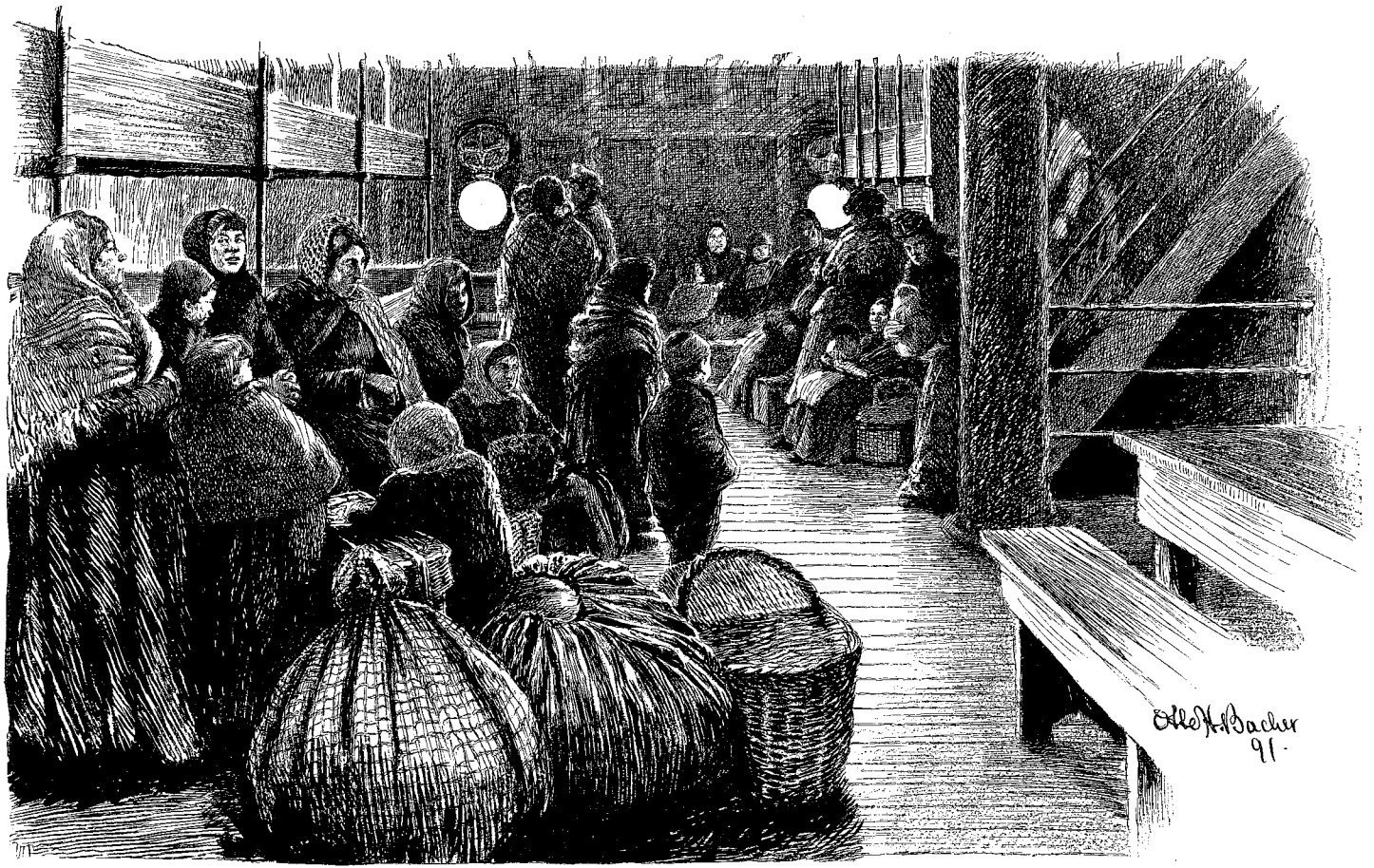

In the Steerage.

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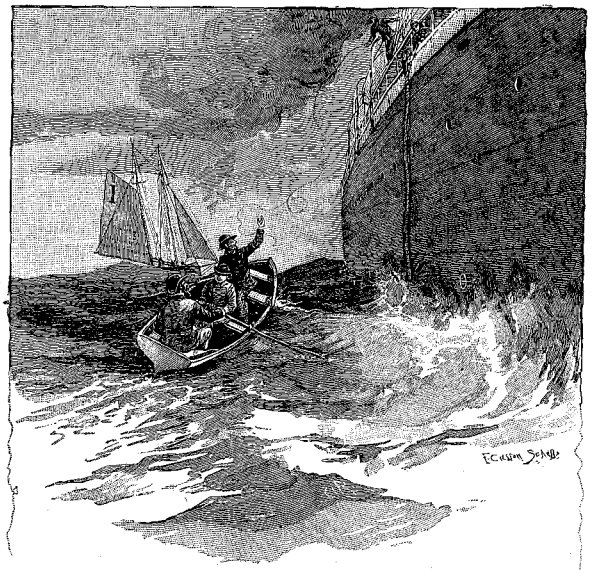
but in the morning the band plays hymn tunes, and in the evening there is a "sacred" concert. All German and American holidays are observed on board, special attention being paid to the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday, and particularly so on an eastward trip if the holiday occurs when the vessel is only a day or so out from New York; when Christmas comes to the travellers at sea, they find themselves in the midst of a German festival, in which there is no lack of a brightly adorned and illuminated tree. The steerage passengers are not forgotten on these occasions; amusements and a special feast are provided for them.

The French Line has some remarkable features of its own. Baggage may be checked by it to any point in France. The company provides a special train that waits on the steamship dock in Havre, and on the arrival of the vessel from New York takes the passengers and baggage to Paris at once, and puts them in close connection with trains for other parts of the continent. This system of transfer and checking baggage applies not only to cabin passengers, but to those in the steerage as well, and the French line is the only line that makes such arrangements. It is also the only line that supplies immigrants with all necessary utensils, including bedding; and, more than that, it provides a wholesome wine at all meals in the steerage, and cognac once a day.



The Pilot Boarding.

French festivals and American holidays are celebrated on board by concerts, balls, dinner parties, and extra luxuries at the regular meals. Entertainment is provided for the steerage passengers, and a special *menu* is furnished for the festal days. On such occasions, too, the ships are gayly decorated with bunting from stem to stern.

Another unique and pleasant feature of the voyage on a French line is the "Captain's Dinner." This takes place just previous to the termination of the trip, and it is regarded as a farewell celebration in token of good-will between the passengers and the officers who have safely conducted them over the ocean. Champagne is furnished by the company without extra charge at this dinner, and toast and speech-making follow.

On the British lines Sunday is suitably observed; the captain, in full uniform, supported by his officers, reads the Church of England services, to which all on board are invited. American and British holidays are also observed in a fitting manner, the vessels being always "dressed" for the occasion. These lines also have a parting dinner, usually one or two evenings before arrival in port.

All incoming steamers are signalled off Fire Island or Sandy Hook, their arrival is telegraphed to the Quarantine station and the ship-news office, and in about three hours the vessel reaches Quarantine from Fire Island, or about one hour from Sandy Hook. At Quarantine the health officer boards her, and if it is found that she has no case of contagious disease on board she is permitted to proceed to her dock, which she reaches in about one hour and a half, including the time of examination by the health officer; but if she has any se-

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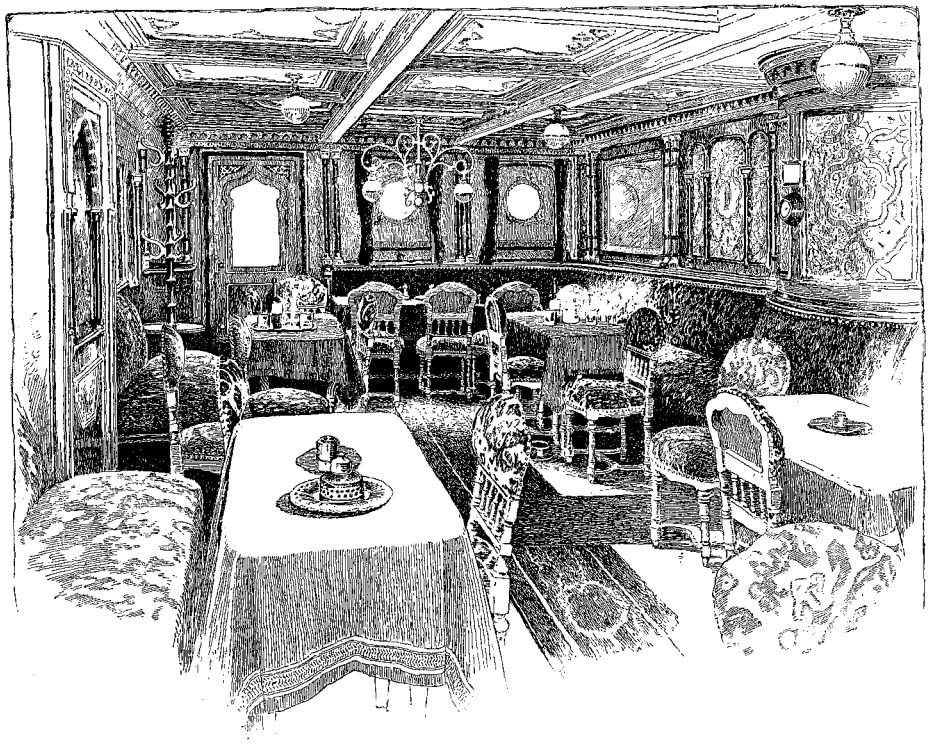

Smoking-room of a French Liner.

rious case on board she is detained at Quarantine until she receives orders from the health officer to land her passengers. As soon as the vessel is reported inside Sandy Hook the revenue cutter starts down the bay to meet her, with the customs officers on board. The boarding officer places several staff officers on board, who go immediately to the saloon, where declarations are made and signed by the saloon passengers as to the contents of their trunks, etc., and all baggage is searched on arrival of the vessel at her dock, when those who attempt "monkeying" with the customs officials will find out that the little trick does not pay.

Meantime, how do the steerage folk get on?

Mention has been made of the British governmental bill of fare. This was instituted when clipper ships were in vogue. It was ordered that a minimum weekly allowance of raw food should be provided for every adult third-class passenger as follows:

3½ pounds bread, or biscuit, not inferior in quality to navy biscuit; 1 pound flour; 1½ pound oatmeal; 1½ pound rice; 1½ pound peas; 1¼ pound beef; 1 pound pork; 2 pounds potatoes; 2 ounces tea; 1 pound sugar; ½ ounce mustard; ¼ ounce ground black pepper; 2 ounces salt; 1 gill vinegar.

A government inspector saw to it that these items or their equivalents were provided upon the departure of every ship carrying third-class passengers, and that no ship went to sea without being provisioned for thirty days. The allowance, however, proved not to be altogether generous, and many passengers brought stores of their own along. In any event, each passenger had to prepare his own meals at the cook's galley, for the number of cooks furnished was always insufficient. The kitchen is never commodious at the best, aboard ship, and it needs no imagination to picture the struggle of immigrants, one against another, for a turn at the fire. The government requisition is still in force, but it is substantially a dead letter, for not only the British but all European

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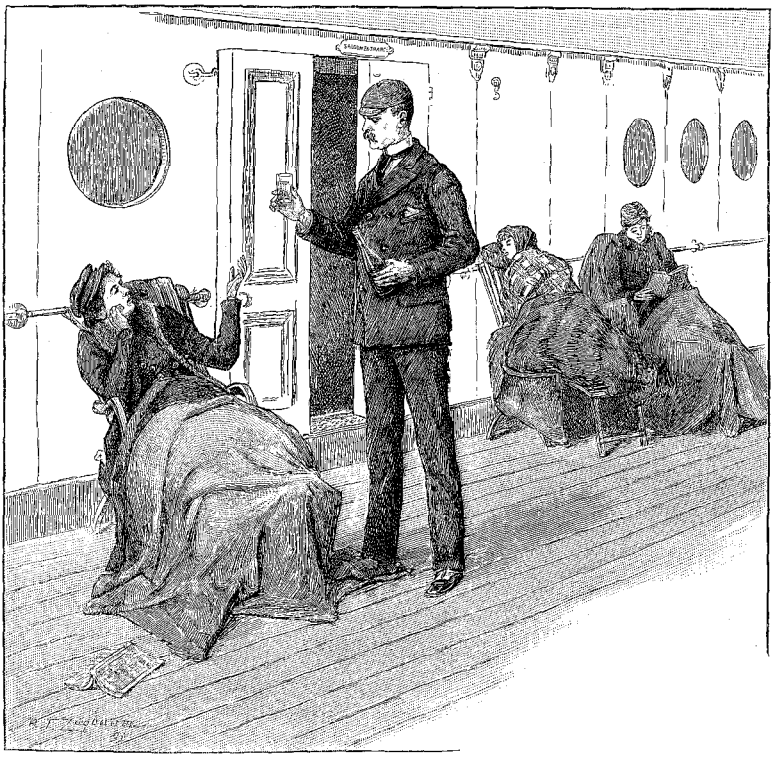
steamship companies now provide ample fare for all steerage passengers.

A young man who crossed in the steerage last year described his fare to the writer, thus: "At breakfast," he said, "we usually had oatmeal porridge and molasses, with coffee in plenty, and rolls and butter. This was varied by hash instead of porridge on some days, or perhaps an Irish stew; but fresh baked rolls and butter were always in abundance. There was always soup at dinner, and some boiled beef, pork, or fish, with potatoes and bread. Supper did not amount to much, but there was plenty of plain, good stuff to eat. Roast beef and plum duff were served at Sunday's dinner."

This food was served to the steerage passengers by stewards, but there was no placing of dishes opposite the passenger's plate. The general meal was set down in the middle of the table, and "help yourself" was the order of the day. The steerage passengers do not cook their own food now, but they have to provide their own cups, plates, and other utensils, as well as their own bedding.

All captains of passenger steam-ships are scrupulously attentive to the needs of their steerage passengers. Not a day passes that they do not make a personal inspection of this department, and they are always approachable in the event of complaints arising on the part of the poorest travellers. It is related of one old-time Commander — Captain John Mirehouse—that in order to assure himself of the proper quality and preparation of the steerage food, he invariably had his lunch served from the steerage galley at the dinner hour; and he used to declare that his lunches were as wholesome and palatable as he could desire.

It must not be supposed that steerage passengers are all immigrants. Odd as it may seem, there are many world wanderers who cross and recross in the



More Comfortable on Deck.

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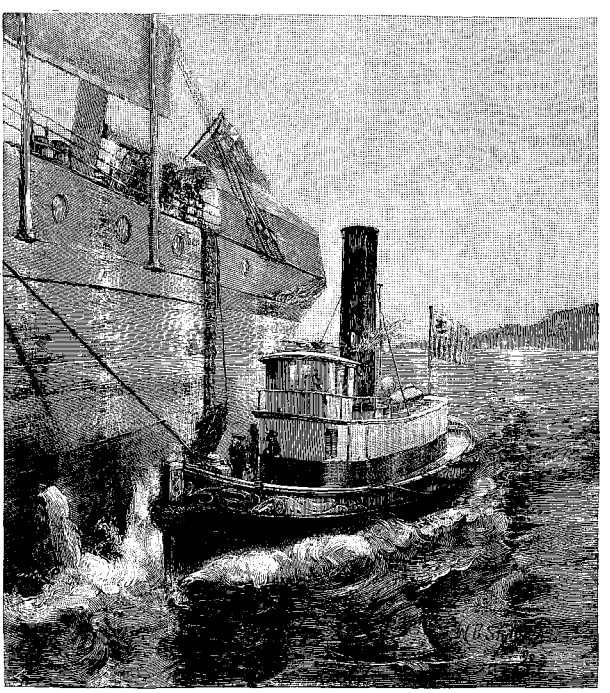
steerage, who travel over great parts of the world, and who, in their class, are as independent as the more luxuriously accommodated cabin people. Besides these curious characters there are Scottish carpenters and other mechanics who come over here for a few months at a time to take advantage of higher wages, and who return as they came when Christmas draws nigh. It will doubtless cause astonishment to most readers to learn that when the Teutonic made her last voyage to Europe, in December, 1890, she carried 1,400 passengers, more than 1,000 of whom were in the steerage.

The immigrant business has come to be so important a feature in transatlantic passenger traffic, that it may not be uninteresting to conclude this article with a few figures that show somewhat of its growth and proportions, and also the method of handling the immigrants. At least eighty-five per cent. of all immigration to the United States comes through the port of New York. The Board of Immigration was not established until 1847, and previous to that time records were rather loosely kept. The official figures, however, have been obtained,* showing that between 1783 and 1847, 1,063,567 immigrants came to this country; between 1847 and 1873 there were 4,933,562; a marked falling off in the annual average occurring during the War of the Rebellion; between 1873 and 1890, inclusive, 4,910,864. Immigration was heaviest in the years 1881, 1882, and 1883, the figures being 441,064; 455,450; and 388,267, respectively. The greatest arrival of immigrants in any one day was on May 11, 1887, when nearly 10,000 were landed at this port. The greatest number ever brought by a single ship was 1,767, by the Egypt, National Line, in 1873. This good ship was destroyed by fire, July, 1890, in midocean, on her way to the eastward, but fortunately not a life was lost.

On the arrival of each vessel at her dock she is boarded by the Immigration Department boarding officer, and the Customs inspector and his assistants; the latter examine the immigrants' baggage, and sometimes add considerable to Uncle Samuel's bank account in the way of duties or the confiscation of smuggled articles. Their baggage is then checked and placed on board the transfer boats and barges, which convey them to the Barge Office, where they are examined by a medical staff and then passed to the registration department in that building; here they give their name, age, occupation, nationality, and destination; if they appear as though they were liable to become a public charge, in compliance with an Act of Congress, they are returned, by the same vessel on which they arrived, to the place from which they came. But an opportunity is given to their friends, if



Revenue Officer Boarding, New York Bay

* Through the courtesy of Mr. George W. Esslinger, assistant to Captain John E. Moore, landing agent.

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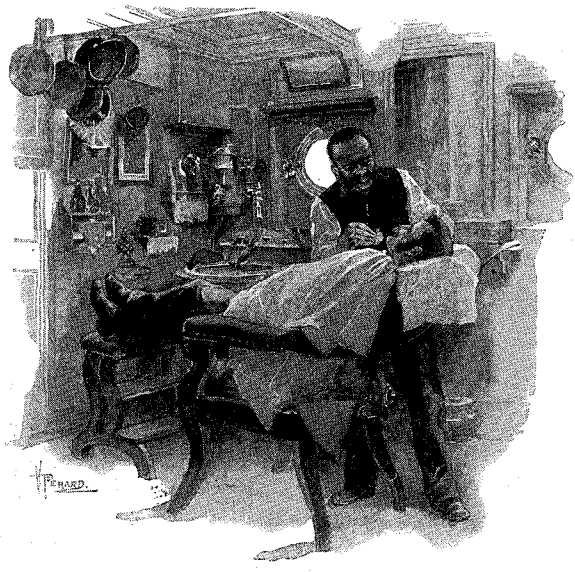
any should call, to guarantee that they will not become a public charge, and they are then allowed to leave the department in the custody of their friends. Parties seeking friends call at the information bureau, and if they satisfy the clerk as to their identity they are allowed to take their friends away. On leaving the steam-ship checks are given to them for their baggage, and it is stored at the Barge Office free of charge, and kept till called for.

There is a railroad ticket office in the Barge Office, where all the trunk lines are represented by one general agent, a sort of pool, and here the immigrant can secure tickets to any point and have baggage checked to destination; and at no other place can tickets be procured at such low rates, nor can anyone but an immigrant get such a low rate. Each immigrant is allowed 150 pounds of baggage free, and the railroad companies transfer them and their baggage from the Barge Office to their respective depots free of charge.

A temporary hospital is located in the Barge Office, where immigrants not seriously ill are kept, and those who may have any serious illness are sent to hospitals under contract with the department for such patients.

Each steamship company was formerly required to pay to the United States Treasury a head tax of $2.50 for each alien steerage passenger; this fee was reduced to $1.00, and some years ago it was still further reduced to fifty cents, the present rate. This tax goes to what is known as the Immigrant Fund.



The Steamer's Barber Shop.

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Stalking a Kangaroo.

A KANGAROO HUNT.

By Birge Harrison.

IN the log-book of Captain Cook's first voyage around the world we find it recorded, under date of July 14, 1770, that "Mr. Gore, who went out this day with his gun, had the good fortune to kill one of the animals which had been so much the subject of our speculation, . . . and which is called by the natives kanguroo." This specimen (so fortunately killed by Mr. Gore) was in all probability the first kangaroo ever brought down by the gun of the white man; but, apart from the question of its priority, the feat could scarcely have been otherwise remarkable, for at that time Australia swarmed from end to end with countless millions of these curious creatures. Not one of its desolate plains or ghostly eucalyptus glades but was dotted more or less thickly with some of the many species of *Macropidæ;* and it is safe to say that never, in any other country in the world, has any animal been so widely disseminated or so numerous as was the kangaroo in primeval Australia.

But a hundred years of civilization have wrought a change. The great marsupial has entirely disappeared from the most settled portions of the country, and in many of the wilder parts has become as rare an apparition to-day as is the American bison upon the plains of Montana. Indeed, one humorous gentleman whom I met in Melbourne professed to regard the kangaroo as an entirely mythical animal, deserving only to be classed with the sea-serpent, the dragon, and the "bunyip" of the black fellow, whose awful voice is heard in the dead silence of the midnight forest, but whose form has never yet been seen of man. Without taking this waggish proposition too seriously, one would not go far wrong in accepting its general tenor as

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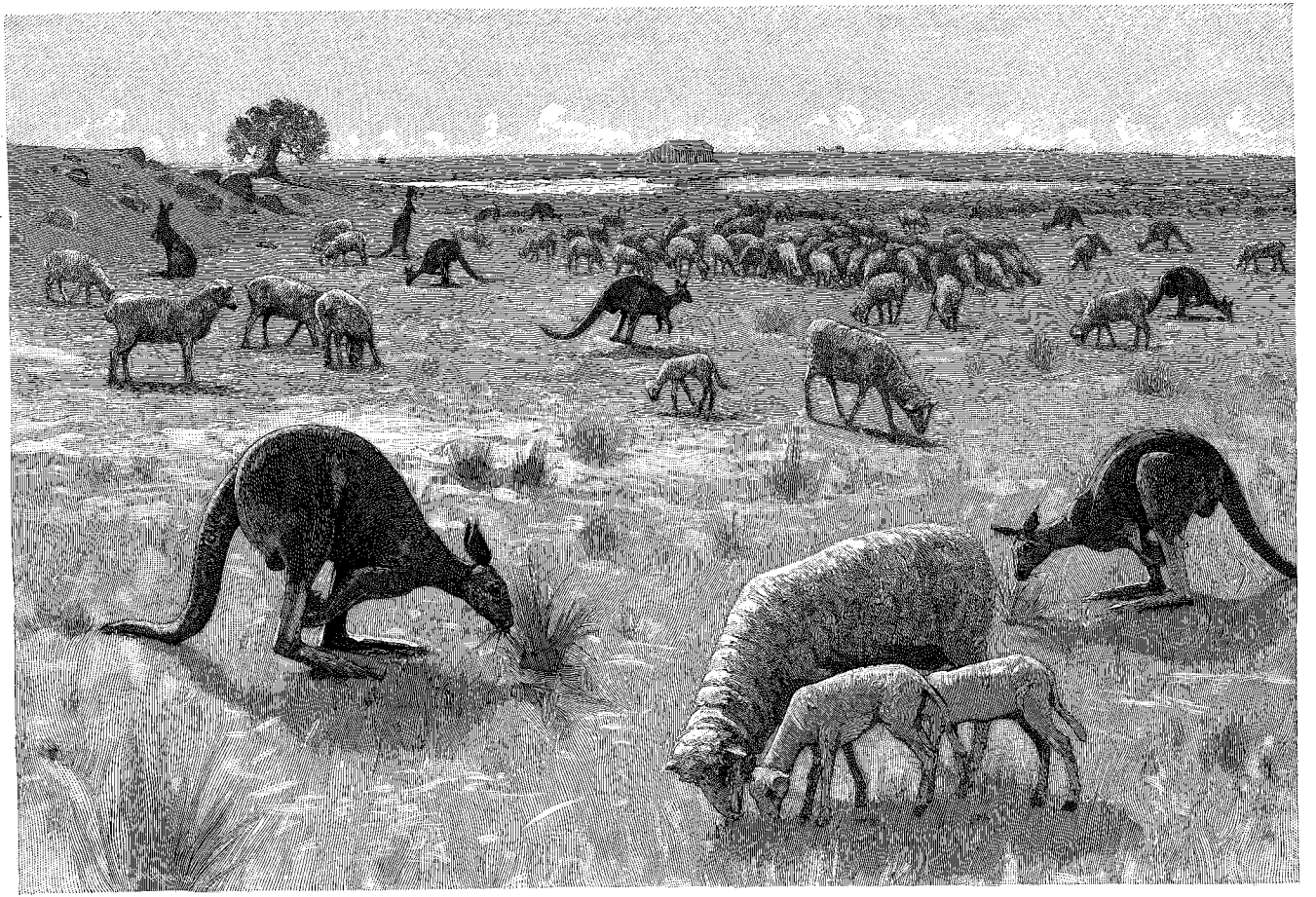

DRAWN BY BIRGE HARRISON.

Herd of Sheep and Kangaroo—The Plains in 1840.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

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indicating fairly well the true state of the case; for it is quite certain that the kangaroo has so nearly disappeared from most of its old haunts as to have already taken on some of that legendary interest which belongs to things of other days. They are still to be found in the remote parts of Gippsland, in Queensland, and notably in the unsettled portions of western Australia; but to be found at all in the year of grace 1890, they must be sought for diligently, and the sportsman who comes to Australia to-day with the expectation of finding kangaroos behind every bush, will stand a very fair chance of disappointment.

For this state of affairs the kangaroo has only to thank his own abnormal appetite. In the early days he was not only tolerated by the colonists, but was even regarded with a certain degree of favor, as a harmless creature who could be counted upon to furnish them with a never-failing supply of fresh meat; but when a little closer acquaintance discovered the fact that he was a most voracious feeder; that one kangaroo, in fact, devoured as much grass as four or five sheep; the squatters declared war upon the whole stupid, mild-eyed tribe, and inaugurated a system of extermination whose relentless prosecution has finally resulted in the nearly total extermination of the species — in Victoria, at least. Regarded from the sportsman's point of view, their disappearance is certainly to be regretted; for their keen scent, their fine sense of hearing, and their extreme fleetness, were all qualities which rendered them a most attractive kind of game, whether for stalking or for running with the hounds. But it must be admitted that, when viewed from the squatter's stand-point, they were little better than a noxious pest, and their extermination was a consummation much to be desired. In some parts of Victoria they formerly outnumbered the sheep as two to one, and old shepherds have told me that it was not an uncommon thing to see the sheep and the kangaroos feeding together upon the plains; as many as two or three thousand kangaroos frequently accompanying a flock of a thousand sheep. Thus it will be seen that a "station" which, in 1850. could barely graze five thousand sheep, can now be made to carry forty thousand without any danger of overstocking. Hence the very natural desire of the squatters to rid the country of so formidable a competitor.

The work of extermination was at first prosecuted by means of great stockaded kangaroo pens or yards, which were built with a wide, funnel-shaped entrance, the flanges of which extended out a mile or two into the adjacent country. These were erected at intervals over the country, wherever the kangaroos were most numerous; and once a month, or so, all the neighboring squatters would join in a grand kangaroo "drive." Fifteen or twenty square miles of country would be surrounded, and all the animals within this radius urged gently into the wide mouth of the inclosure, and then forced into the pen at its further extremity. From three to five thousand kangaroos were frequently secured at a single drive — not to mention the hundreds of wallaby bandicoots, native cats, and other small creatures which were inevitably caught in the general round-up. The sheep, of course, had the previous day been chased out of the region of the proposed battue.

When the animals were all within the pen the gates were closed, and the dangerous "old men" shot down with the rifle. The rest were then slaughtered with waddies and short iron bars — powder and ball being held far too precious for such work. When the kangaroos became so scarce that these drives could no longer be continued with advantage, the scattered survivors were hunted down with dogs and horses. This was a dangerous but very fascinating species of sport, requiring trained horses and the most expert horsemanship; for the kangaroo, when disturbed, always makes for the thickest scrub in the region, and if the rider who follows is inexpert in the ways of bush horsemanship, he stands an excellent chance of having his brains dashed out against an overhanging limb, or his legs crushed against the trunk of a tree. Sometimes, too, the mild and gentle kangaroo himself becomes a serious source of danger; for an "old man," when winded and brought to bay,

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frequently proves himself a most redoubtable enemy. When thus cornered he will generally turn fiercely upon his pursuers, and as the dogs attack him he will lift them one by one in his arms and disembowel them with a single downward stroke of his sharp and powerful hind hoof. When his only aggressor happens to be a man, he has been known to leap upon the horse's haunches, seize the rider about the neck from behind, and drag him from his seat, and then woe betide the unfortunate wretch, for his chances are small indeed. In certain parts of Queensland and northern Australia this wild style of kangaroo hunting is still indulged in by the rough-riders of the "back blocks;" but the day is past in Victoria when that or any other systematic method of extermination is necessary; and the day has not yet come for that leisured class of ardent sportsmen who will one day preserve the kangaroo for hunting purposes, as the deer and the wild boar are to-day preserved in the state forests of France and Germany. In the meantime it is to be regretted that someone well acquainted with the subject has not been inspired to give us the result of his knowledge and experience, and it is with the feeling that this hiatus ought to be at least partially filled up, that I have been induced to add my own mite to the intimate history of an interesting animal which is fast disappearing, and will before long exist no more in a state of nature.

For some time after arriving in Australia, I was almost in despair of being able to gratify my ardent desires in the way of kangaroo hunting. Indeed, the difficulty and uncertainty of the quest seemed so great that I had nearly relinquished all hope of adding the great marsupial to my sportsman's tally, and had regretfully concluded to content myself with wallaby, parrots, ducks, and the ubiquitous bunny, when, by the merest chance, I stumbled upon an exciting and quite successful kangaroo hunt. Before describing this little experience, however, it will be necessary to explain briefly a few of the peculiarities of the queer quadruped in question; for the ways of the kangaroo are as the ways of no other animal upon the face of the globe, and all systems of hunting which are employed elsewhere have had to be modified to meet some of the strange instincts and habits of this most original of beasts.

To begin with, the kangaroo is a marsupial, or pouch-bearer, the females of the species being provided with a peculiar furry sack under the belly, in which they dispose their young in case of sudden attack or need of hasty flight. But, as nearly all the other native animals of Australia are also marsupial—even down to the modest little field-mouse—the naturalists have been sorely puzzled to place each specimen in its own proper niche; and it would be a brave man of science who would to-day assert positively that some specious stranger had not been allowed to slip unawares into the family group, and some true, though distant, relative had not been unduly excluded therefrom. However, the naturalists have agreed that there are about thirty distinct varieties of the kangaroo proper, ranging in size from the giant red kangaroo of Queensland, which averages eight feet in height, down to the funny little kangaroo rat of Victoria, which averages little more than eight inches. But leaving to one side the Queensland monster and the various species of wallaby, wallaroo, etc., it may be stated in general terms that the true kangaroo, the fellow to whom the term belongs *par excellence*, is the one known to naturalists as the *Macropus giganteus*. This is a smooth-haired, mouse-colored animal, which usually stands about six feet high, and only very occasionally attains to the proportions of its Queensland cousin. The word "stand," employed in the preceding sentence, is used advisedly, and is intended to carry the fullest and most exact meaning of the term; for another singular characteristic of the kangaroo is this biped habit. Save when feeding or lying down, it always maintains an upright position, and the small fore-paws, which closely resemble a pair of diminutive hands, are never used as a means of progression. This peculiarity of the kangaroo (added to another of which I shall have to speak further on) renders it one of the most difficult animals in the world to stalk

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successfully, for in every feeding herd there is sure to be at least one vigilant "old man" always standing upon guard, and his upright position, of course, enables him to survey the whole horizon round about him, and to note any unusual object long before it could approach within decent range. When feeding quietly they sometimes drag themselves along on all fours, but their usual gait is a series of quick hops upon the two hind feet, the rest of the body remaining bunched together in a little, round, rigid ball, which never alters in shape so long as the animal is in motion. It is scarcely necessary to say that the impression produced upon an unaccustomed spectator by a fleeing kangaroo is most curious and original. To convey some idea of this comical performance, I can find no better simile than that of a rather dumpy sweet-potato which has been rounded off at the lower extremity, and is propelled by a pair of automatically moving match-sticks. Suppose another slightly curved match to be inserted for a tail, and you have a very fair presentment of the kangaroo in motion. In the illustration upon page 425, I have attempted to render something of this peculiar movement, but I am aware that I have been only partially successful, for, of course, it was impossible to portray upon a fixed surface the series of great undulating bounds which are its distinguishing characteristic. At first sight the motion appears rather slow and lazy, but this is an optical delusion which gradually wears away as the vision becomes accustomed to the surroundings, and is able to make comparisons. In point of fact, every one of those great hops covers twenty or thirty feet of ground, and, when the occasion demands it, a full-grown animal can speed across country at a pace which will try the mettle of the very fleetest horse. To the above particulars I have only to add that the kangaroo is entirely herbivorous in his dietetic habits, and that the home of his choice is the sparse woodland bordering upon great plains, where he is assured at once of abundant pasture and of a ready shelter from his enemies.

And now for my own little adventure. It was, after all, only a wee, small adventure, and is therefore presented with becoming diffidence; but as it was also a genuine adventure so far as it went, it is put forth with the feeling that it may perhaps have a certain historic value. I give what I have to give, wishing it were more.

It came about in this wise. I was visiting at a certain sheep-station on the Fiery Creek plains in western Victoria, when my friend R. proposed that we should take a week's holiday upon Mount Cole—partly for the sake of a change from the routine of station life, and partly with an eye to securing a few skins of the great sulphur-crested cockatoo. These lovely birds rarely venture down upon the open plains, but are usually to be found in abundance in the sombre eucalyptus forests upon the hills. Mount Cole is one of the loftiest spurs of the great dividing range of southern Australia, and, although its highest point is only four thousand feet above the sea-level, its commanding position upon the great plains of the Wimera and Fiery Creek lends it a certain imposing grandeur. It is clothed from base to summit with a great forest of giant eucalyptus, which was, not many years since, the refuge for countless thousands of kangaroos. But it is scarcely necessary to state that these animals are very rarely seen here of late years; and it was certainly with no anticipation of kangaroo hunting that we set off from the "station" that frosty June morning. Indeed, when R. put a small rifle into the trap, just before starting, it was with a joke and a smile that showed the entirely perfunctory nature of the operation. There were a couple of good breech-loading guns, however, and a liberal supply of No. 3, No. 6, and No. 10 cartridges, and of these we expected to make good use. A pleasant drive of thirty miles over the yellow plains, dotted here and there with graceful shioke and contorted honeysuckle trees, landed us at the "selection" of one Allan Wilkinson, who was to be our host and guide. He was a long-haired, gentle-eyed native of fifty, who had been born and bred upon the mountain, and was gifted with the far sight and the slow, drawling speech of a typical Western

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trapper of the old days. Here we took horses and rode six miles farther into the mountains, drawing up eventually at a rough saw-mill which was owned by our gentle-mannered host. We made this our headquarters; and for several days we clambered about the hills under Wilkinson's guidance, at times losing ourselves for hours in the cloud-banks which hung perpetually about the mountain's flank, or anon attaining some lofty summit and peering through the gray vistas of eucalyptus, and out over the sunny plains to golden Ballarat or pastoral Evoca. But of game we saw none—not even the shake of a bunny's tail. The cockatoos, the wallaby, and the mountain goats seemed all to have deserted these usual feeding-grounds; and after three days of the most energetic hunting our bag contained only one little pair of the scarlet parrots known as lowries. At the end of that time the rain came down in torrents—came down as it knows how to do upon occasion during the Australian winter, and we were glad of the excuse to beat a retreat to Wilkinson's hospitable homestead in the foot-hills, where we found the uproar of a growing family of lusty young Victorians rather a relief after the strange and solemn stillness of the hills. But still more grateful to us was the news we received from one of the boys, to the effect that he had that afternoon seen a fine troop of kangaroos feeding quietly in a certain clearing about two miles distant from the house. His imagination had been particularly impressed by the monster proportions of a certain immense "old man" who led the herd. This incident was freely discussed over our typical Australian supper of mutton-pie and delicious tea, and R. and I resolved to have a try at the herd in question next day. In the morning we found the storm raging as wildly as ever, and Wilkinson's kindly eyes twinkled with pleasure as he looked out upon the drenched landscape.

"My word," he exclaimed, "we *are* in luck. This is grand kangaroo weather."

The kangaroo is a late feeder, so we deferred our start until about four o'clock in the afternoon. The wind was still roaring loudly in the tall gum-trees, and the rain poured in streams down our glistening oil-skins when we set out. Thanks to the inclemency of the weather, we were not obliged to exercise any great caution in approaching the feeding-ground, and the dull light minimized the chances of our being seen. The only real danger lay in the possibility of the game getting wind of us, for no animal has a keener scent than the kangaroo, and to none is the odor of man more antipathetic. We found that the spot indicated by young Wilkinson was a "selector's" clearing in the forest, a bit of fairly level ground half a mile or so in width, which lay at the bottom of a small valley between two low spurs of the foot-hills. Covered with rich grass, and surrounded as it was on all sides by the primeval forest, it was the likeliest place in the world for kangaroo, and, as we approached, Wilkinson assured us that we could count with certainty upon their returning frequently to so favorable a feeding-ground. We were rather disappointed, therefore, when, upon reaching the edge of the clearing and peering through the fringe of leaves, we could discover no living object save a few horses grazing peacefully near its centre. We were about to break cover, when my attention was attracted by a few black spots upon the farther edge of the meadow. These I pointed out to Wilkinson.

"Kangaroo, sure enough," was his whispered reply, and upon looking closely, both R. and I could see the queer, elongated objects moving about from time to time as they grazed quietly.

There were a good many of them—five—seven—nine—perhaps twelve, of sizes so varying as to suggest the idea that they must all be members of one large and growing family. Fortunately for us the wind was blowing across the clearing from north to south, while the kangaroos were grazing upon its far eastern edge, and we ourselves were placed at its extreme western extremity. We were much too far off for a safe shot, and it would be necessary, therefore, first to make a long detour through the forest so as to approach them from behind, and then to do a piece of very careful stalking; for the slope of the mountain opposite, close to which the

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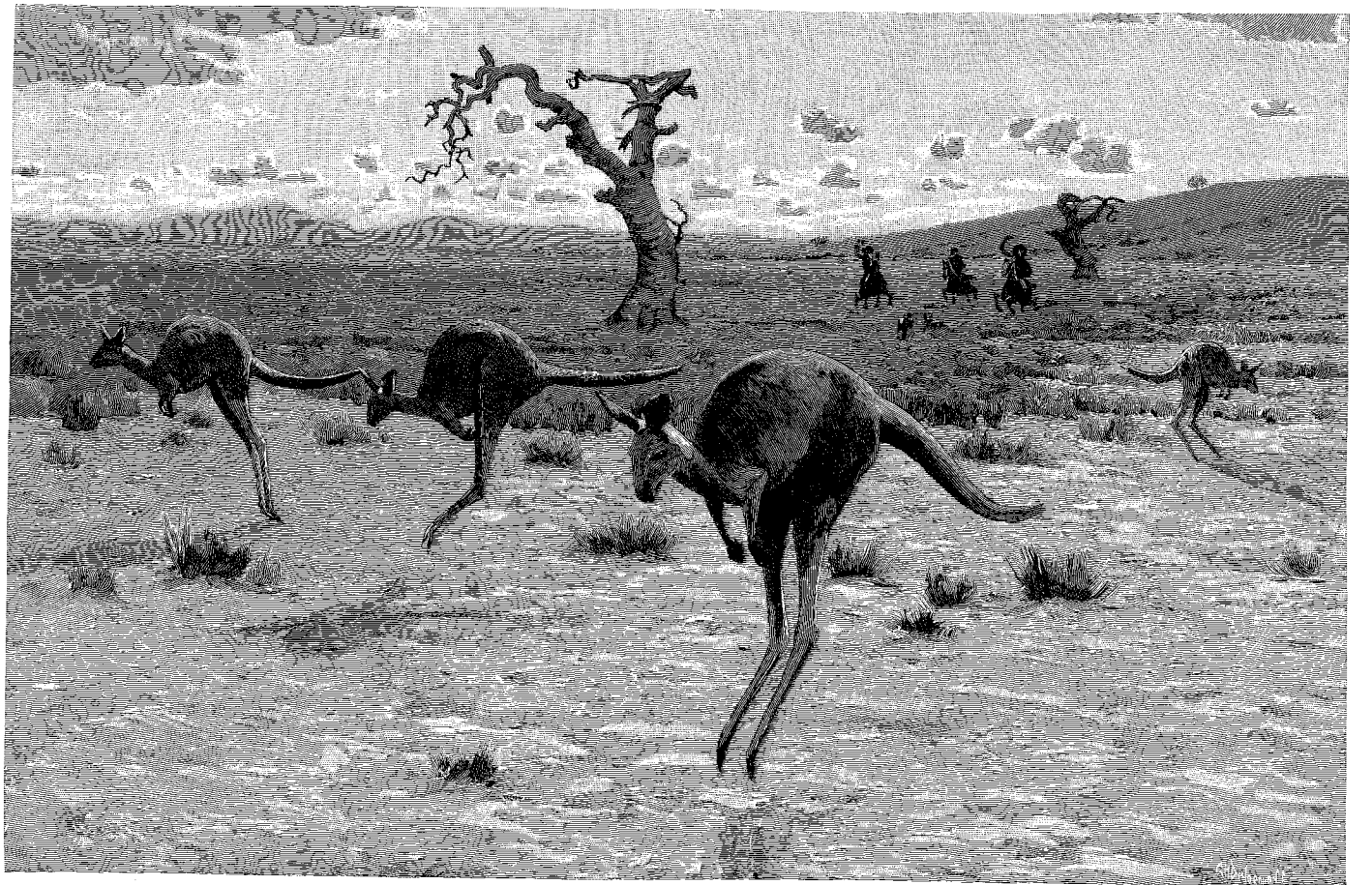

DRAWN BY BIRGE HARRISON.

A Kangaroo Hunt.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL' ORME.

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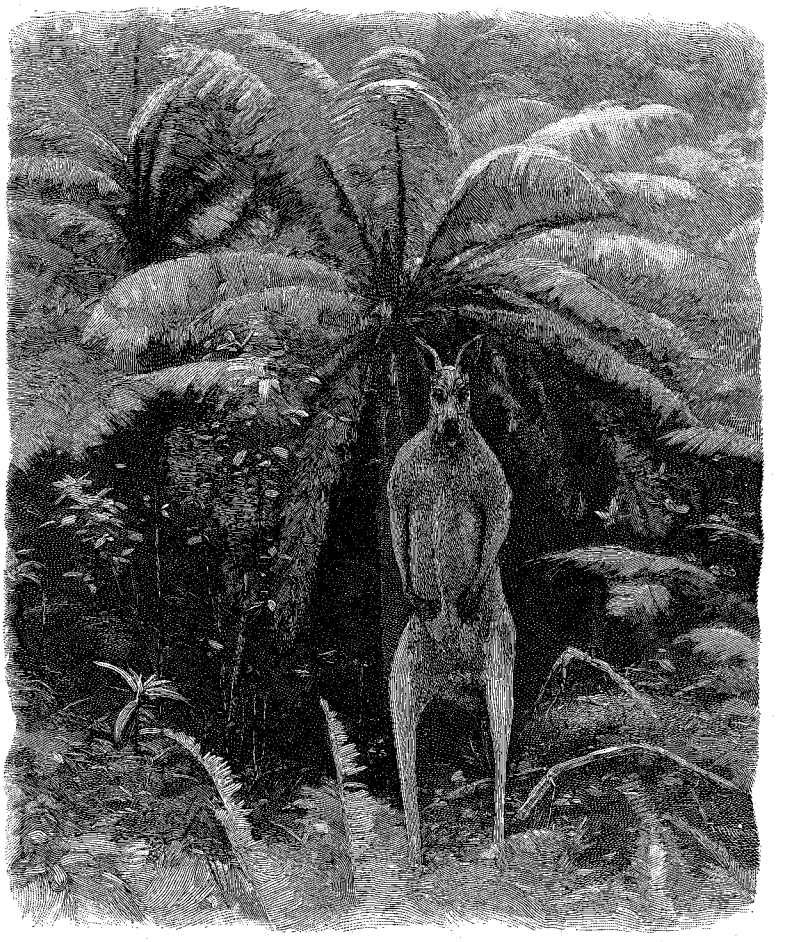
kangaroos were feeding, was very sparsely wooded, and any moving object upon its surface would be very likely to attract the attention of the watchful sentinel of the herd. Now I have already observed that, under ordinary circumstances, it is nearly impossible to successfully stalk a herd of feeding kangaroos. First, of course, because of the vigilant "old man" who is always on guard; second, and more important, on account of a strange bird, called the kangaroo-warner, which is always to be found in the neighborhood of a feeding herd, ever ready to give instant warning of the approach of any suspicious-looking intruder. I was never able to obtain a satisfactory explanation of this peculiar habit of the Australian jay—for such it is—and the question seems to be still a moot one among Australian ornithologists; but I was informed that in former times a kangaroo-warner was never seen save in the company of its favorite marsupial. It is, of course, just possible that this belief might be traced to a certain natural desire for poetic symmetry upon the part of the native mind. If this is not the case, then one is inevitably led to the conclusion that the kangaroo-warner must be sadly in want of an occupation at the present day. In any case he is a queer bird, and another of his peculiarities is the fact that his spirits seem to be very much affected by a low barometrical pressure, for he is invariably silent in the rain. So in this particular we were



An "Old Man" Under a Fir-Tree.

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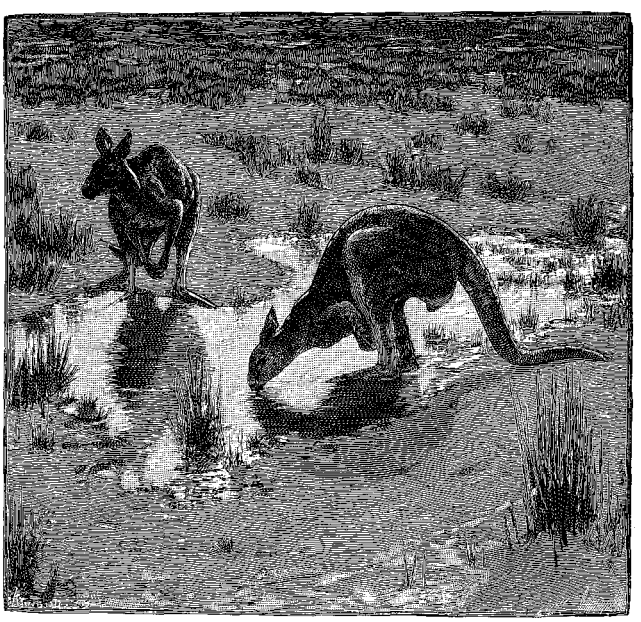
again singularly favored by the stormy weather.

We had proceeded only a few hundred yards through the forest in making our detour, when we came upon a hard and well-beaten path with abundant kangaroo signs lying all about it. We had evidently stumbled upon a track worn by the kangaroos in going to and from their feeding-ground; and as it was just as evident that when disturbed they would make off by their accustomed route, I decided to post myself here with the breech-loader and wait events, while R. went forward with the rifle and made the attempt to stalk the herd. I should have been very pleased to have undertaken the latter part of the programme myself, as R. proposed; but while I was as anxious as any "new chum" could be to shoot a kangaroo, I was still more anxious that the kangaroo should be shot, and I was well aware that my Rocky Mountain experience of deer-stalking might fail me in a new country and against a new game, while R., who was an expert bushman, would make no mistakes. So I put a couple of fresh cartridges in my Manton and waited patiently. It was quite half an hour before Wilkinson and I saw R. again. Then he was crawling slowly down the opposite bank toward the feeding herd, taking advantage of every stump and every tussock of grass, and even wriggling along flat upon his stomach where the cover was too thin to afford protection otherwise. The kangaroos seemed to be browsing in perfect security, perhaps lulled by the weather, and even the "old man" only raised himself occasionally to gaze about in a lazy sort of a way, while he chewed his last mouthful of grass, and then lowered himself with a gentle and graceful movement and proceeded to feed again. He was a tremendous fellow, seven or eight feet in height, as could be seen, even at this distance, and we were constrained to admit that the enthusiasm of the youthful Wilkinson had been entirely justified. After fifteen minutes of extremely careful stalking, R. succeeded in approaching within sixty yards of the herd without awakening their suspicions. Then standing up boldly, and profiting by the momentary surprise of the kangaroos, he brought the "old man" down with a well-aimed shot below and behind the shoulder. As had been foreseen, the rest of the herd immediately made off in our direction; but instead of scattering pell-mell as other wild animals would have done under like circumstances, these queer denizens of a queer country fell into line and departed in regular Indian file, the big old doe leading the way, and the smallest diminutive pickaninnies bringing up the rear. The doe covered the ground with tremendous leisurely hops, holding her fore-paws before her in a mincing way that was very comical. The smaller animals — each an exact, though diminutive, counterpart of the leader—followed in gradually diminishing perspective, every little beggar hopping just a little more rapidly than the



A Kangaroo "Dip" on the Plains.

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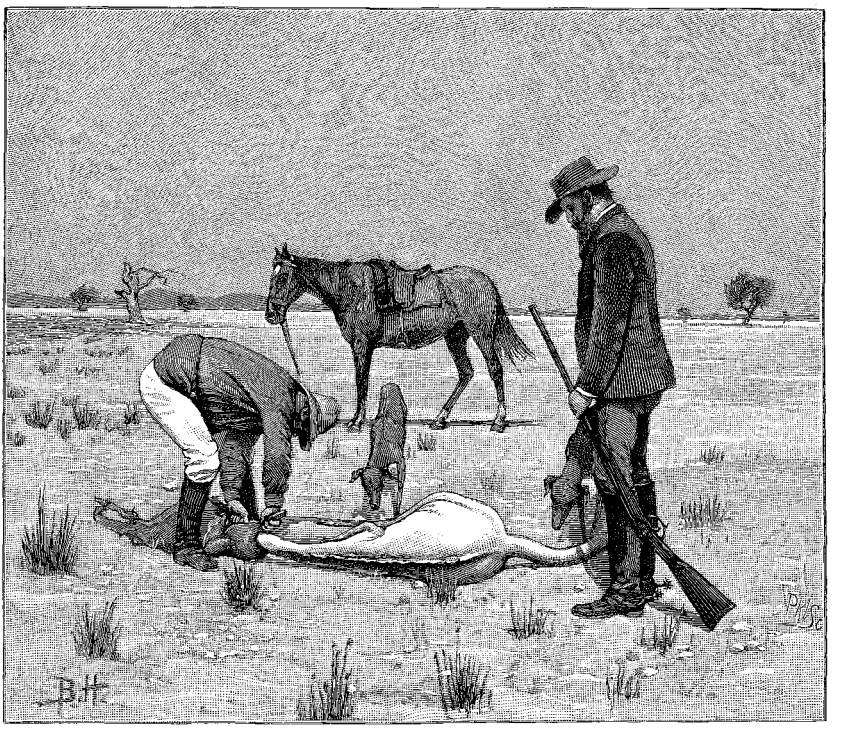

Skinning a Kangaroo.

one before him, until the fast-flying legs of the last puny fellow at the end of the line were blurred like the spokes of a wheel in rapid motion. The effect of this extraordinary procession was, to my unaccustomed eyes, so altogether ludicrous and absurd, that I nearly lost my shot in an uncontrollable burst of laughter. As it was, I might just as well have had my laugh out to the end, for although I let the old doe have both barrels full in the flank as she passed me at twenty yards' distance, she never even faltered in her course, and had quite disappeared in the scrub, with all her numerous progeny at her heels, before I had time to replace the empty cartridges. The No. 3 shot, in all probability, had little more effect upon her tough hide than so many grains of sand. Nevertheless, it might perhaps have brought her down if I had aimed at the head, for one pellet penetrating the brain through the eye would have been sufficient. But the motion was so eccentric and perplexing that this would have been a very risky shot, and I preferred the chance of stunning her by a direct double charge full in the body, to the almost absolute certainty of missing her altogether by attempting the more difficult shot.

While this curious procession was defiling before me, I took occasion to observe carefully the peculiarities of their gait, and especially to note the use they made of their extremely powerful tail when in rapid flight; for I had heard more than one opinion upon the subject, and some Australians seem to believe that the kangaroo mainly owes its extreme fleetness to the aid it receives from its muscular caudal appendage. But upon this occasion, at least, I am able to own that every animal held its tail straight out behind it; and if there had remained any doubt upon the subject the impressions left in the muddy soil would have settled the question beyond cavil, for the only imprints were those of the sharp-pointed hoofs of the hind feet.

R's "old man" proved to be a magnificent specimen, measuring seven feet six inches from hoof to snout. It was fortunate that he had been killed outright at the first shot, for he would as-

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suredly have proved himself a very ugly customer if only wounded and partially disabled. Wilkinson assured us that the pelt of this fine fellow would be worth more than a pound sterling in the Melbourne market, for kangaroo leather has lately come into great demand for the higher grades of bookbinding and other work of that kind. Such is the irony of fate; the much-hated pest of forty years ago has become the much-prized rarity of to-day, and the hide alone of one kangaroo is worth the price of four fine sheep.

We skinned him hastily—for the light was failing by this time—and slung the great tail and the hind quarters over a pole of tough black wattle which Wilkinson cut out of the neighboring scrub, leaving the remainder of the carcass to feed the foxes, the native cats, and the bandicoots. It was all we could do to struggle home under the weight of this small half of our booty, but by relieving one another occasionally we succeeded at length in reaching the mountain homestead, a triumphant though wet and dilapidated procession.

The older generation of Australians have the strongest objection to consuming the flesh of the kangaroo, in any shape or form, a prejudice for which I could only account by supposing that they must have suffered from a surfeit of this form of diet in their youth; for the younger generation are rather partial to kangaroo flesh than otherwise, and I found it excellent myself in every way. It has a delicate, gamey flavor, something between that of venison and grouse, and, like venison, it is the better for a week's hanging before going to the spit. The best part of the animal—the especial delicacy—is the great fleshy tail. This is delicious prepared in any one of the various styles that are known to the art of cookery, either roast, or boiled, or braised, or potted, or stewed; but it is more especially to be recommended in the form of soup. Kangaroo-tail soup is a sort of glorified ox-tail that would tickle the jaded palate of the veriest old epicure.

Kangaroos make delightful pets. They are very easily domesticated, and when tamed are full of pretty affectionate ways. I knew of one, belonging to some Australian ladies, which came regularly into the drawing-room every afternoon to partake daintily of five o'clock tea; and of another which got into the habit of accompanying its master in all his shooting expeditions, often covering twenty-five or thirty miles of country in the course of a day's sport. Although not especially clever in the way of tricks, they are possessed of retentive memories, and are very quick to recognize a friend or to resent an injury. While preparing the illustrations which accompany this article, I went frequently to the Melbourne Royal Park, where the magnificent collection of *Macropidæ* afforded me peculiar facilities for observing and sketching.

In one of the paddocks there was a splendid "old man," who seemed to me to epitomize all the strange peculiarities of his kind, and I chose him as my especial model. In order to study exhaustively all their eccentricities of motion, I got into the habit of stirring this old fellow up with pebbles, small clods of earth, or anything else which came to my hand. He soon began to resent this treatment, and finally, the moment I appeared upon the grounds he would rush up to the barrier and stand at bay, spitting at me savagely and exhibiting every sign of the most furious rage. In another paddock were some very pretty does, with great, soft, liquid eyes like those of an antelope. These I tried to make friends with, feeding them regularly with buns and sweets, of which they are very fond. The result was that one of them soon came to know me well, and always came up to be stroked and petted.

If the colonization of Australia continues at the same rapid pace at which it is now proceeding, it is hardly too much to say that, fifty years from date, the kangaroo will only be known as a domestic pet, or preserved perhaps upon some gentleman's private estate, like the deer in the royal park at Windsor. Their places will then be taken by the deer and the foxes, which have, during the past few years, increased so enormously as to indicate that transportation to the southern hemisphere has augmented their vitality and increased their procreative energy.

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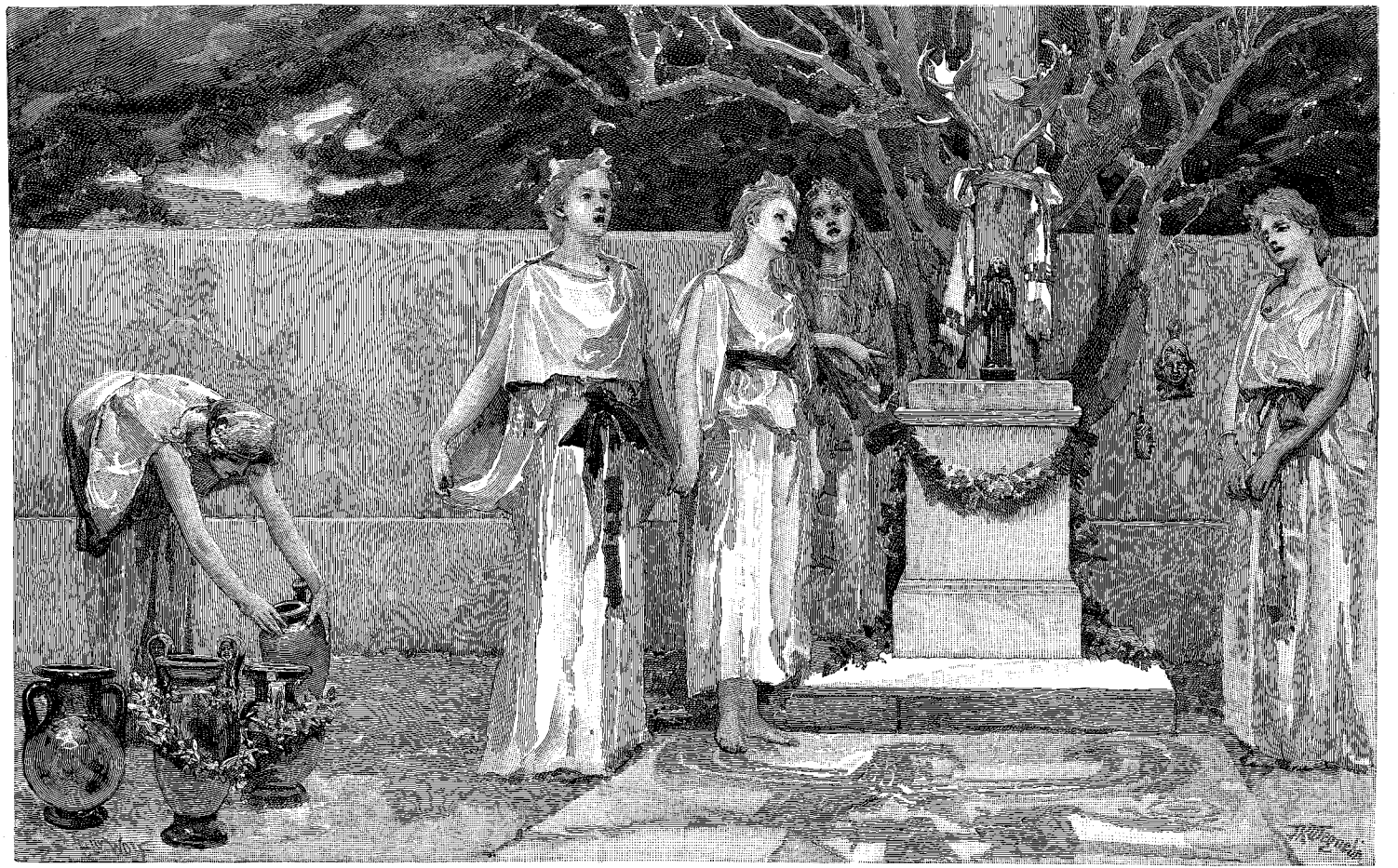

DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

"Ye Virgins, Sing Diana's Praise."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

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HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXI.

IN HONOR OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

(Dianam teneræ dicite virgines.)

(Dr. Philip Francis's Translation, 1831.)

Ye virgins, sing Diana's praise.
Ye boys, let youthful Phœbus crown your lays.

Together let us raise the voice
To her, beloved by Jove supreme;
Let fair Latona be the theme,
Our tuneful theme, his beauteous choice.

Ye virgins, sing Diana's fame,
Who bathes delighted in the limpid stream;
Dark Erymanthus' awful groves,
The woods, that Algidus o'erspread,
Or wave on Cragus' verdant head,
Joyous th' immortal huntress loves.

Ye boys, with equal honor sing
Fair Tempe clothed with ever-blooming spring;
Then hail the Delian birth divine,
Whose shoulders, beaming heavenly fire,
Graced with his brother's warbling lyre,
And with the golden quiver shine.

Moved by the solemn voice of prayer,
They both shall make imperial Rome their care,
And gracious turn the direful woes
Of famine and of weeping war
From Rome, from sacred Cæsar far,
And pour them on our British foes.

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Gaspar Nuñez de Arce.

GASPAR NUÑEZ DE ARCE.

By Rollo Ogden.

THE typical Spanish poet, in the common idea, is a writer whose verses flow with the traditional abundant volume of his race, while without a high artistic finish; whose patriotic sentiment is blind and jealous; in whom philosophic doubt and self-questioning have small place; love, nature, legend, and national history being his favorite themes. This conception finds ample justification in the records of Spanish poetry, so that it furnishes matter for surprise that the leading poet of contemporary Spain should be distinguished by almost completely opposite qualities. Nuñez de Arce, although his poetical activity extends over many years, has published but a slender body of verse. It is verse that betrays the laborious hand of the artist in its perfection of form. The writer's patriotism has taken the form of prophetic denunciation of national sins. Himself thoroughly penetrated

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with the modern spirit, persuaded that the faith of his fathers has irrevocably gone, he interprets in his poetry the restless, unsatisfied, yet aspiring spirit of his day, in a way that vividly reminds an English reader of Arnold and Clough. Yet, in spite of these un-Spanish and somewhat unpopular qualities, his serious purpose, his life in entire harmony with his professions, and the genuineness of his lyric gift, have won for him the first place in the list of living Spanish poets.

I.

Born at Valladolid, August 4, 1834, Gaspar Nuñez de Arce early discovered a pronounced inclination for literature. By the age of fifteen he had written a drama which was actually produced in Toledo. In 1853 he followed the usual drift of aspirants for literary honors, and went to Madrid. Still following the customary course, he sought employment in journalism. The friendless young man one day presented himself in the office of the *Observador*, and asked the editor for work. "What can you do?" "Anything." The audacious reply did not displease, and the poet obtained his first journalistic position. Then politics hushed the muse for several years. Becoming editor of *La Iberia*, he gained a wide reputation for his vigorous style and extensive political knowledge. At the time of the African war he was with General O'Donnell, and sent letters to his paper describing the military operations. Another Spanish writer, since famous as a novelist, Alarcón, was also a newspaper correspondent with the Spanish troops upon that expedition.

Nuñez de Arce's political activity soon became considerable. His first election as Deputy to the Cortes occurred in 1865, and he has held public office almost without a break since that date. He was Governor of Barcelona in 1869, has been Under-secretary of State, was Minister for the Colonies in 1883, has twice been a Councillor of State, and is at present a Senator. He has been identified with the Conservative party, though this, as will be seen, has not prevented him from holding and maintaining democratic principles. Nor has his public service implied such absorption in partisan scheming and anxiety for his own political fortunes as would be implied by a career like his in our own country. Spain still has much of the old pride in seeing her most distinguished sons given a part in the direction of public affairs, and party leaders welcome the support of men whose names are the synonym of talent. Public office is one of the few rewards which Spain has to offer to her literary men. At this moment, in the Spanish Senate with Nuñez de Arce, is Valera, the first Spanish critic, and in the Chamber is Galdós, the first Spanish novelist. Cánovas himself, the great Conservative leader, is a distinguished historian. Castelar's literary achievements are only cast into the shade by his political prominence.

During all these years the poet's pen was not idle. His earliest productions were those lyric pieces which he collected and published in 1875, under the title "Cries of Combat" (*Gritos del Combate*), and which still embrace his finest and most distinctive work. Seven or eight slim volumes have since appeared—no more than a half-day's reading all told. Public recognition was a little slow in coming, but it came steadily. In 1876 he was elected a member of the Royal Academy, the highest literary honor within the reach of a Spaniard. For several years he has been the President of the Society of Writers and Artists.

II.

Nuñez de Arce's poetical creed is set forth at considerable length in the preface to his "Cries of Combat." Rejecting the superficial idea that the materialism of this century is unfavorable to the production of poetry, he shows how the human spirit preserves all its unquenched aspirations and longings even in the presence of the great material achievements of the age. He points to the mighty inspirations that have possessed the minds of philosophers and reformers, on a larger scale in our day than ever before, and says, "We live in a century

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of Utopias, and Utopia is the elder sister of Poetry; like her, it is a daughter of the Muses." The only reason, he thinks, why poets have failed to impress themselves on their times in this age, is because they have not first made themselves impressible by the spirit of the times, and then interpreted it back to the consciousness of men. "Poetry, to be great and effective, must think and feel, must reflect, the ideas and passions, the griefs and joys of the society in which it lives. It should not sing like a bird apart in the forest, indifferent to all around it, and always singing the same notes. It must reveal the deepest affinities of the human soul, as the plough turns up the ground in furrows. And the deeper it pierces into the vitals of a people or an age, the more attended to will it be, the more will its influence be felt and the less disputed. Dante mastered the soul of his century, and for more than a hundred years made all the arts tributary to his genius."

These are the reasons, according to Nuñez de Arce, why the poetry of Spain has gone into decadence; poets have sought their inspiration and models in the past. It is no wonder, he thinks, that a nation swept away in the toil and stress of modern life should give little heed to imaginative and artificial odes, composed in the old style; should ignore those archaic reproductions of the days of Spain's chivalrous glory, and those foreign imitations, which confessedly make up the bulk of modern Spanish poetry. What he censures in it is its vagueness, its lack of thought and directness, its meaningless and artificial ornamentation. He would have poets—he gladly admits that there are a few such—who break the ancient moulds and speak directly to the heart of the people with penetrating and passionate voices.

Upon these theories he has written. Especially do his lyric compositions reveal this direct energy of expression given to the thoughts and feelings of a strong and noble nature confronted by the actual problems of life and society in his own day. Intimately acquainted with the political life of Spain, Nuñez de Arce, with his views and principles, could be no less than he has been—the writer of a body of patriotic verse which burns with indignation at national corruption and weakness, lays bare the true sources of national decay, and points out the way of righteousness in right prophetic tone. Entering into the moral and religious questioning of the thought of his time, he shows here, too, the same fearless passion for the truth, the same power of answering to the deeper longings of the soul, and the same vigorous grasp of reality. His perfect sincerity appears throughout. With proud humility he says of his patriotic and moral poems, "They may be mistaken and false, but they spring from profound and rooted convictions."

III.

In 1866 Nuñez de Arce wrote a sonnet, "To Spain," which remains the most famous of all his patriotic poems. It was a cry of warning against the insurrectionary spirit already astir throughout the country, and later to break out in the fierce struggle of 1868. It was the beginning of the poet's consistent and sustained denunciation of revolution as a remedy for public evils. An inadequate translation may still suggest something of the boldness and power of the original:

"All reverence gone, obedience wholly gone,
And lost restraining fear of law or God,
Through tears and mire thou holdest on thy road,
While on thy face the tempests beat and moan.
Ask not the hidden cause, the source unknown,
Of evils that within thy breast corrode;
Thy sins, like subtle poison, foul thy blood,
And sap thy mightiest forces, one by one.
Nor hope in outbursts of ferocious rage,
To seize with thine own hands the remedy,
Oh people of this ruined rebellious age!
In vain shall be thy search for liberty,
For nations scorning virtue do presage
Their tyrant—his power, their own iniquity!" *

* Roto el respeto, la obediencia rota,
de Dios y de la ley perdido el freno,
vas marchando entre lágrimas y cieno,
y aire de tempestad tu rostro azota.
Ni causa oculta, ni razón ignota
busques al mal que te devora el seno;
tu iniquidad, como sutil veneno,
las fuerzas de tus músculos agota.
No esperes en revuelta sacudida
alcanzar el remedio por tu mano
¡oh sociedad rebelde y corrumpida!
Perseguirás la libertad en vano,
que cuando un pueblo la virtud olvida,
lleva en sus propios vicios su tirano.

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If the sonnet is famous now, it almost made its author infamous at the time of its publication. From all sides bitter reproaches were poured upon him, answering sonnets and objurgatory articles filling the press. One writer, Carlos Maria Perier, in the course of his severe criticism of the pessimistic sonnet, as he called it, perpetrated the following quatrain, which went the rounds with great applause:

"Let one read these words insane,
And clear as daylight he will see
That the sonnet's not to Spain,
Or Spaniard the author cannot be." *

As time passed on, however, the exhausting civil wars, which yielded no solid results, brought people around to the poet's way of thinking, and denunciation of his unpatriotic spirit changed to admiration of his courage and his insight. Señor Perier himself, seven years after his onslaught, handsomely acknowledged his mistake and withdrew his former remarks.

For many years Nuñez de Arce devoted his political activity to the cause of a progressive and liberal monarchy, and in opposition to all revolutionary measures, and made his poetry a faithful handmaid in that public service. In 1870 he wrote his "Strophes" (*Estrofas*), directed against the wild anarchy then desolating France and invading Spain. He declares that no one can surpass him in a consuming passion for liberty, "Liberty! that virgin, girded with her white tunic, whom in my dreams I have seen, modest and beautiful." But he cannot recognize that "glowing divinity," that "star which lights up the darkest abysses of life," that "vision which with profound desire I have followed from my youth, without ever reaching it," in the unbridled passions he saw raging about him. "Thou art not Liberty! Away with masks! Dishevelled license, vile prostitute of the *émeute*, I recognize thee, and I curse thee!"

In November of that same year, 1870, the poet was among those who supported the successful candidacy of Amadeus of Savoy for the Spanish throne. He thought that way the only one of bringing the civil war to an end. Three years sufficed to show his mistake. Amadeus was about to abdicate. The Republic was inevitable. Nuñez de Arce deplored its coming, on the ground that the people were not ready for it, or fitted to receive it. He took advantage of the death of the distinguished orator, Antonio Rios Rosas, to write an elegy in his memory, in which he drew a vivid picture of the rapid decay of Spain's intellectual glory, all leading down, he said, to the "barren republic, which has neither a poet, an artist, nor a soldier." But the Republic came, and the poet addressed an impassioned "epistle" to Castelar, imploring him to use his great influence and resistless eloquence in restraining the lawless disorder which Nuñez de Arce clearly foresaw.

Two other patriotic poems deserve notice. One of them, "Miserere," written in 1873, when Spain seemed to have reached the very extreme of chaotic and imbecile government, is a wonderful picture of the lamentable falling away of the nation from its ancient glory, an anguished utterance of the humiliation which the poet, in common with the noblest of his race, felt at the degradation of the Spanish name, and at the same time a clear and merciless exposition of the causes which had brought the country low. The scene of the poem is in the monastery of Philip the Second, the burial-place of the kings of Spain. In the midst of the gloom and quiet of the night, a strange and awful sound is heard. It is Charles the Fifth, bursting from his sepulchre to learn the condition of the splendid empire he had left. At his dread word of command, the other royal tombs are rent asunder, and the long line of his successors files before him. First comes, "grave and deliberate, Philip the Second, in his struggle with the world, conquered but not subdued." Following him is that "sickly monarch of black and ominous memory, in whose age our glory melted like snow." All the other kings come after, and with them come "princes, great nobles, prelates, friars, soldiers, favorites, inquisitors."

At a wave of Charles's sceptre a skeleton seats itself at the great organ.

* Al mirar tan honda saña,
claro se ve como el sol,
que el soneto no es á España,
ó el autor no es español."

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"The dry, bony hand wanders over the keys, and the sublime music, bursting out in mighty volume, seems to pray and weep, to chant and groan." Falling on their knees before the high altar, the spectral multitude break into a dolorous chant, their *Miserere*, which echoes through the arches like the wail of an expiring world. A stanza or two of their weird song will indicate its nature:

"We were waves upon a river,
Mighty in its full-banked courses.
Now 'tis dried up at the sources,
Now the channel's empty ever.
Now, O God, our kingdom splendid,
Vanished, gone, in death is ended!
Miserere!

"Curses, curses never ending,
Be upon that dread invention,
Giving thought, life and extension,
Wings of light to ideas lending.
Speech alive, breaks o'er and under,
Smiting us like bolts of thunder.
Miserere!

"Curses on that wire prolific,
Closely linking nations distant;
Seeking, counting the persistent
Heart-beats of a world pacific.
Never more in secret hiding
Can injustice find abiding.
Miserere!

"Now no separate, jealous races
Live in hostile isolation;
But with iron bonds, each nation
All of human kind embraces.
Separation is rejected;
Liberty becomes perfected.
Miserere!" *

* Fuimos las ondas de un río
caudaloso y desbordado.
Hoy la fuente se ha secado,
hoy el cauce está vacío.
Ya, oh Dios! nuestro poderío
se extingue, se apaga y muere.
¡ *Miserere!*

¡ Maldito, maldito sea
aquel portentoso invento
que dió vida al pensamiento
y alas de luz á la idea!
El verbo animado ondea
y como el rayo nos hiere.
¡ *Miserere!*

¡ Maldito el hilo fecundo
que á los pueblos eslabona,
y busca, y cuenta, y pregona
las pulsaciones del mundo!
Ya en el silencio profundo
ninguna injusticia muere.
¡ *Miserere!*

Ya no vive cada raza
en solitario destierro,
ya con vínculo de hierro
la humana especie se enlaza.
Ya el aislamiento rechaza,
ya la libertad prefiere.
¡ *Miserere!*

As the mournful chant draws to a close, suddenly the organ falls in a dreadful crash, and from the empty sockets of those silent skulls drop floods of tears. The lurid light dies away. The murmur is hushed. The picture vanishes. "As the white light of dawn spreads its faint illumination, far away is heard the whistle of the hoarse locomotive." The whole poem is a masterpiece, and that closing touch, passing at a step from the sixteenth century, Spain's Golden Age, to the nineteenth, after whose advancing civilization Spain is painfully dragging herself, is a stroke of genius.

Happily a more hopeful strain marks Nuñez de Arce's last patriotic song, his "Hymn on the Occasion of Peace," written in March, 1876. It is pitched in a high lyric tone of joy, to which the poet confesses he is wholly unaccustomed. He has been the poet of his country's sad and grieving hours. He has been the one to declare to her the bitter truth, with the very sorrow and anger he had caused her, in her fallen estate, helping to place her on her feet again. But now, peace stretches its mantle from the Pyrenees to Cadiz, and calls for a song of hope. Still true to his nature, he will sing of grief—the grief which has brought shame and a regenerating force, the grief which had in it the germ of a mighty aspiration; the grief which "God, stooping from the heavens, consecrated upon the Cross forever."

IV.

His poems dealing with the great religious upheaval of this age, whose effects his thoughtful and sensitive nature has felt to the full, in company with the more reflective minds of his generation, are characterized by great boldness in seeing and declaring the facts, by deep melancholy in contemplating them, and by alternating hope and despair in arguing the future from them. In these very qualities their power resides—their faithful reflection of a transition stage of thought, in which the past is broken with hopelessly, though the snapping of each bond that holds us to it brings its own pain; while the coming new

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faith, with its realities, in which both desire and reason shall find their satisfaction, does not yet appear. Nuñez de Arce's nature is peculiarly fitted to be fascinated by the old forms of Christian faith, especially by the impressive ceremonial associated with them in Spain. The power of the Catholic liturgy to impose itself upon the imagination has never been more exquisitely shown than in his poem "Sadness" (*Tristezas*), where he pictures the solemn service of the cathedral, his memory thrilling over every detail, only to realize that he is describing his own lost faith. "Child of my century, it is vain for me to resist its destructive tendencies." His verses on his thirtieth birthday, "Thirty Years," are filled with profound melancholy, evoked by the remembrance of the unquestioning faith and buoyant hopes with which he had set out in life, now gone with nothing to replace them. "Thirty years! Who would have said that at that age I should have, if not whitened locks, yet an inert and cold soul?" "I do not see what I once saw, nor feel as I felt before. . . . I call to the heavens, and they are dumb; I search for my faith, but I have lost it." In his longer poem, "Doubt," he goes over the whole ground of man's religious evolution, passing in review the different stages of progress. He shows how one form of faith after another became impossible, and maintains that current Christianity is suffering the same fate. Asking the question, what troubled souls shall do, to what refuge shall they resort, he gives the rather barren answer, "To thee, Solitude! Thee I bless, for to the shipwrecked and the sad thou givest shelter." This answer represents only a passing mood—the poem is dated from the monastery of San Gervasio de Cassolas, where he appears to have been enjoying a time of quiet meditation.

The poet exhibits one of his deficiencies in his attitude toward the positive scientific results attained in the present century. For him science is little but destructive. That it has undermined the past, he shudderingly admits; that it is laying the foundations, at least, for a structure that shall endure in the future, he does not perceive. It is this that lends so hopeless a tone to much of his poetry. He writes of the only muse that can live in this century—the "muse of analysis, wielding her unfeeling scalpel," and he calls her "blind, implacable, brutal." He bemoans his "unhappy generation, nourishing its understanding at the cost of its heart." The God of our century—"a marvellous and wonderful century" though it is—is "a God without hope." Yet he would not go back to the methods of the past: "Though I condemn science, the truth and faith which I so anxiously seek would be hateful to me if they were imposed on me by force, or by the wretched superstition of the unthinking herd." His earlier attitude is well expressed in his fine sonnet, "To Voltaire." In this he dwells upon the dreadful success, as he thinks it, of the great "battering-ram" of the eighteenth century, in one point after another of attack, and closes with the tremendous line, "Yes, thou hast conquered, O Voltaire, curses be on thee!"

In his later writings, however, Nuñez de Arce has worked out into more positive and satisfying positions. Three long poems, separately published, justify this remark. They are "The Dark Forest" (*La Selva Oscura*), and "Giddiness" (*El Vértigo*), published in 1879, and "The Vision of Fray Martin," dated 1880. "The Dark Forest" is Dante's *negra selva*, and in it, under the symbolical form of Dante's love for Beatrice, the poet bodies forth the indestructible aspiration of the human soul. It thus represents this advance at least over his foregoing hopeless outlook on the world, that we are made to cherish an ideal of some sort, and that every man must have one, of some kind or other. "Giddiness" is a legend which enables him to bring out the indestructible nature of conscience—thus yielding another positive datum for the coming scientific morality. He strikes a still higher tone in the "Vision." "Fray Martin" is Luther, and the poem is given up to an imaginative and psychological study of that moment, supreme in the Reformer's life, when he resolved to defy the thunderbolts of Rome. "The silent combats of faith and doubt in the depths of the human conscience have always had an irresistible attraction for me," says

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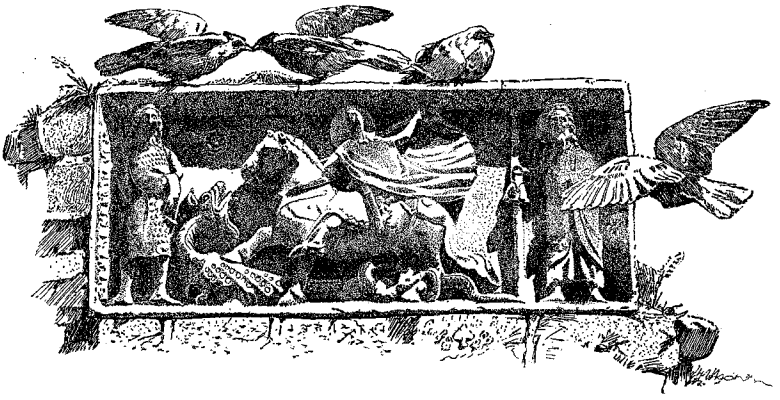
Nuñez de Arce, in his preface to the poem, "perhaps because they are the commonest moral conflicts of our time." The plain teaching of the poet is the real and deathless value of moral courage, the real hope there always is in what seems a hopeless cause, provided it is the cause of truth, and the certainty that a nobler future is to come from resolutely breaking away from a corrupt and failing past.

V.

Brief mention may be made of Nuñez de Arce's miscellaneous poems. One of the most famous of these is his "Last Lament of Lord Byron," in which he puts into the mouth of that poet bitter reflections on the social, political, and religious condition of the Europe upon which he was turning his back to go to fight under the banner of Greece. "An Idyll and an Elegy" is a small volume published in 1879. The "Idyll" is a pathetic tale of youth and love and death; the "Elegy" is in memory of the distinguished Portuguese man of letters, Alejandro Herculano. "The Fishermen" (*La Pesca*) is a tale of peasant life, wherein grim tragedy thrusts itself; and "Maruja" (a pet name for María) is a pretty story of the way a little elf of an orphan girl insinuated herself into the affections of a childless Count and his wife, and became their adopted daughter.

As is justly observed by a French student of modern Spanish literature, M. Boris de Tannenberg, it would be premature to pronounce a final judgment upon Nuñez de Arce; "he is at the apogee of his literary career, and has a good many surprises in reserve for us." The poet himself plainly hints at this in several different places. He calls his poems hitherto published "essays" toward something better. As long ago as 1879 he wrote, "I cherish the hope of writing a poem of greater length and of more importance than any I have yet produced, if God gives me life and leisure to do it." But there is no need of waiting for the future to declare his great merits, already demonstrated. The French critic just named calls him, with perhaps no great exaggeration, "the writer of his country who has shown most seriousness in the literary life." There can be no question that he fairly stands at the head of the poets of contemporary Spain; and his name is certain to be better known in other lands as the years go by.



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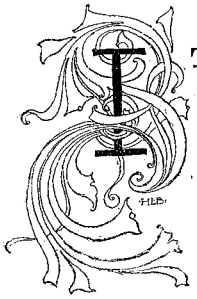
THE MEANING OF THE DAKOTA OUTBREAK.

By Herbert Welsh.



IT is the aim of this paper to explain the recent Indian troubles in Dakota; to say a word which, if possible, may harmonize the conflicting press despatches and contradictory stories that have perplexed the minds of intelligent and fairly well-informed readers, who are anxious to arrive at a trustworthy and reasonable conclusion, not only concerning the recent outbreak, but upon the whole Indian question.

As a writer's treatment of an important public event, and his claim to a hearing, depend not alone upon knowledge of its attending circumstances, but also upon his acquaintance with conditions lying far back of its occurrence, I may be permitted to take my readers over the road leading to my own point of view on this topic. I had no personal knowledge of Indians or Indian affairs (although a near relative—the late William Welsh, of Philadelphia—had given constant attention to them during more than twenty years of his life) until the summer of 1882, when a journey made, in company with Bishop Hare, over parts of the Great Sioux Reservation, first brought me into contact with many of the various subdivisions of the Sioux people, or, as they call themselves, "the Dacotahs." My interest became excited by the peculiar, and to me virtually unknown, facts and conditions of Indian life which were thus opened to my observation. In company with various gentlemen I was led to organize, first in my own and then in other cities, an association for the extended and careful study of the condition of the Indians in all parts of the country, for acquiring an understanding of their precise needs, and for promoting their advancement in civilization. Those engaged in this movement were wholly free from such bias as usually exists where personal or financial interests are involved. Their service has been wholly gratuitous. During the past nine years, while conducting the work of the Indian Rights Association, I have three times visited the Sioux of Dakota, travelling on horseback or by wagon through all parts of the reservation, camping out at night, or receiving the hospitality of army officers, civil agents, missionaries—both white and native—and of Indians. I have also paid three visits to the Navajos and Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, and one to the Apaches of the latter territory. During all this period I have been brought into constant contact with men and women whose experience made them valuable contributors to an understanding of the Indian question—officers of the army, officials of the Interior Department, members of Congress, missionaries on the reservations, Indian agents, and teachers in Indian schools.

With this brief necessary preface I will outline, so far as space permits, the gradual development of our Indian policy.

General Grant's Peace Policy gave birth to the first national effort for a solution of the Indian problem. That broad-minded and far-seeing man became convinced, through his wide military experience, that, notwithstanding the fierce nature of many of the Indian tribes, and the incessant conflicts which marked the progress of American civilization westward, there were unrecognized hopeful elements in the Indian; that back of Indian uprisings, with their accompanying atrocities, usually lay some unseen spoliation or injustice on the part of the white man. General Grant believed the time had come for the enlistment of subtler forces than that of military chastisement in the management of Indians. In his first inaugural address he said: "The proper treatment of the original occupant of this land, the Indian, is one deserving of

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careful study. I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization, Christianization, and ultimate citizenship." As the result of this allusion, a delegation of citizens from Philadelphia promptly called on President Grant, March 24, 1868, to thank him for his utterance. This led ultimately to the passage of a bill in Congress authorizing the President to appoint a Board of Indian Commissioners, who should serve without pay, and act as an advisory body with the Executive, to promote the civilization of the Indians, and to come to the assistance of the Government with the forces of religion and education. The gentlemen invited to become members of this Board, most of whom served upon it, were the Honorable John V. Farwell, Chicago; James E. Yeatman, St. Louis; William E. Dodge, New York; E. S. Tobey, Boston; Honorable Felix R. Brunot, Pittsburg; George H. Stuart and William Welsh, Philadelphia. General Grant's policy was no doubt due in part to the good work accomplished by the Indian Peace Commission, in negotiating treaties with various tribes of Indians during the years 1867–68. The Peace Commission was composed partly of army officers and partly of civilians.

At this time the general sentiment of the country was hostile to the Indian, and generally sceptical as to the possibility of success resulting from efforts for his civilization. It was quite natural that such should be the case. The horrible cruelties perpetrated by the Sioux Indians in the Minnesota massacre of 1863 were fresh in the public mind. Indeed this was but the most prominent and recent of the many similar tragedies throughout the course of our history which had created a wholly adverse impression in the minds of even the most intelligent and well-informed among our people, and had helped to establish the conclusion that the Indian race was irreclaimable—altogether savage, treacherous, and cruel. There were too few examples to the contrary, and too little known of the real grievances of the Indians, to lead to a broader and more correct impression.

Few persons knew of the services of friendly Indians, during the outbreak, in giving settlers timely warning of danger, in rescuing others from captivity, and in performing valuable scouting service for the United States troops.

The inauguration of General Grant's peace policy led ultimately to large results in bringing more and more the intelligence of our people and their really keen sense of justice to a knowledge of the Indian, and an understanding of his peculiar position.

The Board of Indian Commissioners proved an important link between the educated Christian people of the country and the Executive. The knowledge which they acquired in their visits to various Indian tribes did much to promote a better state of affairs than had previously existed. The board proved of great value, but its usefulness was hindered to a serious extent by existing political conditions. Corruption and dishonesty, in that corrupt and dishonest period, flourished more luxuriantly in the Indian service than in any other department of the Government. Its riotous audacity astounded and disheartened honest men who were brought in contact with it. The Indian Bureau was the central point of operations for dishonest contractors and officials, who extended the meshes of their nets to the most remote Indian agencies, and who robbed alike the Government and the Indian. The boldness of these plunderers in carrying on their projects and in avoiding detection was remarkable. An incident will serve to illustrate:

An Indian agent located at one of the agencies among the Sioux was suspected of defrauding the Government and the Indian to the extent of about eighty thousand dollars. An investigating committee was sent from Washington to inspect his affairs. The agent got wind of their coming and determined to outwit them. He bribed one of his interpreters to meet the committee at a point on the Missouri where they would be obliged to take stage for the agency. The committee, in the long drive to the agency, fell into conversation with their unsuspected fellow-traveller, found him well acquainted with the Indians, and were especially overjoyed to discover that he spoke Dacotah. "The very thing," they said. "We will secure his

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services as an interpreter." The fellow consented and received fifty dollars in payment for his services. Thus an interpreter was secured who translated the bitter complaints of the Indians in a way to make them appear as warm commendations of their agent. The committee returned, baffled, to Washington.

The great work which the Board of Indian Commissioners accomplished was the detection of existing corruption in Indian management, by which, ultimately, a radical improvement in the quality of supplies sent to the Indian was secured, and, to a large extent, the banishment of dishonesty from this department of the Indian service was effected. But most important of all was the work of the Commission in sowing the seeds of an intelligent national interest in the Indian question, and a national determination that the problem should ultimately be solved by means worthy a great people.

The Board of Indian Commissioners failed to accomplish the full measure of the purpose which General Grant had in view, and which was within their own hopes, owing to the firm grip with which political corruption held the Indian service, and because of the President's own fatal unwillingness to "desert his friends under fire." At great personal risk to its members the Board sought to drive out the plunderers who were feeding upon both the Government and the Indian, but owing to the protection accorded them by high officials the Commissioners were largely thwarted in their purpose.

Some of the more aggressive members of the Board resigned, in the belief that they could accomplish more good by independent and unofficial action than by holding further relations with the Government, since many of their protests against wrongdoing were unheeded. The Board still exists and does good work, though its activity is not so great as in former years.

I have treated at some length this introduction to that part of my subject which is of more immediate interest—the recent Indian disturbance—in the belief that by so doing I can make plain how slowly and with how much apparent loss any advance is effected in the performance of a great public work. The sacrifice is great, but it is not made in vain. Great abuses, which at one time seemed impregnable, are, by patient, intelligent effort, finally removed. Twenty-five years ago corruption in Indian affairs was wide-spread; it is now, I believe, quite the exception, not the rule. I would especially emphasize this fact at this time. The restrictions in the service and the keen observation of the public make dishonesty now very difficult and dangerous.

That many things in Indian management are to-day seriously wrong and urgently in need of amendment will be readily granted. The only efficacious remedy for these evils lies in an application of the force of popular sentiment to the centres of power in Washington; but this application must be made with intelligent discrimination.

The Sioux people number about twenty-eight thousand souls. They occupy to-day what is known as the Great Sioux Reservation. This tract until very recently included about twenty-two million acres, lying in the Territory of Dakota. It is shaped somewhat like a boot, its sole resting on the northern Nebraska line; its calf, or western boundary, the Black Hills of western Dakota; the upper or northern boundary, the Cannon-Ball River (so named from the spherical stones found on its banks and bottom); its eastern line, corresponding to the shinbone—to carry out the simile—the swift, tawny Missouri, with its dangerous eddies, its fretted surface, and its ever-crumbling banks of sand.

The Sioux in old times roamed over tracts vastly greater than even their present reservation, until recently, comprised; but under the treaty of 1868 most of them, and after the treaty of 1876 all of them, had been brought within the limits of the reserve. They were a very aggressive, warlike people so far back as we have record of the tribe in the early days of French exploration, when Marquette, the young Jesuit missionary, about 1670, came in contact with them on the west shore of Lake Superior. The Chippewas, the Crows, and the Utes were among their

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traditional and hereditary enemies; but it is said to have been their boast that they never shed the blood of a white man. Catlin—the artist, explorer, and their historian—spent some time among them, studying their customs and committing to canvas their fierce, painted faces, their dances, and their hunts.

The Great Reserve is subdivided into six minor reserves, each with its agency, its agent, and Government employees—school-teachers, physicians, blacksmiths, and carpenters. These subdivisions are as follows: Standing Rock Reserve in the northeast on the Missouri; Cheyenne River to the south, with its agency on the Missouri; Crow Creek Reserve, a little farther down on the other side of the river; then Lower Brule bordering on the Missouri, with its southern boundary the Nebraska line. These last-named agencies are now consolidated under the care of a single agent. Westward lie the two largest, and in some respects most important, reserves—Rosebud and Pine Ridge—the latter being the southwesternmost section and forming the heel of the boot. This is the home of the Sioux people. It is high, breezy, prairie land, almost tree-

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less, except where the infrequent creeks spread a fringe of scant timber — the cotton-wood, scrub-oak, the ash, with undergrowth of wild plum-trees and buffalo-berry bushes. The face of the country suggests a mighty rolling sea— its billows sinking into the level horizon—that by some magic touch had turned to dry land, still retaining in outline the suggestion of former movement, and in the color of grassy hills the memory of its waves.

What can be said with truth as to the character of these people? What does one find that is tangible, actual, in moving among and studying them with a sincere desire to be rid of either partisan or hostile bias? Many things; for truth here, to the superficial eye, is apparently as complex and as discordant as it is elsewhere; but patient study reveals certain great truths which will not betray the investigator.

There are two great and sharply defined parties among the Sioux Indians to-day, either of which is the creation and representative of an idea. These ideas are antagonistic and irreconcilable.

First. There is the old pagan and non-progressive party. Inspired by sentiments of hostility to the Government and to white civilization, it believes in what is Indian, and hates what belongs to the white man. Its delight is in the past, and its dream is that the past shall come back again — the illimitable prairie, with vast herds of the vanished buffalo, the deer, the antelope, all the excitement of the chase, and the still fiercer thrill of bloody struggle with rival savage men. Consider what has been the education of the men who form this party — eating Government rations paid them in lieu of ceded lands, idleness, visits to distant relatives and friends, constant feasts and dances, with oft-repeated recitals from the older men of their own deeds of valor and the achievements of their ancestors. If we put ourselves in their place, the attitude of these non-progressive Indians will be intelligible, and their acts will be partly accounted for. A white man nurtured under such conditions would scarcely be distinguishable from an Indian. As Captain Pratt has well said: "Savagery is a habit, civilization is a habit."

This old Indian party has, undoubtedly, grievances in unfulfilled promises and broken treaties — and it has welcomed them and nurtured them. Its argument with members of its own race who thought otherwise and did otherwise has been: "Make trouble and the Great Father will send you what you want."

The most noted leaders of this party, and the men most typical of its spirit and intentions, were Spotted Tail (who was killed by Crow Dog in 1881 in a personal feud), Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull. Of these three men Spotted Tail was the most remarkable for native force and ability; but all were alike in love of power, a deep sense of personal and race pride, duplicity, unconquerable antagonism to civilization. Visits to the East and to Washington, with the well-meant but injudicious attention of charitable persons and the flattering curiosity of the public served to heighten the vanity and sense of personal importance of these leaders, but only to intensify their hostility to the white man's ways. They felt precisely the same contempt for work which has often been shown by aristocratic classes among civilized nations—with the same sense of personal pride. Once, in an interview between Bishop Hare and Spotted Tail, the latter, replying to the bishop's remarks, said: "You did not inform me that you were coming," and then, as though not wishing to recognize the bishop's presence further, he drew his blanket about him with the air of a patrician, and stepping back and aside, so as to place a wood-pile between his visitor and himself, put an end to the conversation. Sitting Bull is said to have received one hundred and fifty dollars from a photographer for the privilege of taking his picture and to have habitually asked and received ten dollars for a series of perpendicular pen-strokes which served as his autograph. Such is an outline sketch of the character of the men who held together the pagan party and guided the minds of its young men. The elements of danger to be found in such conditions will be readily appreciated.

Second. A new, progressive, and what may properly be termed Christian party,

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whose life was begotten, nourished, and trained by missionary enterprise and devotion. Among the great pioneers and founders of this movement were Drs. Riggs and Williamson—the former of the Congregational and the latter of the Presbyterian Church — Father de Smet, the heroic Roman Catholic missionary who ministered to the Sioux among the other tribes west of the Missouri, and Bishop Hare, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose work has now assumed extended proportions and has acquired a strong influence all over the Sioux country. The translation of the Bible into the Dakota tongue was the great work of Drs. Williamson and Riggs. The entire Bible was first printed in the Dakota tongue in 1879, though large portions of it were in print long before. It was the foundation of the successful efforts of the Protestant missionaries of all denominations, and has been an essential factor in the development of the progressive party. The work of the Congregational Church among the Sioux has its centre on the Santee Reservation in Nebraska, which is separated from the Great Sioux Reservation by the Missouri. Here a large Indian training-school of the Congregational Church is located, which sends out its graduates and exerts its influence all over the great reserve. The Congregationalists have seventy-five missionaries and teachers among the Sioux; fourteen schools, with four hundred and fifty-two pupils; six churches, with three hundred and thirty-two church members. The Roman Catholics have large and important schools on three of the Sioux reservations. Both this church and the Presbyterian labor actively for the civilization of these Indians.

The Santee Sioux, who number about seven hundred, afford a striking example of the complete change which Indians undergo when favorably situated, and when subjected to the influences of education and religion. They took a prominent part in the Minnesota massacre, but having passed through many vicissitudes and sufferings for their share in the uprising, they are to-day among the most peaceable and industrious Indians to be found in the country. They have become citizens of the United States, they own their land in severalty, while their unused lands have been opened up to white settlement. It was not, however, until after great pressure had been brought to bear by their friends that the Government could be induced to fulfil its own specific promises to grant them patents for their lands; while the cupidity of their white neighbors was eagerly noting the increasing value of their possessions, and was urgently petitioning Congress to move them to the westward, and to open their farms to white settlement. Such a sad and but too frequent catastrophe in the history of Indian progress was happily averted.

No more abundant results have been obtained in building up the party of Christianity and civilization among the Sioux than have rewarded the long labors of Bishop Hare and the little band of earnest workers who, for a period of more than seventeen years, have labored under his direction, and who now have their boarding-schools and mission chapels scattered over every part of the Sioux reserve. At this date from seven thousand to eight thousand among the people are counted as attendants upon the Episcopal Church. There are one thousand seven hundred communicants, forty native catechists and nine native ministers, forty branches of the Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. Among Indians of this denomination alone during the past year about three thousand dollars have been raised for religious purposes. It is my purpose to draw attention to these facts only on account of their bearing upon the question of a new and progressive party among the Indians, and in order to permit a clear understanding of the precise conditions under which the recent outbreak occurred.

In these Christian Indians is to be found abundant food for a study of the germs and first awakenings of civilized life rich in variety and suggestion. They present all possible differences of age, condition, and of moral and mental attainments. Here is the man from whose face the paint has just been washed, whose clothing is a struggle between civilization and barbarism, whose hair is still plaited, and into

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whose darkened mind have fallen the first faint gleams of desire for the "new way;" here is a native teacher, perhaps fairly taught in a reservation boarding-school, but only able to speak English imperfectly, struggling single-handed in a heathen camp to win converts to Christian morality and civilized life; while here, as the ripest fruit of Indian civilization, is the native minister, or physician, the graduate of an Eastern college, whose wife perhaps is a white woman, whose habits of thought and whose manners are those of a gentleman, and who stands on equal terms with the rest of the world.

And yet in all this diversity to be found in the progressive party among the Sioux is clearly shown one controlling principle—an awakened moral purpose, new-born, or well-developed, the stirring of an enlightened conscience, and of a long-dormant intellect.

I do not think that any intelligent or fairly well-disposed person could travel with observation among these Christian Indians, as the writer has frequently done, without being strongly impressed with the many direct and indirect evidences of the essential difference which has come to exist between them and their wild brethren in thought, purpose, and occupation. How serious the existing division might become under stress of an accumulation of misfortunes, whether of an avoidable or unavoidable character, can readily be imagined.

Such a crisis was destined soon to occur which excited the heathen party to paroxysms of resentful fury, and tested the fidelity and fortitude of their opponents to the uttermost. For many years the whites of Dakota have sought to cut a great highway for civilization through the heart of the Sioux reserve, so that easy communication might be established between eastern and western Dakota, and Indian lands, practically unused, might be opened to white settlement. It was to the highest interests of both whites and Indians that this should be done — if done wisely and fairly. Unfortunately, the terms of the agreement presented for the acceptance of the Indians by a Commission sent out from Washington to treat with them in 1882 were inequitable; the compensation promised for the lands was absurdly small, being about eight cents per acre, and the means used to procure the assent of the Indians to the agreement were in some notable instances not honorable. The past is full of such instances. Fortunately, the friends of the Indians revealed the objectionable character of the agreement, and of the means that had been taken to procure the Indians' assent to it in time to prevent its passage in Congress, although the measure narrowly escaped ratification. But the opponents of the bill saw clearly that sooner or later the opening of the reserve must be devoted to making the change contribute to the Indians' advancement. The reservation could not be permitted permanently to block progress, and the Indian could not be allowed to rest in an isolation which kept him from contact with civilization, and nurtured savagery. In 1887 another agreement was prepared and presented to the Indians by another Commission. Its terms were a great improvement upon those of its predecessor, and were, on the whole, very favorable to the Indians; but they, having learned how they had been deceived in its previous attempt, refused to accept the agreement. Finally its terms were modified so as to make them still more favorable to the Indians, and, under the efforts of another Commission, of which General Crook was the distinguished chairman, the Indians were induced to sign. About eleven million acres of land were given up under the operation of this act, and the reservation, which had originally been about four times as large as the State of Massachusetts, was reduced one-half. These Indians, who, like other tribes, have always been extremely sensitive to a reduction of their reservation, were only induced to sign this agreement under severe pressure. Both parties among the Sioux were indisposed to cede more of their land, but the non-progressives were bitter and active in their opposition. Bishop Hare treating this matter, says:

"Some preferred their old life the more earnestly because schools and churches were sapping and undermining it. Some wished delay. All com-

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plained that many of the engagements solemnly made with them in former years . . . had been broken — and here they were right. They suspected that present promises of pay for their lands would prove only old ones in new shape. When milch cows were promised—cows having been promised in previous agreements—the Indians exclaimed, 'There's that same old cow!' and demanded that no further surrender be expected until former promises had been fulfilled. They were assured that a new era had dawned, and that all past promises would be kept. So we all thought."

The Indians were finally induced by the most urgent pressure on the part of the Commissioner to sign the agreement. Their expectations of the rewards which were to follow, and which had been glowingly depicted by the Commissioners ran high. Then followed a series of delays and misfortunes, some of which might have been prevented, while others were from purely natural causes. To present them clearly and briefly to the reader I cannot do better than to quote the graphic language of Bishop Hare:

> The Indians understand little of the complex forms and delays of our Government. Six months passed and nothing came. Three months more, and nothing came.* But in the midst of the winter's pinching cold the Indians learned that the transaction had been declared complete and half of their land proclaimed as thrown open to the whites. Surveys were not promptly made; perhaps they could not be, and no one knew what land was theirs and what was not. The very earth seemed sliding from beneath their feet. Other misfortunes seemed to be crowding on them. On some reserves their rations were being reduced, and lasted, even when carefully husbanded, but one-half the period for which they were issued.† In the summer of 1889 all the people on the Pine Ridge Reserve—men, women and children—were called in from their farms to the agency to treat with the Commissioners and were kept there a whole month, and, on returning to their homes, found that their cattle had broken into their fields and trampled down or eaten up all their crops. This was true in a degree elsewhere. In 1890 the crops, which promised splendidly early in July, failed entirely later, because of a severe drought. The people were often hungry, and the physicians in many cases said died, when taken sick, not so much from disease as for want of food.‡
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> No doubt the people could have saved themselves from suffering if industry, economy, and thrift had abounded; but these are just the virtues which a people merging from barbarism lack. The measles prevailed in 1889 and were exceedingly fatal. Next year the grippe swept over the people with appalling results. Whooping-cough followed among the children. Sullenness and gloom began to gather, especially among the heathen and wilder Indians. A witness of high character told me that a marked discontent, amounting almost to despair, prevailed in many quarters. The people said their children were all dying from diseases brought by the whites, their race was perishing from the face of the earth, and they might as well be killed at once. Old chiefs and medicine-men were losing their power. Withal new ways were prevailing more and more, which did not suit the older people. The old ways which they loved were passing away. In a word, all things were against them, and to add to the calamity, many Indians, especially the wilder element, had nothing to do but to brood over their misfortunes. While in this unhappy state the story of a Messiah coming, with its Ghost Dance and strange hallucinations, spread among the heathen part of the people. The Christian Indians, on the whole, maintained their stand with praiseworthy patience and fortitude; but the dancers were in a state of exaltation approaching frenzy. Restraint only increased their madness. The dancers were found to be well armed. Insubordination broke out on several reserves. The authority of the agent and of the native police was overthrown. The civilized Indians were intimidated. Alarm spread everywhere.

From what has been already presented the precise nature of some of the conditions which brought about the disturbance among the Sioux will be apparent. I have endeavored to point out the sharp differences and antagonisms which existed between the Christian and the pagan party, differences which became more and more sharply accentuated as the party of progress advanced and prospered. The party of conservatism was driven more and more within itself, as it saw the progress of civilization without the reservation and within it. Then came the strange delusion of an Indian Messiah, with its promise of redemption to the Indian race and the

* A bill was drawn up in the Senate under General Crook's eye, and passed, providing for the fulfilment of the promises of the Commission, but it was pigeon-holed in the House.

† The amount of beef bought for the Indian is not a fair criterion of the amount he receives. A steer will lose two hundred pounds or more of its flesh during the course of the winter.

‡ This is doubtless true of all the poor, the poor in our cities, and the poor settlers in the West. The testimony regarding the existence of hunger is exceedingly conflicting, but at Pine Ridge Agency at least it seemed to me conclusive that it was general and extreme.

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destruction of the white invader. It came, so I learn through the last report of the Rev. William J. Cleveland, the experienced missionary, who is now making a journey of investigation into the causes of the uprising for the Indian Rights Association, and who gives the Indian story as they tell it, "from the people who wear rabbit-skin blankets (whoever they are), far west of the Yellow Skins, who are far west of the Utes." Mr. Cleveland does not know who the Indians referred to are, but the writer surmises that they are the Pueblo, or village, Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. They use rabbit-skin blankets, live far west of the Utes, and, moreover, hold the old Aztec tradition of Montezuma, their Saviour, returning to free their race. It is one of their customs to look from their house-tops at dawn for the coming of Montezuma over the eastern mountains. It is not impossible that this ancient tradition, which was heretofore confined to the southwest and to certain tribes of Indians, became, under peculiar conditions and circumstances, migratory and operative everywhere. Whether that is, or is not, the true solution of the origin of this religious fanaticism among the Indians, there can be no doubt of its powerful effect upon the Sioux. It was eagerly taken hold of by the leaders, of whom Sitting Bull was the foremost, and was made the vehicle of warlike designs, notwithstanding the fact that the new doctrine was altogether pacific, so far as the actions which it permitted to the Indians themselves were concerned. The revelation from the Messiah was that he had once come down to save the white race, but that they had rejected him and finally killed him. He now rejected them, and would come, when the grass was about two inches high in the spring, to save his red children and to destroy the white race and their works. It was enjoined upon all who believed in him to wear a peculiar kind of dress, and to practise the Ghost Dance as often and as long at a time as they possibly could, as an evidence of their faith. If any died of exhaustion in the dance or swooned away, they were to believe that such went immediately to him, where they had communion with the departed, and whence they could return to tell the living of what they had heard and seen. At the coming of the Messiah, for which his followers were to wait patiently until the spring, a new earth would be formed covering the present world, and burying all the whites and those Indians who had not joined in the dance. The Messiah would again bring with him the departed of their own people, and the earth would be again as their forefathers knew it, only there should be no more death.

Such is the doctrine of the Indian Messiah fresh from Indian lips. It can readily be imagined with what power such a doctrine came upon the darkened minds of savage men, some of whom were suffering, in addition to the irritating remembrance of unfulfilled promises, the pangs of hunger.

It is the positive assertion of Mr. Cleveland, after a detailed and careful investigation at Standing Rock, that there was no suffering from lack of food at that point. He says in answer to the question: "How far due to hunger?" "Not at all, no one of them complained, or does now, at this agency, of short rations. The number of those at Standing Rock who took part in the insurrection was very small, not more than ten per cent. of the whole. Three hundred and seventy-five in all left the agency when the stampede incident to the death of Sitting Bull occurred, though many have since returned. The entire Indian population on the Standing Rock Reserve, according to the last census, is four thousand and ninety. It is important to note the maintenance of Government authority at Standing Rock, through the influence of an experienced and able agent, and its complete collapse at Pine Ridge through the incapacity of an inexperienced one.

Sitting Bull himself, however, was one of the leading, if not the leading, agitator and fomentor of trouble. His runners were everywhere active among those Indians on the other parts of the reservation to whom they could appeal with most chance of success—Big Foot's people among the pagan element on the Cheyenne River Reserve, the Lower Brules lower down the Missouri, the Upper Brules, or Spotted Tail's people,

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at Rosebud, Red Cloud's people among the Ogallalas at Pine Ridge. They had fruitful soil in which to sow their evil seed—ignorance made dangerous by fanaticism among many of the wildest Indians, and at Pine Ridge hunger and discontent and unfulfilled treaties, both long past and recent.

What powers of resistance and control had the Government at its disposal with which to meet the coming storm? Upon what principle of selection does the Government base its choice of agents and employees sent to represent its policy and to manage its affairs on Indian reservations? This question touches the vital point of the whole Indian question.

On the experience, courage, fidelity, tact, keen sense of justice and sympathy of an Indian agent at a large agency, where wild and dangerous, as well as peaceable and easily controlled Indians are located, depend the success or failure of the Government's efforts for the civilization of its wards. Upon the agent's possession of such qualities may also depend the safety of human life, the protection of property, and the saving of vast sums of money.

With such serious considerations in view in the management of such an immense business concern as the Indian service, in which not only the welfare of two hundred and fifty thousand human beings is directly concerned, but of multitudes of white settlers besides, is it beyond reason to ask that the principles of sound business administration should be adopted?

What are the plain, indubitable facts regarding the Indian service? The Spoils System of appointment has been the prevailing system since the writer first began acquaintanceship with Indian affairs in 1882. What does that mean? Simply that the President, the Secretary of the Interior, or the Indian Commissioner, one or all, are under compulsion, or at the least powerful pressure, to appoint persons to positions in the Indian service, not as they would like to do, because they have the best and most reasonable assurance that they are fitted by character and experience to perform well the duties of their several stations, but because these appointees are thrust on them by the importunity of Senators, Representatives, or other powerful politicians. These gentlemen frequently demand such positions of the Executive as their manifest perquisites, as their lawful prey and spoil. It is thus that their political debts are paid. I have known the Governor of a great State laughingly admit that for political hacks who were unfit for anything else he found places in the Indian service. I could furnish, were it desirable or necessary, a long list of needy, inefficient, worthless persons, some not actually bad, but wholly unsuited to their positions; others with shady or blackened records, men who had failed in everything else, or drunkards and debauchees, who had found their way into the Indian service. Many things, half sad, half ludicrous, and some really dreadful things I have known regarding the public service of these people. And then again I have known men of high character, high talent, lofty aspiration, and generous sympathies serving as Indian agents, with patience and self-sacrifice, ill-paid but abundantly rewarded with abuse, building up industry and civilization among their Indians only to see their plans and hopes sadly marred or sinking into decay with the passing of the administration or the party that gave them office. The ghastly levity and unreason, the insane wickedness of the whole false system has been handed down as a miserable legacy from one administration to another.

Good men and women, in the service and out of it, have been tempted to say, "Is there enough gained to make effort worth while since the people love to have it so?" Nevertheless the cloud has had a silver lining, for the evils have stirred a great popular sentiment, and things are better than they were.

In 1882 Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy held the post of Indian Agent at Pine Ridge. He had previously served with distinction in various departments of the Government; from 1866 to 1868 as resident physician, Marine Hospital Service; in the War Department as topographer on the international survey of the 49th parallel in 1874; in the Interior Department as chief topographer of the

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survey of the Black Hills in 1875; in the War Department as attending Surgeon of Second and Third United States Cavalry in the Big Horn expedition of 1876, and Assistant Post-Surgeon in the Department of the Platte and Dakota in 1877–78, and as Indian agent in charge of the Pine Ridge Agency from March, 1879. His incumbency at Pine Ridge was one evincing the highest courage, skill, and administrative ability. A force of fifty Indian police was organized by him, and admirably trained in cavalry and infantry tactics, under the command of his chief clerk, who had been a soldier during the war. With this force the agent was able to thwart or to subdue the frequent attempts of Red Cloud to create disorder. In 1884 a serious outbreak was threatened by this chief, who was used as a tool by certain men with whose selfish and dishonest schemes the agent had interfered. Senator Dawes, the champion of Indian interests in the Senate, writing of this affair in 1884, said:

> For days the life of every white man there was in peril, and nothing but the courage and prudence of McGillycuddy saved them from a horrible massacre. Red Cloud, overpowered by the law, preferred charges against McGillycuddy. They were investigated by a special agent sent from Washington, who reported against McGillycuddy. He then asked a hearing before the Secretary, who sent another inspector for re-examination. This inspector reported in favor of McGillycuddy, not only exonerating him from the charges of Red Cloud and the report of . . . , but reflecting severely upon [the former inspector] himself. Red Cloud enlisted Bland in his favor, who induced the Secretary to send out a third inspector to investigate the conduct of McGillycuddy. This report not only declared the charges false, but highly commended him for the work he was doing at that agency.

Senator Dawes further says: "The Senate Committee, of which I was a member, was at this agency last summer and took much pains to ascertain the truth of this matter. They were unanimously of the opinion that at no agency which they had visited, or had any knowledge of, had so much been done for the advancement of wild Indians as at this place." The writer can, from frequent personal observation, fully confirm the truth of Mr. Dawes's statement. Pine Ridge at that time, and so long as McGillycuddy was in charge of it, although one of the most difficult agencies in the service, was a model of efficiency and order.

Upon the advent of the Democratic administration there began, to the surprise of many, and to the regret of all of the friends of the Indians, a general proscription of those Indian agents and employees who had served under the previous administration. In vain were earnest protests presented. The incumbents at every agency on the Sioux reservation were changed, with the single exception of Standing Rock, where the agent, Major McLaughlin, one of the best men in the service, was probably saved by his own good record and the political influence of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he is a devout member. In two instances these changes were manifestly for the better; in most of the others they were seriously for the worse. The latter was manifestly the case at Pine Ridge and Rosebud. Under McGillycuddy's successor there was a steady deterioration in the *morale* of the agency and in the efficiency of the police force. At Rosebud the former agent, Mr. James G. Wright, to whom the public owes a debt of gratitude for years of wise, patient, and successful service, was succeeded by an agent whose career in the Indian service was one of ignominious failure.

Out of fifty-eight Indian agents in the entire service, upward of fifty were changed. The removals in the other grades of the service were general. In some instances, as has been frankly and gladly admitted, these changes were for the better; but the general result was deterioration, not improvement. Where changes were fortunate and happy in their results the friends of the Indians were prompt to admit the fact, and stood ready upon the incoming of the Republican administration to pray for the retention of every officer known to them to be deserving. Indeed, the first request made by them to Mr. Noble, the Republican Secretary of the Interior, was that agents and employees might not be removed for political reasons, but that they might be retained or dismissed solely on the ground of merit, so that the fatal rock of spoils

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policy, on which the Indian management of the previous administration had foundered, might be avoided. The request was as courteously listened to as it was subsequently completely ignored. The administration adopted what was styled the "Home Rule" system of appointment, an elegant synonym for the opprobrious term "spoils system." Home rule meant, so far as the Indians were concerned, the rule of aliens and enemies, for it transferred the appointment of agents, and in many cases of subordinates, from the hands of the central and responsible authorities in Washington to the tender mercies of politicians in every territory in which Indian reservations were located. The Indian Rights Association uttered a prompt but ineffectual protest against this principle of appointment as being "unsound in theory and likely to be disastrous in practice."

No blame can be attached to General Morgan, the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, or to Dr. Dorchester, the present Superintendent of Indian Schools, for whatever evil consequences have flowed from the adoption of this phase of the spoils system. Both of these gentlemen have been earnest advocates of the merit system, and have, within the limits of their power, observed it, and beyond those limits have labored for its adoption in all grades of the Indian service. The present Indian Commissioner has, in the opinion of the writer, rendered an inestimable service both to the Indians and the public by wise, faithful, and energetic service.

Under the "Home Rule" system the inefficient Democratic successor to Dr. McGillycuddy was removed during the past summer to make room, not for a wisely selected man chosen with a view to the skilful control of the usually troublesome and now dangerous and excited elements at Pine Ridge, but for one destitute of any of those qualities by which he could justly lay claim to the position—experience, force of character, courage, and sound judgment. His moral weight and force was insufficient to suppress the threatened irruption. At all the Sioux agencies, with the exception of Standing Rock, where McLaughlin, equipped by long years of experience, faced the storm with firmness and success, the agents had been changed by the Republican administration, as their predecessors had been by the Democratic one. But at Pine Ridge, the most important of all, the results were most disastrous. As has been made clear, it was the weakest point in the Sioux country, and here had been provided the weakest control, as though, in a spirit of malicious fun, the Government had set a timid and untrained rider astride a wicked, fractious horse, just to see what would happen!

At the time the agent took charge of Pine Ridge, October 1, 1890, the Ghost Dance was at its height. There was general discontent throughout the Sioux nation, the troubled condition added to and fomented by Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, and other agitators. But I do not hesitate to say that had a man of nerve and experience, who knew these Indians, and was known by them, backed by a disciplined force of Indian police, been in charge, an abandonment of this agency and the calling of the military would no more have been necessary than were such measures necessary at Standing Rock. It is well known that the presence of troops at an agency is always extremely irritating to Indians. It proved so in this instance.

The next scene in the drama is vigorously depicted by Dr. McGillycuddy, who had been present for some days at the agency as the representative of Governor Mellette. Under date of December 4th, he writes:

> The condition of affairs when I left there last week was as follows: About four thousand of the agency Indians were camped at the agency. The outlying villages, churches, and schools were abandoned. About two thousand Brules and Wazazas were camped twenty-five miles distant on Wounded Knee Creek, uncertain whether to come into the agency or not, on account of the presence of troops. Emissaries of Sitting Bull were circulating among all of the Indians, inciting them to revolt, and ranging through the abandoned villages destroying property of friendly Indians. Indians by the dozen were beseeching me to obtain permission for them to go to their homes and protect their property, their horses, cows, pigs, chickens, etc., the accumulation of years. Runners came to me from the Brule camp, asking me to come out and explain what the coming of troops meant. They said they knew me, would believe in me, and come in. Red Cloud and

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other chiefs made the same request of Agent Royer and Special Agent Cooper. The request was refused; no white man was sent to them. On Sunday last Sitting Bull's emissaries prevailed; the Brules became hostile, stole horses and cattle, and are now on the edge of the Bad Lands, ready for a winter's campaign. Many Indians who were friendly when I left the agency will join them. They have possession of the agency beef herd of thirty-five hundred head of cattle. The presence of troops at the agency is being rapidly justified. What I state, investigation can substantiate.

There are two prominent events subsequent to the arrival of troops at Pine Ridge which have especially excited inquiry in the public mind and to which I will refer. The first is the arrest and death of Sitting Bull; the second is the affair of Wounded Knee. The limits of this article will only permit an outline of these incidents.

The arrest of Sitting Bull was, no doubt, a measure necessary to prevent further spreading of a revolt which largely emanated from him. Concerning his own dangerous intentions there can be no doubt. The evidence on this point is abundant and specific. The arrest was attempted under telegraphic instructions from General Ruger, at St. Paul, to Colonel Drum, commanding Fort Yates, the military post adjoining the Standing Rock Agency, under date of December 12th. It was the expressed wish of General Ruger that the military and the civil agent should co-operate in effecting the arrest. Fortunately entire harmony existed between Colonel Drum and Major McLaughlin. The agent wished to effect the arrest by means of the Indian police, so as to avoid unnecessary irritation to the followers of Sitting Bull, and at a time when the majority of these Indians would be absent from their camp drawing rations at the agency. This wise intention was frustrated by the unexpected attempt of Sitting Bull to leave the reservation. Therefore the arrest, instead of being attempted December 20th, was precipitated December 14th. Sitting Bull evidently intended to submit to his captors peaceably, but, while dressing, in his tent for the journey, he was incited to resistance by the outcries of his son, who berated the Indian policemen and exhorted his father not to allow himself to be taken. Upon coming out of his tent, under charge of the police, Sitting Bull yielded to his son's advice and called on his people to rescue him. In an instant a savage crowd of one hundred and fifty Indians attacked and fired upon the police. Almost immediately six of the police were killed or mortally wounded, and Sitting Bull was himself killed by one of the wounded police. The fight lasted about half an hour. The police soon drove the Indians, who far outnumbered them, from around the adjoining buildings and into the surrounding woods. During the fight women attacked the police with knives and clubs, but in every instance the latter simply disarmed and placed them under guard until the troops arrived, after which they were given their liberty. The highest praise for courage and ability was accorded the police for their part in this affair by the military officer commanding the troops who supported them.

Can American patriotism see nothing in the devotion of these men to duty, their loyalty to the flag, their constancy even unto death, which is worthy an enduring monument? Can American art find no inspiration, no elements of true dramatic emotion, in this pre-eminently American tragedy?

It were well if the same chisel which recorded in "eternal bronze" the sad and patient nobility of Lincoln might also fashion some memorial to the humble heroes of Standing Rock! The genius of Thorwaldsen and the fidelity of the Swiss Guard breathe forever in the dying Lion of Lucerne. May not the genius of some American sculptor and the fidelity of the Indian police find similar expression?

What is to be said of Wounded Knee, with its two hundred dead, its slaughtered women and children? Evidence from various reliable sources shows very clearly that Colonel Forsythe, the veteran officer in charge, did all that could be done by care, consideration, and firmness to prevent a conflict. He had provided a tent warmed with a Sibley stove for Big Foot, who was ill with pneumonia. He assured the Indians of kind treatment, but told them also that they must surrender their arms. He tried to

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avoid a search for weapons, but to this they forced him to resort. The explosion came during the process of search, and when a medicine-man incited them to resist and appealed to their fanaticism by assuring them that their sacred shirts were bullet-proof. Then one shot was fired by the Indians, and another and another. The Indians were wholly responsible in bringing on the fight. Whether in the desperate struggle which ensued there was or was not an unnecessary sacrifice of the lives of women and children is another question. From the fact that so many women and children were killed, and that their bodies were found far from the scene of action, and as though they were shot down while fleeing, it would look as though blind rage had been at work, in striking contrast to the moderation of the Indian police at the Sitting Bull fight when they were assailed by women.

But responsibility for the massacre of Wounded Knee, as for many another sad and similar event, rests more upon the shoulders of the citizens of the United States who permit the condition of savage ignorance, incompetent control, or Congressional indifference and inaction, than upon those of maddened soldiers, who having seen their comrades shot at their side are tempted to kill and destroy all belonging to the enemy within their reach. That the uprising ended with so little bloodshed the country may thank the patience and ability of General Miles. Perhaps had he taken the field earlier there might have been still less to mourn.

What is the remedy? What must be done to prevent such occurrences in future? The remedy is not far to seek nor does it require many words to state its essentials.

First, the people as a body must desire and demand of the President and of Congress better things. There must be a substantial unity of opinion among various bodies of citizens as to the main points of a remedy, and unity of action in securing it; a willingness to abandon minor points in order to secure the greater ones. The necessity for abandoning partisanship in considering this great national question should be frankly recognized. The words Democrat and Republican should be forgotten in dealing with Indian affairs. Even now there are sincere friends of the Indians who are very sensitive to any criticism, no matter how just it may be, which reflects on their own party. This is a fatal block to progress. The great religious bodies, the Roman communion on the one side, and the Protestant communions on the other, should try to recognize the value of each other's work, at least as an instrument of civilization. There should be greater co-operation between the civil and military branches of the Government, less drawing into hostile camps with the idea that there is a military severity and inhumanity on the one side, and unmitigated rascality on the other. There are military officers who would make capital Indian agents, and civil agents could be found, if the right way were taken to seek them, who can manage Indians without the intrusion of troops.

If, then, a public sentiment can be aroused on this question at once powerful, intelligent, united, and persistent, these are the simple principles and the flexible system which it should demand:

1. A single, intelligent, experienced, responsible head to control the Indian service under the President—a man who shall be permitted to form his plans and to carry them to fruition along the lines of well-defined and sound principles, and free from partisan interference.

2. An Indian service conducted in absolute harmony with the principles of Civil Service Reform—the principle of merit, not of spoils. Only thoroughly qualified men, should be appointed to serve as Indian agents.

3. The prompt appropriation of funds by Congress to permit the education of all Indian youth, and the effective management of the service. No more Indian boys and girls should be permitted to grow up in ignorance and savagery; also the prompt passage of laws recommended by the Indian Department and requisite to protect the interests of the Indians.

But to do these things, as Bishop Hare has well said, and to solve "the problem that remains, the spoils system, will require 'the uprising of a great people.'"

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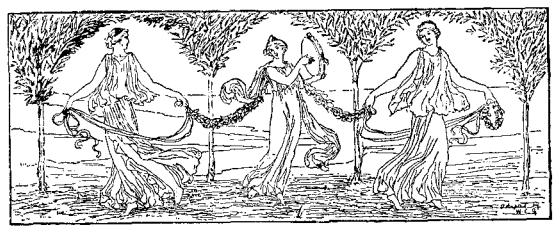

SPRING SONG.

By Graham R. Tomson.

So many ways to wander in,
  So many lands to see!
The west wind blows through the orchard-close,
  And the white clouds wander free;
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
  And the green boughs beckon me.

And it's oh, for the wide world, far away,
  'Tis there I fain would be,
For it calls me, claims me, the livelong day,
Sweet with the sounds and the scents of May,
  And the wind in the linden-tree:
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
  And the green boughs beckon me.

"Far and far, in the distance dim,
  Thy fortune waiteth thee"—
I know not where, but the world is fair
  With many a strange countrie;
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
  And the green boughs beckon me.

So many ways I may never win,
  Skies I may never see!
Oh, wood-ways sweet for the vagrant feet,
  What may not come to be?
What do they sing in the heart of spring?
  And where do they beckon me?

Farewell, farewell, to my father's house!
  Farewell, true love, to thee!
Dear, and dear, are the kind hearts here,
  And dear mine own roof-tree—
But the wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
  And the green boughs beckon me.

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THE PHENIX.

By Bliss Perry.

I.

"COUNTESS, may I trouble you for that cauliflower?" The Countess's eyes were hovering restlessly about the farther end of the long *pension* table, but she recollected herself instantly at the sound of this mandatory voice at her right.

"Certainly, Frau Lieutenant," she exclaimed. "Pardon me;" and as the servant was still busy at the other extremity of the room, she lifted the nearly empty platter and passed it.

The Frau Lieutenant surveyed the cauliflower with an eye trained by twenty-five years of experience at table-d'hôte dinners. The selection of fricasseed chicken was her specialty, though there was not a woman in Berlin who could be more implicitly trusted to secure the best piece of anything the first time trying; but really the cauliflower offered no opportunity for her skill. There was but one bunch still untouched, and she divided this into two exactly equal portions.

"Letty, my dear," she said in English, balancing one of these portions upon the spoon, "take this."

"But Mammachen," protested Miss Letty, a slender, delicate-complexioned girl of twenty-three, "I don't——"

"Take it, my dear," said the Frau Lieutenant, imperturbably, depositing the cauliflower by the side of the stewed mutton on her daughter's plate, and rapidly assisting herself to the remaining portion. "It is very fattening."

This last was in a tone intended for a whisper, but the Frau Lieutenant Dettmar's strident voice had a remarkably penetrating quality, and an under-sized Englishman, who sat directly opposite Miss Dettmar, looked up at the words. He was near-sighted, and the dining-room of the Countess von Eckmüller's *pension* was never brilliantly illuminated, especially on a dingy winter afternoon. It was only two o'clock, but the murky fog was already settling down into the Dorotheen Strasse, and the corners of the high, ugly room were growing dusky. The Englishman peered across the table curiously at his two countrywomen, for such did the mother and daughter unmistakably appear to be. Stubbworth's insight into character, like his visual faculty, was not of the keenest, but he could not help noting the difference between the muscular, assertive body of Mrs. Dettmar, her square, red face, with combative black eyes overtopped by a blacker false front of hair, and the slightly stooping figure of Miss Letty, with her light-blue child's eyes, the vague pink of her cheeks, and the shyness with which she pecked with her fork at the cauliflower. The daughter had evidently the physical characteristics of her father, the lamented Lieutenant Dettmar. So Stubbworth reflected, as the result of his inspection, and wished that he might address the girl in English; but not daring to transgress the Countess's rule that only German should be spoken at meal-times, he let his spectacled eyes fall to his plate again, began to separate the bones out of his mutton stew, and to meditate upon his forthcoming edition of "Middle English Homilies," the preparation of which had brought him to Berlin.

The lower end of the table, where sat the students and the commercial young men, was uproarious, as usual. A Jewess —studying for the opera—who sat at Stubbworth's left, laughed once or twice at a student witticism so immoderately that the sedate Englishman was embarrassed, but the effervescing humor lost its sparkle by the time it reached the neighborhood of the Countess. The people there were dull. The Widow Dettmar's soup had been cold, she had lost the first chance at the stew, and she ate away morosely. The Countess said nothing, but glanced from time to time toward the empty plate at her left, and once she whispered an order to the ser-

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vant. By and by the Jewess turned her dark face toward the head of the table.

"Countess von Eckmüller," she asked, "is not Herr Jarlson coming to-day?"

"Certainly," was the answer. "He was called at half-past one, as usual."

"At half-past one!" interrupted the Frau Lieutenant Dettmar. "You don't mean to say that that young man——"

"Exactly," said the Countess. "He is called at half-past one. If he does not get up by a quarter to two, I take one of his shoes, I open his door, and I cry 'Hamlet! Arise!' and toss the shoe at him. Then he gets up."

"I never heard of such a thing," cried the Englishwoman. "Did you, Letty, my dear?"

"No, Mammachen," replied Miss Letty, "but it is very funny."

"It is very irregular," said Mrs. Dettmar, severely. "He is a wild young man. One does not have to look at him twice to know that."

"No, Frau Lieutenant," remarked the Countess, "you misunderstand Herr Jarlson completely. It is only his way."

"Yes, his way. I know men. When a young actor sits in the cafés till four o'clock in the morning, and that every night in the week, and sleeps half the day, of course he is wild. He must be. Oh, I know! It's better for him to have his fling, though; he'll settle down when he is thirty. My husband used to say to me that those men were always steady afterward. They make the best husbands. As I told Letty the other day——"

"Mammachen," pleaded Miss Letty, crimsoning.

But the widow's worldly philosophy was cut short. A door opened half-way down the room, and a tall young fellow entered, apologetically. Everyone looked up.

"Here he comes," cried the Countess, with a smile on her shrewd old face. "He has risen, like—like—why, he is my Phenix."

There was a chorus of laughter. "The Phenix! The Phenix!" echoed from the students, as Herr Jarlson took his seat at the Countess's left. There was indeed something eagle-like in the curve of his nose, and the stiff masses of his hair, brushed à la Pompadour, seemed curiously like a bird's crest. "The Phenix," chuckled the Countess again to herself, delighted at her own fantasy.

"Letty, my dear," whispered Mrs. Dettmar in English, to her daughter, "what is a Phenix?"

"I think, Mammachen," was the doubtful answer, murmured behind a handkerchief, lest the new-comer opposite should hear, "I think it was a bird. Anyway, it rose."

The Norwegian, bowing respectfully to the English ladies, proceeded to open a bottle of beer, which the Countess provided at dinner for each of her numerous family, and to empty it bodily into a huge silver goblet that stood beside his plate. It was very bad beer, in truth, but Herr Jarlson always maintained it was delicious in his Scandinavian goblet. He took a draught of it now, before unrolling his napkin, and then turning to the Countess he exclaimed, enthusiastically: "It was grand!"

"Do you mean the beer, Herr Jarlson?" demanded Mrs. Dettmar, with veiled irony.

The Phenix lifted his gray eyes to the widow's face. He had a proper terror of her, a terror not diminished by his secret admiration of her daughter.

"No, not this time," he replied, in fluent German. "It was the 'Ghosts.'"

"The ghosts? What do you mean? Do you see ghosts all the forenoon, after coming in at four o'clock in the morning?" The widow was so amused at her joke that she did not hear Miss Letty whispering that Herr Jarlson meant a play.

"It was Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' Frau Lieutenant," explained the Countess, quietly, "given at the Residenz Theatre yesterday."

"Ah," said the widow. She was not interested in such matters.

"It was a feast to my soul," Herr Jarlson went on; "almost as good as hearing it in Norwegian again."

"You must tell me all about it later," said Countess von Eckmüller. That was the first representation of "Ghosts" in Berlin, and it had not yet become fashionable to discuss the play at dinner.

"Herr Jarlson," spoke up the Jewess, "did you remember?"

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"Certainly, Fräulein," and the Phenix unbuttoned his frock-coat and pulled out a complimentary ticket to "Siegfried," which he asked Stubbworth to pass to her. She thanked him so effusively that he forgot to mention that the ticket for which she had applied through him had really not been granted, and that he had presented her with his own instead. As an accredited student of acting and a fellow of some promise in his calling Herr Jarlson's name stood higher on the complimentary lists than did hers.

It was curious to see how the Norwegian's appearance changed the atmosphere of the upper end of the table. The Countess became chatty. The servant brought a new dish of cauliflower, expressly kept hot for Herr Jarlson, but Mrs. Dettmar had a helping from it, and was thereby put in good spirits again. Miss Letty glanced across the table timidly, from time to time, and wondered why the Phenix did not brush his hair like other people; he was such an odd young man. She fancied how he would look with a moustache—such a mustache, for instance, as had Major Vischer, her formal engagement to whom was to be announced next week, at Christmas. The Major had a luxuriant growth upon his upper lip, but Miss Letty somehow wished he were not so bald; she would almost rather have his hair stand on end, like Herr Jarlson's. Then Miss Letty blushed to think what Mammachen would say if she knew her daughter had ventured to criticise the estimable Major Vischer. The Major had been so kind, and her ring next week would be no cheap little German affair, she was quite sure. Mammachen was right, of course; a husband of forty—even if he were bald and fat—was forty times better than no husband; and the Major was so kind; and yet——

But Mammachen was talking about Christmas, with the Countess and Herr Jarlson. "No, they should be useful," she was saying, in her polemic voice. "The idea of sending flowers as a gift! They wither in two days, and it is money thrown away. If anybody sent me flowers, I should be mad."

The Countess nodded assent, having kept a *pension* too long to differ unnecessarily with her patrons; but what she was thinking of was this: "Send flowers to you? *Ich danke.* I should be more likely to send you a roast-beef rare."

"I remember the first present Lieutenant Dettmar ever gave me," continued the widow. "It was a book, and I have it yet; whereas, you see, if it had been flowers, I should have had to throw them away the day after. My husband was so sensible. Letty, my dear, what was that book that Papa gave me?"

"It was 'Proverbs of All Nations,' Mammachen."

As Miss Letty gave this information, she was conscious that both Jarlson and Stubbworth were looking at her. She thought that a certain whimsical expression passed over the Norwegian's thin lips, and she blushed again. She was very timid.

The conversation turned to other subjects, but as for the Phenix, he continued to meditate upon these countrywomen of Shakespeare until the dinner was over, and then he pushed back his chair, opened another bottle of beer, and began to talk with the Countess about the third act of Ibsen's "Ghosts."

II.

It was five o'clock in the morning, the day before Christmas. Outside, in the Dorotheen Strasse, it was bitter cold. The *droschke* drivers on night service slapped their arms and shivered on their boxes, and the tramway horses staggered on the slippery frost as the huge double-decked cars swung groaning around the curve by the Countess von Eckmüller's *pension.* In Stubbworth's tiny bedroom on the third floor, it was not much warmer. The tall porcelain stove was polished and white like a tombstone, and fully as cold. The Englishman had already risen and was seated by his lamp, wrapped in a blanket dressing-gown, and with a towel around his forehead. He was turning the leaves of a huge Latin folio from the Royal Library, and making annotations. His edition of Homilies had been almost ready, poor fellow, when a German published the startling suggestion that the

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English monk who wrote them was indebted for some of his ideas to the Latin sermons of a certain Dutch bishop of the thirteenth century, whereupon Stubbworth had secured a month's respite from his duties as private tutor in the family of a Norfolk nobleman, and had spent half his year's savings in a trip to Berlin, in order to investigate the extent of the monk's obligation to his worthy Dutch contemporary. The laborious comparison promised to be singularly barren of results, but Stubbworth had the comfort of knowing that, provided his methods were sufficiently painstaking, his chances of securing a Ph.D. were not invalidated by the worthlessness of his conclusions.

It was with a slight feeling of annoyance at an interruption that Stubbworth paused in his task and listened to a footstep coming down the corridor. He knew it well, for it was the habit of the Phenix to study his rôles in the early morning, after getting home from the *Kneipe* and before going to bed, and many a time in the preceding three weeks had Stubbworth been wakened by the actor's coming in to borrow his Shakespeare, or to ask puzzling questions about the mounting of Irving's plays.

"Come in," grumbled Stubbworth, in answer to the knock; and then he was ashamed of his inhospitality, for he had been ill the day before and Jarlson had sat by him the whole afternoon, trying to amuse him by showing a collection of Scandinavian coins, and by telling about student life at the university of Christiania.

The door opened quietly, and the Phenix entered, his latch-key still in his hand. He unbuttoned his pelisse, threw his fur cap upon the bed, and sat down, dejectedly. "Do you not feel better, Mr. Stubbworth?" he asked.

"Something of a headache," said the Englishman, "but I think I shall work it off. And you?"

The actor shrugged his shoulders. "I am freezing, for one thing. May I light a cigarette?"

As Jarlson rolled it, Stubbworth noticed that his fingers, which were of extraordinary length and delicacy, were blue with cold.

"Have you been in the *Kneipe* till now?" asked Stubbworth, handing him a match.

"Till three o'clock," was the answer. "It was stupid, to-night. And since then I have been walking the streets. I suppose, if I had been a practical Englishman, I should have had my gloves with me." He tossed the burned match toward the stove, and settled back gloomily into his chair again, muttering an imprecation upon Berlin tobacco. Stubbworth watched him silently, not having sufficient conversational command of German to say exactly what he thought. "What did you walk the streets for?" he finally asked.

"Without doubt, because I was a fool. All men are fools in Berlin; read what Heine says about it. Do you know Major Vischer?"

"I have seen him here. Miss Dettmar's——?"

"Yes, the betrothed of Mees Letty. We were both in the Café Bauer last evening; I had been reading the *Fliegende Blätter* and it lay on my table. He sent a waiter for it—and I handed it to the waiter." This last clause was in a stage tone that made Stubbworth smile.

"Well?" said he.

"But I should have flung it in the Major's face," cried Jarlson, fiercely, "and then two hours from now we should have been standing over on the Hasenheide, waiting for the word. Would you have been my second? I would have wanted you there to tell Mees Letty afterward."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Stubbworth. "The Major would have brought you down like a partridge, and it would have broken Miss Letty's heart."

"Do you think she would really care?"

"Of course she would care, you silly fellow," growled Stubbworth, affectionately. "Do you think any girl with an English mother wants to have a duel fought about her? She is to be formally engaged to the Major to-morrow, is she not? Do you suppose she would want to marry a man who had just killed you?" Stubbworth had very rarely put together as much German as that at a time, and was rather proud of it.

The Phenix tossed away his cigarette, and thrusting his shivering fingers deep

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into the pockets of his pelisse, dropped his chin upon his breast.

"You would better go to bed and get warm," continued Stubbworth, virtuously, "if you have had nothing better to think of than fighting Major Vischer, while you were walking Unter den Linden."

"But I had!" exclaimed the young fellow, eagerly. "Much of the time I was thinking about her."

Stubbworth shut his Latin folio, and pushed his chair around to face Herr Jarlson. There were no love episodes in the "Middle English Homilies," and he felt ill at ease in his rôle of confidant.

"I was thinking of Mees Letty," Jarlson went on, "and the air was all like spring. Is she not beautiful?"

"Why, yes," admitted Stubbworth, wondering at the Norseman's simplicity.

"Do you think she would accept a gift from me to-day, the day before she is betrothed?"

Stubbworth stared at him. "A gift?"

"It is only a philopena. I lost it to her at dinner yesterday. But I did not think the Frau Mamma wished me to pay, and I did not know the English customs. She is really an English girl, you know, in spite of her German father and her continental life. Must I send her gloves?"

"Why, no," said Stubbworth, hesitatingly. "I don't see why you can't give her anything you like, if you fairly owe it."

"Very good;"—Jarlson's hands came out of his pockets with an inquiring gesture—"and now, could I give her a book?"

"I should think so; why can't you put it on the Christmas-tree to-night?"

The Phenix sprang to his feet. He was blessed with a volatile temperament, and notwithstanding his tragic designs of the past night, he had the healthy courage of his twenty-four years. He struck his hand into Stubbworth's just as *Don Carlos* greets the *Marquis of Posa*. "Mr. Stubbworth," he cried, "if I had had a confidant like you six weeks ago, when I first met her, all might have been different. I do not understand the English ways; I have not dared address her, and I have been afraid of the Mammachen. But now I will put that book upon the Christmas-tree in spite of all the Majors in Prussia, and if she thanks me for it, I will tell her in English——"

"You had better put it in German," interrupted Stubbworth, grimly.

"*Bewahre!* It shall either be in her mother tongue or in mine; she knows not a word of Norwegian, and I shall say to her in English, '*I atore you!*' If she is angry, you will find me lying out on the Hasenheide in the morning."

And nodding his head sententiously at the astonished Englishman, who had not taken the actor's devotion to Miss Letty quite seriously enough, Herr Jarlson gathered his pelisse about him, and bowed himself grandly out of the bedroom door, in what would have been an admirable stage exit, had he not backed into a frightened servant, hurrying along the narrow corridor to start the kitchen fire. As for Mr. Stubbworth, he stood a full minute looking at the door, before he found breath enough to grumble out something to himself about love being blind. But it was chillier in his room than it had seemed before, and he lighted his pipe and wasted ten minutes in a dull dream of something that had happened in his own undergraduate days. Then he wiped his spectacles, knotted the towel more closely around his forehead, tightened the belt of his old dressing-gown, and found his place again in the Latin folio.

III.

At six o'clock that evening the whole *pension*, with a single exception, was gathered in the long dining-room. Through the crack in the folding doors at one end, there could be seen the green and gilt of the Christmas-tree, which had been selected by the Countess herself at the *Jahrmarkt* the night before. The beloved Crown Prince Frederick, wandering with his younger children through the *Jahrmarkt* also—and, as it sadly proved, for the last time—had stopped in admiration before this very tree, though they had finally decided that it was not quite tall enough. But the incident was sufficient to add to the aroma of the fir a sort of odor of royalty.

There had been a remarkably good

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dinner at four o'clock, but now the table was cleared, save for a huge punch-bowl in the middle. Several toasts had been drunk already, and there were plenty more to come, for the tree was not to be lighted until eight o'clock. Each member of the miscellaneous family was pledged to do something for the common entertainment, and the Countess began, bringing out a dusty harp from behind the sideboard, and playing fantasies in a fashion which made it easy for her audience to believe that the harp had resounded in the Countess's ancestral halls upon the Oder for immemorial centuries. Frau Lieutenant Dettmar, who was sceptical about the antiquity of the Countess's title, was unfortunately not in the dining-room. The postman had brought her some letters, just as dinner was over, and she had retired to her own room to read them. She did not come back. A medical student from Madrid danced a Spanish dance amid thunderous applause, and a toast was drunk to Spain; but Mrs. Dettmar was still absent. Miss Letty, arrayed in her last season's Homburg finery, played, in the most modest and pretty way imaginable, her whole repertory of five pieces upon the guitar, and a toast was drunk to her native land; but Mammachen was not there to see. Mr. Stubbworth, under the mellowing warmth of the occasion, delivered, in broken German, an impressive homily upon the intimate relations of England with Germany, and the students insisted upon toasting England once more; and still Mrs. Dettmar sat in her room, reading those two letters.

The first was from a retired Prussian officer, an old friend of her husband. Presenting his apologies for referring to a matter so delicate, and alleging as his excuse his deep interest in the family of the late Lieutenant Dettmar, the writer made bold to inquire, in view of the approaching betrothal, whether the Frau Lieutenant was aware that Major Vischer, so far from being the man of property he was reputed, was, as a matter of fact, considerably in debt? Knowing that a mere word upon this subject would be sufficient to impress upon such a prudent mother the importance of an exact understanding of the financial condition of her f
in-law, the writer begged lea
scribe himself her very humb
and the devoted friend of he
husband.

In debt? Major Vischer in debt? Major Vischer, who had served under her Franz in that Holstein business and again in the Austrian campaign; who had sowed his wild oats long ago; who owned, as she supposed, that fine estate in Saxony, and who was devoted to Miss Letty—Major Vischer actually in debt! The valiant widow trembled, like a rider who pulls up on the verge of a precipice. She had almost made the one blunder of her life!

The second letter was from the Major himself. He was chagrined to inform her that his duties as staff-officer suddenly called him away from Berlin that day, to inspect the fortress of Königstein. In vain had he pleaded with his superiors the importance of his family engagement; they had been inexorable, and the morrow, to which he had looked forward with such ardent anticipation, would behold him in Saxon-Switzerland. He hoped to return by Sylvester Evening, the 31st, and he trusted that his dearest Miss Letty would consider New Year's Day as propitious a time for their betrothal as Christmas Day would have proved, had it not been for the stern duties of his profession.

Mrs. Dettmar breathed a little easier on reading this. Providence had come to her help, she was sure. There was a whole week in which to break to her daughter the dreadful news of the Major's poverty, and to prepare her for the inevitable rupture. Miss Letty worshipped the Major! It would nearly break the dear child's heart, but that could not be helped. No girl of hers should ever marry a man who had misrepresented his income! Still, she could not bear to spoil Letty's Christmas eve.

She went back into the dining-room. The Jewess was just ending an aria from "Norma," amid rapturous expressions of delight. Then there was a moment's awkwardness. Tolerant as was this cosmopolitan *pension*, it could hardly be expected that anyone would propose a toast to the Hebrews. But Herr Jarlson was equal to the emergency.

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"Gentlemen and ladies," he cried, "in token of our appreciation of Fräulein Goldschmidt's talent, I propose that we drink to the glory of Art!"

"Bravo!" called out the Countess.

Miss Letty clapped her little hands enthusiastically; it had been so quick-witted in Herr Jarlson; not even the Major could have shown a kinder heart. Mrs. Dettmar, who had taken the seat reserved for her between the Countess and Stubbworth, and at some little distance, as it happened, from Miss Letty, joined with the rest in the formal homage to Art. Then there were loud calls for the Phenix, from all over the room: "Play something for us!" "Herr Jarlson!" "Herr Jarlson!" and some of those who knew the rôles he had been studying, cried, "Uriel Acosta!" and others, "Der Prinz von Homburg!" The Phenix glanced inquiringly at the Countess.

"You must obey, my Hamlet," she said, "but you shall take whatever rôle you please."

He rose, buttoned his coat, and passed to the farther end of the room, where the students made place for him.

"It will be nothing improper, will it?" whispered Mrs. Dettmar.

"No," answered the Countess, sharply. "He is innocent as a child. He is thoroughly good; he is not so much of a worldling as you or I, Frau Lieutenant. His late hours and his *Künstlerleben* are nothing but boyishness."

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the Phenix, "I shall have the honor of reciting from the first act of 'Don Carlos,' where the *Prince* confesses to the *Marquis of Posa* his love for the *Queen*."

His face was pale and his voice husky. Instead of sleeping, that forenoon, he had been the round of the Berlin bookstores. There was a hush all through the room. Half-way down one side sat Miss Letty, leaning forward in her chair, an eager color in her gentle face. She expected to enjoy this so much. It was not often that Mammachen could be persuaded to go to the theatre, and here was the theatre come to them.

Slowly and somewhat heavily did the Phenix get under way, shaking his crest once or twice as if to free himself, but rising gallantly as he caught the gusts of that great scene; and then ascending, whirling in swift gyre upon gyre, he swept onward down the splendid storm of Schiller's passion; and the frail English girl, who was half German after all, followed him with dilating eyes of admiration. She had never seen Herr Jarlson look so handsome.

As he paused at the end of the scene, there was a great clapping of hands.

"Is Herr Jarlson really a good actor?" asked Mrs. Dettmar of the Countess.

"That is for you to judge. I think so. He plays these First Lover rôles well, do you see, because he has so much feeling, and because he is young," she added, shrewdly; "but his voice and his face fit him admirably for old men's parts. You should hear him play *Polonius*."

"You don't mean to say that he can make a living on the stage?"

"There is no doubt of it. He has had good offers here, but prefers to make his début in some provincial theatre. He is no fool, my Phenix."

There was a fresh burst of applause from the other end of the room. Herr Jarlson was going on. "I will give you the fifth scene in that same act," he said gravely, "where *Don Carlos* makes his love declaration to the young *Queen*."

Again there was the perfect silence, broken by his husky, fervent voice. The passage was perfectly familiar to most of those in the room, but Miss Letty had never seen it acted. It made her tremble a little at the outset; that hapless love was such a terrible thing. And the poor *Queen*, to be married to a graybeard when all the while she really loved the graybeard's son! To marry the wrong person and find it out when too late—too late—it would be horrible. She wondered if *Philip II.* was fat and bald like—like a certain person; and then she was ashamed of herself, and frightened at the way Herr Jarlson looked at her. He was playing his part to her; he was pleading there as *Don Carlos* with her alone, and his gray eyes flashed so that she could not look away from them. Her heart beat hard. It was so hot there in the dining-room, and something choked her. Why could she not look away from him? Her head swam; she grasped her poor soiled fan

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as tightly as she could, to hold on to herself, to make sure that it was herself and not the *Queen*. But she was the *Queen;* it was she herself who was saying:

"*Sie wagen es, zu hoffen,*
Wo Alles, Alles schon verloren ist?"

and yet it was not *Don Carlos*, but Herr Jarlson, who cried, in passionate answer:

"*Ich gebe Nichts verloren als die Todten.*"

The room whirled around. The actor's figure was lost in a gray blur—she caught at her chair to save herself from falling.

But Herr Jarlson had stopped, and the uproarious plaudits and the clinking of glasses brought her to her senses. The Jewess leaned over and said: "You are a little faint, Miss Letty?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "not now."

"Come, Phenix," cried the Countess, "we have had enough tragedy. You must help me light the tree now." Herr Jarlson bowed obediently, and they disappeared behind the folding-doors. Miss Letty sat there, strangely ill at ease. She was thinking.

Mammachen, whose black eyes had been riveted upon her daughter and the Phenix, was thinking too. She was a far-sighted woman, and that was a very distant horizon upon which she could not see a cloud like a man's hand. But she was nervous. That letter about the Major had upset her, and she had to talk to somebody. Sitting next her was Stubbworth, blinking in the light, and awaiting fearfully the distribution of the gifts. He had inner visions of the Phenix lying out on the Hasenheide in the morning.

"Herr Jarlson is a capital actor, isn't he?" she remarked affably, in English.

"Indeed he is," said Stubbworth; "he is a man of fine feeling."

"Ah?"

"He is very good-hearted. I was ill yesterday, and he spent nearly all the afternoon showing me his collection of coins."

Stubbworth spoke with some agitation.

"Of coins? I shouldn't have supposed that he could afford to have a collection of coins."

"Why, yes," was the eager answer. "Herr Jarlson's father is only a country clergyman, but his grandfather is a great land-owner. He sent him to the university of Christiania, and then here; and if all goes well with Herr Jarlson, he will inherit a very neat property."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the widow. "I—I am somewhat surprised. But that is very fortunate — for him, I mean. You are quite sure, Mr. Stubbworth?"

"Quite," said he. But his voice was lost in the Christmas hymn that all the others were singing as the doors drew back. There blazed the noble tree, decked with colored candles and cheap gilt, and all the *pension* admired it immensely, laughing like children when the fir-needles caught fire or the candles burned crookedly, and most of them had no thought beyond the peace and good-will of that ever-blessed time. But Stubbworth and the Phenix scarcely looked at the Christmas-tree; they eyed the Countess as she distributed the presents that lay piled upon a table. At last she reached it; that little package upon whose reception a romantic Norseman had staked his happiness. Stubbworth himself handed it to Miss Letty; it was a *Prachtband* in ugly cover of red and gold. Herr Jarlson's card slipped from the title-page. Miss Letty's fingers shook; she did not glance at the title.

"Mammachen!" she exclaimed, in a helpless whisper. "He has sent me a gift, and I am to be betrothed to-morrow. What shall I do?"

Mrs. Dettmar took up the card deliberately. It was a very stylish card, and "Philopena" was pencilled faintly upon it. She opened the book; it was a copy of "Proverbs of All Nations."

"Letty, my dear, it is a philopena. He is a very sensible young man. Of course you must go and thank him."

The Phenix was standing apart from the others, and Miss Letty obeyed. "Herr Jarlson," she said, falteringly, "it was so kind—it was very good—" and then their eyes met. She stopped, but she did not turn away; a deep blush crimsoned her face, as she stood looking up at him. Nor did he speak at first. Then his English came to him.

"Mees Letty," he whispered, "*I at*——"

But someone touched his arm. It

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was Mammachen. "Herr Jarlson," she said, with the black eyes straight in his face, "it was very thoughtful of you to give that useful book to my daughter. We have tea served in our room every afternoon at four; may we not see you there soon? Come, Letty, my dear, it is time for us to go."

IV.

THE Phenix did not go out to the Hasenheide and put a bullet through his brains; on the contrary he dragged Mr. Stubbworth around to the Café Bauer to partake of a most excellent late supper. But they did not talk about Miss Letty; the conversation was mostly upon philology and the forthcoming edition of the Homilies.

The next day, at four, Jarlson presented himself at the Widow Dettmar's room, sipped his tea with counterfeited pleasure, and answered several shrewdly disguised interrogations about himself. He was as favorably received as any young man could have been, but alas! Miss Letty, to her mother's chagrin, had gone out with the Countess to admire the Christmas display in the Passage; and had stood so long before each shop window that even the Countess's impatience did not bring them back to the *pension* before Herr Jarlson had finished his call. Miss Letty's delay had been intentional; she dreaded talking with the Norwegian again so soon after that strange moment and that inexplicable, half-uttered English sentence of the night before. Her professed admiration for the toys in the Passage was a makeshift for her frightened little heart; but Mammachen had no suspicion of this, and reprimanded her for her lack of courtesy to such a promising young man as Herr Jarlson. The widow was tempted to go farther and expose the deception of which Major Vischer had been guilty, but she did not have quite the heart to tell Miss Letty all. Her explanation, the night before, that the Major had been called to Saxony for a week on military service, must do for the present. That fact of itself should have been hard enough for the Major's fiancée to bear, and yet Mammachen thought that Letty had listened to the news without any very deep sense of disappointment. Upon almost every other subject the widow was extraordinarily unimaginative, but as a mother, and a provident mother, she had a sort of faith that something would happen before the week was over to make clearer her duty toward her darling child.

Nevertheless the week went by uneventfully. Herr Jarlson dropped in again for tea, it was true, but again Miss Letty absented herself. Sylvester Evening came, and as she sat with the others in the *pension* dining-room, after the eight-o'clock supper was over, the widow was sorely troubled. The Major might arrive at any moment. To be sure, she had sent a note to his lodgings asking him to come, not that night, but the next morning, when she proposed to herself to see him alone and charge him to his face with having deceived her about the property; but in his eagerness he might drive directly from the station to the *pension*, and then there would be a delightful state of affairs.

On Sylvester Evening it had long been customary at the *pension* to pass the time as merrily as possible until the old year was nearly gone, and then to sally forth to enjoy the brief carnival enacted each year in the Berlin streets at midnight. But the Widow Dettmar was in no mood for the songs and speeches and toasts which recalled the gayety of the week before. She sat in a corner with Miss Letty, and trembled whenever the door opened lest she might behold the radiant countenance of Major Vischer. The hours seemed to her to crawl so slowly by; the merriment was only a forced echo of Christmas; at any moment—to-morrow at the latest—the Major would arrive, and Letty, thanks to her mother's consideration, was still ignorant of his baseness and unaccountably obstinate in avoiding Herr Jarlson. It was provoking. Gloomily did Mrs. Dettmar survey the Phenix as he rose in obedience to the Countess's desire and acted *Polonius*. He was a worthy young man, with fine prospects professionally and otherwise, and yet his *Polonius*, admirable as the Countess pronounced it to be, appeared to Mrs. Dettmar to lack some of the

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fervor which had characterized his *Don Carlos*. Miss Letty sat with her eyes in her lap all the time he was reciting. It was enough to discourage the stoutest maternal heart.

Eleven o'clock came, then half-past. The Major did not arrive. At a quarter to twelve, the company broke up in little parties. The Countess asked Mrs. Dettmar and Miss Letty, Herr Jarlson and Mr. Stubbworth, to accompany her. Miss Letty was very silent as she put on her wraps. Her mother, arraying herself in a fur cape and straw hat—for she had gone without a winter bonnet for the sake of adding to Letty's trousseau—watched her nervously. The old year was almost gone; with the next morning would come the broken engagement, and then another campaign on the part of a devoted mother who had already fought her best.

"Mr. Stubbworth," said the Countess, as they descended the huge winding staircase, "you shall escort Miss Letty, and you may talk English. My Phenix must watch over the Frau Lieutenant and myself." Mrs. Dettmar's heart sank again.

Dorotheen Strasse was perfectly still, save for a few hurrying groups of people like themselves. There was no moon, but the night was fine, and warmer than the day had been. They turned down Charlotten Strasse, past the black shadow of the Hôtel de Rome, and crossed Unter den Linden diagonally. The wide street was empty, but almost every building was still lighted, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and as they reached the southern side, they could see special policemen stationed everywhere. Just as the Countess's little company, keeping close together, started down Friedrich Strasse, somewhere, high up in that tranquil midnight air, a deep bell struck—one—two—Hark! There was a rush and roar of many feet, a manifold cry of confused voices, and in an instant hundreds and thousands of people poured into the narrow street, a black stream issuing from every building and alley-way, and on every lip there was the one jubilant shout:

"*Prosit Neujahr! Prosit! Prosit Neujahr!*"

"*Prosit!*" answered the Countess, as a workman shouted his greeting in her face, for the etiquette of this carnival demanded a perfect democracy of well-wishing. "*Prosit Neujahr!*" shrieked Herr Jarlson into the ear of a policeman, who was struggling to keep the crowd from trampling upon one another.

"*Prosit Neujahr!*" called out Miss Letty, vaguely, fearing a condign punishment from some source if she did not conform to the law of the hour; and back and forth surged the tumult, and higher and higher rose the boisterous greeting to the opening year.

Herr Jarlson was in front, trying to keep the ladies from being too roughly jostled, and at the same time to guard his silk hat, which he had foolishly worn, and which was considered a fair target for friendly blows. Suddenly he stopped. A large café had flung open its doors, and hundreds of men were pouring out across the pavement; it was impossible to force a passage for the moment, and the five people from the *pension* were crowded out toward the street by the pressure from behind. The dazzling electric light from the café streamed across the disorderly mass of figures in a wide bar as bright as day; it gleamed on the faces of the men and women upon the opposite pavement.

"Oh, what is the matter over there?" cried Miss Letty.

It was only a couple of shop-girls, without escort, teased by a ring of men. The same instant that Miss Letty spoke, a short man with sweeping mustache grasped one of the girls from behind and kissed her, then let her go again, and stood there with his face full in that brilliant bar of light, laughing at his New Year's joke. It was Major Vischer, in civilian's dress. Stubbworth recognized him, and instinctively threw himself in front of Miss Letty, that she might not have the shame of seeing who it was. But he was too late.

"Mammachen," said Miss Letty, in a choking voice, "can we not go home now? I am so tired!"

"Why, yes, Letty," answered Mrs. Dettmar, who had been peering with some interest into the open door of the café; "certainly, if you have seen enough;" and with great difficulty they

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all turned around and began to struggle back through the on-coming crowd. The gentlemen made heroic efforts to clear a passage, but they were all separated more than once, and when they finally emerged into Unter den Linden again, Miss Letty was leaning against Jarlson's arm, Stubbworth was supporting the Countess, and Mammachen toiled painfully in the rear. Then Stubbworth offered her his other arm, and she took it, her maternal heart beating fast as she saw Letty's slender figure close against the Norwegian's pelisse. Mrs. Dettmar knew very well that it was not conventional in Berlin to allow two young people to walk together like that; but then, did not Napoleon win his battles by ignoring the Prussian rules?

The Phenix and Miss Letty walked together, therefore, across Unter den Linden and up the silent Charlotten Strasse. They walked slowly, the wide night above them, the uproar of the carnival growing fainter behind them, and before them was the New Year. They said little. The obligation to which Miss Letty had struggled for a whole week to be faithful had been suddenly, and by no act of hers, destroyed. She was certain that the Major could not have loved her, any of the time; but her chagrin was already lost. It seemed hours since that moment back in Friedrich Strasse; that was at the Old Year's end, and now she was living in the New, as she and Herr Jarlson passed slowly, quietly toward home.

As they reached the *pension*, the others were close behind. Herr Jarlson unlocked the door, Miss Letty passed in, and he followed her. The Countess's foot was already on the lower step, when Mrs. Dettmar stopped.

"Wait," she said, "let us see if we can't still hear that shouting."

The three listened. Stubbworth thought he could detect a distant murmur; the Countess declared she could hear nothing at all; Mrs. Dettmar seemed to be in doubt.

"Wait," she insisted, "let us listen once more." But this time, after a longer trial, they all agreed that the noise had died quite away.

Miss Letty and the Phenix were awaiting them on the landing. Mammachen's sudden curiosity about the shouting had given these two a minute's time together. A minute is not much, but it is long enough for a simple English sentence.

When Mrs. Dettmar and her daughter were alone in their room, the girl broke down.

"I cannot marry Major Vischer," she sobbed, hiding her face upon her mother's robust bosom. "I do not love him. I cannot love him."

"Don't cry, Letty, my dear," said the widow, gently stroking her daughter's hot cheek, "don't cry—don't cry. If that's the way you feel about him, Mammachen will arrange it—Mammachen will arrange it."

. . . . . .

Mammachen arranged it. Two years later, when Dr. Stubbworth visited Berlin to get material for a new edition of the Homilies, the Countess told him on the night of his arrival that his old friend Herr Jarlson was playing Second Old Man with great success at the Deutsches Theatre, and that he might be seen sitting by the side of Mammachen almost any Sunday in the English chapel, gravely reading the responses. The next morning Stubbworth took an early stroll in the Thiergarten, and whom should he meet coming down the Sieges Allée but the Phenix, pushing a baby carriage with one hand, and with a play of Shakespeare in the other.

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WHAT IS RIGHT-HANDEDNESS?

By Thomas Dwight, M.D.

I.

THE spiral growth of a graceful climbing plant at first sight suggests nothing like right or left handedness; but the analogy, when once seen, is very striking. As the young plant begins its upward course, it is clear that to make the coils which it is its nature to describe, it must turn either to the right or the left. It might be supposed that its deviation to either side is the result of an accident; but this is impossible, for, though the individual plants of some kinds do twine indiscriminately to either side, some orders curl to the right and others to the left. More remarkable still, some species twist in the opposite direction to that of the larger families to which they belong, and finally, sometimes a particular plant grows the wrong way. This is clearly analogous to being left-handed.

As we look at vertebrate animals, and those invertebrates which present lateral symmetry, that is, which have two corresponding sides, we observe in some cases an astonishing want of symmetry. A familiar instance is the lobster, whose claws are strikingly different. The young male narwhal has two tusks in the upper jaw, of which the left one grows into a long lance, while the right remains undeveloped. Sometimes the right one sprouts out instead of the left, and in some extremely rare cases both have grown long. A most curious formation is that of the flat-fishes, such as the sole or the flounder, which swim on one side, and when full-grown have both eyes on the same side of the head. Some kinds have the right side up, some the left, and now and then a perverse fish swims on the wrong side and is of reversed structure. The great majority of vertebrates show no such discrepancy between the two sides of their bodies, but a close examination often reveals greater development, or signs of greater use, of one side, or one limb, or one organ. It looks, not to speak it profanely, as if nature's journeymen had been given symmetrical models to copy and had failed to make the sides match. The more this is looked for, the more it is seen, if not in form, at least in function. I do not remember ever to have questioned one thoroughly familiar with animals who did not give some instance of a preference for one side, even in kinds whose shape would not suggest it.

Knowing this, one smiles at the high-flown language in which right-handedness is sometimes quoted as a human characteristic, as, for instance: "He" (man) "is the first of the animals—not, as the philosophers of the last century said, because he possessed a hand, but rather that he has a *right* hand. I consider the preponderance of the right hand not as the cause of the superiority of man, but as the immediate consequence—as the most eminent sign—of his moral pre-eminence."*

Fine words! but only another instance of the folly of insisting on any radical difference between man and brutes other than that of man's spiritual soul. Very nearly twenty years ago Dr. William Ogle tested the monkeys at the London Zoo. Let him speak for himself. "If standing close to a monkey one offers it a nut or an apple, the monkey takes it with the nearest, and so the most convenient, hand, be this the right or the left, and will proceed to use both or either indifferently in conveying it to his mouth. But if, instead of standing close to the monkey's cage, one stands, bait in hand, at some distance—at such a distance, that is, that right and left hand are equally distant from the tempting morsel—the monkey will stretch out one of its arms as far as

* Professor Ball, quoted by Mr. Sibley in The Nineteenth Century, May, 1890.

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possible through the bars of the cage, and in the great majority of cases the arm thus extended will be the right one." Moreover, he found that, with an occasional exception, each monkey always puts out the same hand. Of twenty-three monkeys, twenty were

Fig. 1.—Prints of Middle Fingers of a Symmetrical Pair of Hands.

right and three left-handed. The preference for a particular side exists also in birds. Dr. Ogle found that every parrot had a favorite claw for grasping the bars of its cage, while it handled the nut with the other. Of eighty-six parrots, sixty-three invariably held on by the right leg and twenty-three by the left. I undertook to verify Dr. Ogle's observations about parrots, shortly after the appearance of his paper. I have forgotten which side was used the most, but I satisfied myself that every parrot had a favorite side. If one watches, night after night, perching birds asleep on one leg, it soon appears that most, if not all, have a particular leg to stand on.

Let us now turn to man himself. The right arm is the most used and is the stronger and larger. The bones of the right arm (the humerus and radius) are longer than those of the left. Dr. Rollet, of Lyons, measured them in one hundred arms. The combined length of the bones of the right side was the greater in ninety-six cases, that of the left ones in three, and once the sides were equal. Similar measurements by the writer, at the Harvard Medical School, show that of forty-four persons the right arm was longer in thirty-four, the left in seven, and that three times they were equal. Professor Hitchcock's measurements of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine Amherst students seem to show a greater proportion of preponderance of the left side, but they cannot be compared with the others, because the upper arm and forearm are measured separately, and it sometimes happens that the longer humerus has the shorter radius. He found that the girth of the left upper arm exceeded that of the right in 16.2 per cent., and that of the forearm in 10.1 per cent. Professor Hitchcock has kindly written me that some years ago he tested the relative power of pressure of the two hands in three hundred and twelve students and found the right the stronger in 78.25 per cent., the left in 13.7 per cent., and equality in 7.80 per cent. We must not infer from this that all those who had the stronger left hands were left-handed. Professor Hitchcock has done me the great favor of compiling from his records the measurements of forty students who were left-handed. For reasons which will appear later I include in this group one who was called ambidextrous. Now, of these forty the left hand was the stronger in only twenty-one, the right was the stronger in seven, and the hands were equally strong in twelve. This proves that strength alone is not the criterion. The same table shows that the same may be said of size. There can be no doubt of the general greater size of the right arm, but these very valuable observations by

Fig. 2.—Prints of Forefingers of a Woman's Hands—decidedly different.

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Professor Hitchcock teach that the skill, the ease, the readiness, the *dexterity*, in short, which is the essential characteristic of the favorite side, though usually associated with greater development, is yet distinct from it.

Another point of comparison between the hands is the arrangement of the fine lines on the front of the last joint of the fingers. These lines, which are useful for the identification of criminals, have of late received a good deal of attention. Many years ago Professor Wilder stated, in a paper on right and left, in the *Atlantic*, that Professor Jeffries Wyman had turned his attention to these lines, but without definite result, finding sometimes symmetry and sometimes utter irregularity. Such is not the writer's experience. Sometimes all the fingers of the two hands correspond; almost always most of them match, but very often, perhaps in most cases, one finger shows a wholly different type from its fellow of the other hand. It is hard to understand how such departures from symmetry come to pass. Indeed, it is at present

Fig. 3.—Prints of Forefingers of a Pair of Hands.

inexplicable; but their occurrence in structures ready formed at birth, and not liable to modification by use, is a fact of importance. Fig. 1 shows the middle fingers of a pair of hands that is symmetrical throughout. Fig. 2 represents the forefingers of a woman's hand which are decidedly different, though her other fingers correspond. Figs. 3 and 4 give respectively the fore and middle fingers of the one pair of hands. Both differ. Finally, in Fig. 5 see the same

Fig. 4.—Prints of Middle Fingers of the Pair of Hands shown in Fig. 3—decidedly differing in lines.

fingers of another person. The forefingers (Fig. 5), though somewhat different, agree in the main, but the middle fingers (Fig. 6) do not.

The study of right and left, when applied to the legs, is not so simple as in the case of the arms, for at the very beginning we are called upon to decide which leg, as a matter of fact, is the better. "No boy," wrote Sir Charles Bell, "hops upon his left foot unless he be left-handed." This, however, has not been accepted by all, and recently Mr. Sibley has come out in favor of the left leg. There are several observations bearing on this point. Dr. J. S. Wight measured one hundred and two living men and boys (the latter were few) finding that in twenty-three cases the legs were equal; in fifty-two the left was longer, and the right in twenty-seven. Dr. Garson, of England, measured the bones of the thigh and leg on seventy skeletons. In seven the sides were equal, in thirty-eight the left was the longer, and the right in twenty-five. Thus both these observers found the left leg the longer in a little more than half. Rollet's results, given in less detail, are surprisingly different. His observations on the bones of one hundred persons showed only two equal, but apparently there was no marked difference in favor of either side. My own measurements of seventy-three cases show equality in twenty-two, greater length of the right in thirty, and of the left in twenty-one. (It was thought best in this series to neglect very minute differences, such as one millimetre. Had

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another course been pursued there would probably have been fewer cases of equal-

Fig. 5.—Prints of Forefingers, agreeing in the main.

Fig. 6.—Prints of Middle Fingers of the Pair of Hands shown in Fig. 5—differing.

ity and more of greater length of the left leg.)

We find, then, this great difference between the arms and the legs, that while the right arm is almost always longer than the left, the legs are more often equal, and probably the left leg is usually the longer.

There is other evidence gained from watching the human organism in action which speaks for the greater length of the left leg. It is stated that crowds and individuals tend, in walking, unconsciously to the right, and that the "death circle" described by those lost in the wilderness is made by the same divergence. Most persons walking blindfold are said to do the same. Beyond question, however, there are by no means uncommon exceptions to this rule. Mr. Sibley* argues, on these grounds, that the left leg is the stronger; but this does not follow. He says: "As the right hand is the more readily put first into action, so it is with the left foot; and so, in mounting horses or bicycles, it is the left foot which is placed in the stirrup or on the step." This is a very unfortunate illustration, for it is plain that putting the foot in the stirrup or on the step is a mere preliminary to the real act of mounting. If the left foot is the one chosen for the purpose, it is because the stronger right leg is reserved to give the impulse. In fact, Sir Charles Bell used the same argument for the superiority of the other side: "The horseman puts the left foot in the stirrup and springs from the right."

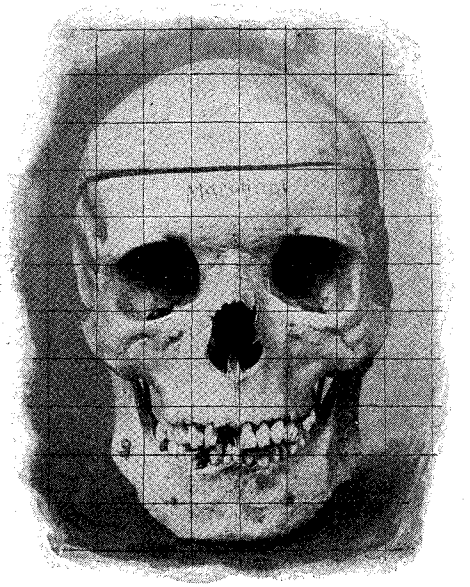

Fig. 7.—Skull of Marchant, pirate and murderer, who hanged himself in Boston Jail, 1827.
[Placed to appear as nearly symmetrical as possible—vault of skull a little larger on the right.]

That, whether shorter or not, the right leg is usually the stronger, is shown to be probable by Professor Hitchcock's series of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine measurements of the girth, which is a far better criterion of strength than the length. He

* Left-leggedness, The Nineteenth Century, May, 1890.

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found that the girth of the left thigh exceeded that of the right in only 27.1 per cent., and that of the left calf was the larger only in 36.6 per cent. Unfortunately the purpose of his researches did not require him to give the percentage of equality, nor of the greater size of the right side.

The very fact that the left leg is usually, or at least often, the longer, goes to show that it is not the one which habitually bears the weight. Everyone knows that we do not naturally stand erect and evenly balanced, like a soldier on parade, but that one leg supports the greater part of the weight, while the other maintains the balance. It stands to reason that the stronger one will be chosen by preference for support; that by this work it will become still stronger, and that the other, less subjected to pressure, will in youth be more likely to grow in length. We may freely admit that the left leg is longer than the right (should larger series of measurements prove it beyond question), and yet hold that man is not left-, but right-legged.

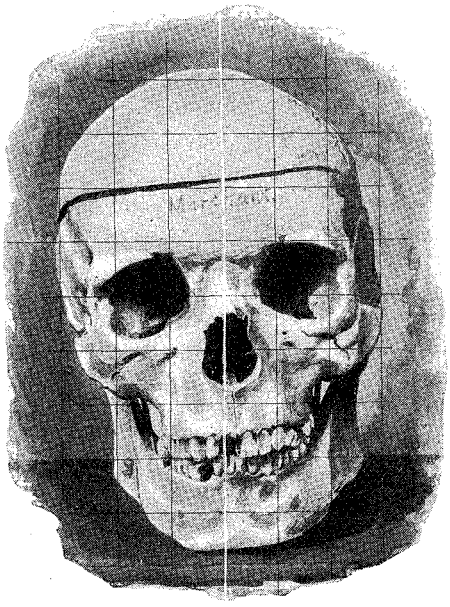

Fig. 8.—Skull of Marchant with Joints for Spine on the Same Level.
[The face is very slanting—the left side being higher.]

Now if, as may probably be assumed to be the case, most men stand at ease on the right leg, what can have determined the choice? This brings us to an interesting theory, broached quite independently by Professor Buchanan, of Glasgow, nearly thirty years ago, and by Dr. Allis, of Philadelphia, in 1887.

It is essentially that, owing to the great size and one-sided position of the liver, the right half of the body is heavier than the left, and thus a much slighter shifting of the centre of gravity is required to bring the weight through the right leg than through the left one. The effects of this are far-reaching, for the right side, being heavier and better supported, becomes, in turn, the more stable support for the right arm in acts either of strength or precision. But the effect extends still further. If one rests on the rigid right leg, the left one being merely put out to keep the balance, the right hip will be higher than the left, consequently the spine, if we conceive it to be straight, will slant to the left, and so will the head on top of it. The spine, however, not being rigid, adapts itself to circumstances, and tends to correct its obliquity by bending. None the less the head is not held evenly; partly, perhaps, because the spine is not quite even, but chiefly because the joints of the head are so made that it is as unnatural for us to hold it straight as it is for us to stand even. The head rests much more comfortably and securely when turned to one side. It is needless to say that an inclination to one particular side becomes habitual, and very curious changes in the head and face result, some of which are to be seen even in the bones. When the photographer, according to custom, forces the head of his victim into a position which the latter justly regards as unnatural, as a rule he depresses the right side of the head, thus showing that it is the one habitually carried the higher.

But the remarkable fact is, that when the lower part of the face has been brought level, the right eye still remains above its fellow. Of course all this is occasionally reversed, as in the case of the skull of John D. White, *alias* Charles Marchant, pirate and murderer, who hanged himself in his cell in Boston

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jail a few days before that fixed for his execution, February 1, 1827. Sentimentalists had not then discovered that hanging is not good enough for murderers. In the first illustration (Fig. 7) it is placed so as to appear as nearly symmetrical as possible. There is little difference between the sides; but, contrary to the general rule, the cavity for the right eye is a little the lower, and the vault of the skull a little larger on the right. In Fig. 8 the same skull is represented as it was photographed, with the joints for the spine on the same level. The face is now very slanting, the left side being the higher. Probably in life a certain compensatory bend of the spine to some extent counteracted this deformity, which otherwise would have been very striking.

The left side of the forehead is usually the more prominent, and the same side of the head the larger. As the left side of the brain presides over the movements of the right side of the body, the greater development of the one implies that of the other. It is not easy to imagine how much useless con-

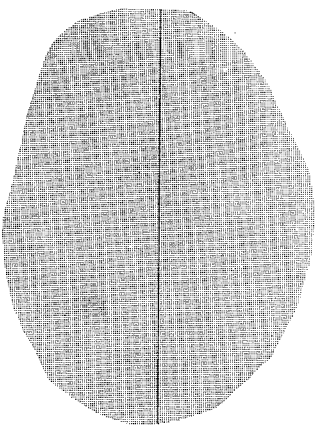

Fig. 9.—Hat-crown Outline—preponderance of left side.

troversy might be indulged in, as to whether the larger left brain leads to the larger right side, or *vice versa*. If we hold to the former view we are as far as ever from the cause of the larger left brain. The greater size of the right side of the pirate's skull points to left-handedness, which the new science of criminal anthropology tells us is more frequent among the vicious.

The unevenness of the two sides of the head is prettily shown on the outlines found at hatters' shops. Once, looking through a large number, I threw those I examined into three piles, according as

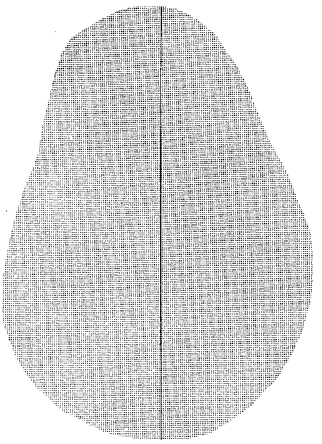

Fig. 10.—Preponderance of Left Side of Skull—hat-crown tracing.

the right or left side was larger or they were even. Counting them after a few minutes, I found that I had thus distributed ninety-seven, so I took three more to make one hundred, which were divided as follows: The left side was the larger in seventy-one, the right in thirteen, and they were equal in sixteen. This was done wholly by eye, and without any attempt at great accuracy, otherwise the number of even heads would, no doubt, have been smaller. The inequality of the two sides is made plainer by drawing a series of squares over the outlines. Figs. 9 and 10 show some preponderance of the left side. Fig. 11 presents rather uncommon evenness. Fig. 12 is interesting as the tracing of the head of a very right-handed man. But for the curious bump, the left side is only a little larger than the right. These heads were chosen as showing only such moderate lopsidedness as is met with daily. Very much more remarkable ones could easily be found in any hatter's collection.

The want of perfect symmetry in the face is a twice-told tale. The ways of the nose are notoriously irregular. Pages could be written on its deviations from the straight path. The right side of the upper jaw is the stronger. Its

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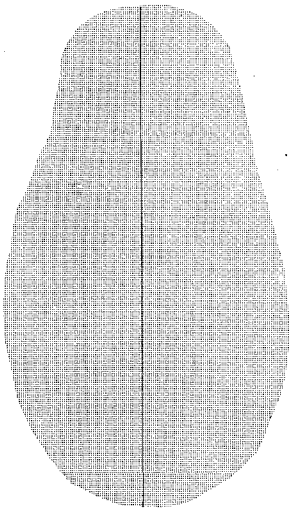

Fig. 11.—Uncommon Unevenness of Skull—hat-crown tracing.

teeth are arranged in a smaller curve. The right chewing muscles are more developed, and evidently it is the side which does the most work. The right cheek is usually the fuller. Perhaps it is the effect of this which is seen in the unequal height of the eyes, the right one being, as a rule, the higher. Slight differences are seldom noticed, and even great ones are not obvious if attention be not called to them. Fig. 13 represents a face taken as nearly as may be from the front, which is strangely wanting in symmetry. The system of squares shows clearly the unevenness. The sides of the chin do not correspond, but the most striking peculiarity is in the eyes and ears, which are higher on the right. Curiously enough the left nostril is a little the higher, as if it were drawn up to the lower eye, showing a want of development in the left side of the face. The right cheek is fuller, and the ear, apparently, farther forward. The whole face is so uneven that it required many trials and much patience to decide which view could most fairly be chosen as a front one, yet it might be doubted if these peculiarities would be even noticed were attention not called to them. Nay, more, it may be disputed that a moderate asymmetry is in itself a defect.

Some years ago there arose a discussion between two German anatomists as to the merits of that masterpiece, the Venus of Milo, considered solely from an anatomical stand-point. One claimed that the lack of symmetry in the face was a blunder; the other that, being true to nature it was the highest art, and gave a life to the "cold, clear-cut face," which without it were

> "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
> Dead perfection, no more.

To verify Professor Hasse's studies, who took the latter side in the argument, an excellent cast, belonging to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was photographed. As in the case of the face which has just been discussed there was great difficulty in deciding on the proper position, which is good evidence of unevenness.

Fig. 14 shows the higher position of the left eye and ear and the greater size of the right side of the skull. Can it be that Venus was left-handed? The right cheek is the fuller and more prominent one, giving the face the appearance of having been set askew on the skull.

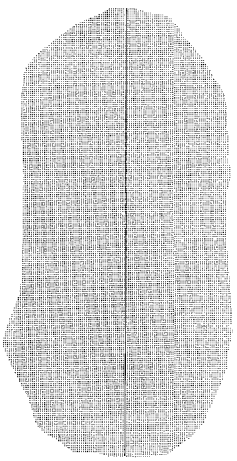

Fig. 12.—Tracing of the Head of a Very Right-handed Man.

This want of symmetry in the face, and particularly in the eyes, naturally suggests the question as to how far the position and slight distortion of the face may be the result of the habitually greater use of one eye, and whether its effects may not extend to modifying the position of the body and causing the more ready use of one hand. That there is some truth in the suggestion is very probable, but the question is a very difficult one, which still requires much research. Suffice it to say that this can hardly of itself be a sufficient cause for right-handedness.

There is another aspect of right- and left-handedness which has been almost completely lost sight of,

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namely, the relative sharpness of sensibility of the two sides. Such is the way of the world. We notice how men look, we make famous what they do,

Fig. 13.—A Face Showing Asymmetry of Right and Left Sides.

but little care we what they feel. In physiology we are just as stupid. We discuss the greater size of the right side and praise its greater skill, but as to how its feelings compare with its fellow's we give no thought. This is the more remarkable in that as long ago as 1834 Weber published, in Germany, observations on the subject, which were referred to by Carpenter in his article on "Touch" in the "Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology," published in England, 1849 to 1852. Still the point has been all but totally neglected, till of late years it has sprung into prominence in Italy. Weber found that simple sharpness of sensation, which is measured by the distance from one another at which two points touching the skin can be recognized as two, is generally greater on the right. He found, also, that the left side is more sensitive to heat. Thus, if the left arm is plunged into water which is really less warm than that into which the right is thrust at the same time, it none the less will be thought the hotter. One is tempted to reply hastily that this is due to the thicker epidermis of the right side. This might be a good explanation if the hand only were concerned, but it will hardly apply to the arm. Moreover, Weber found that the left side can recognize smaller differences in weight than the right. Of fourteen persons the left side excelled in this respect in eleven, the right in two, and once there was a tie. The writer long ago published an observation on a left-handed person in whom he found tactile perception greater on the left, that of temperature on the right, while a difference in the power of determining weight was not easily detected. Professor Lombroso, of Turin, tested the tactile sensibility of one hundred and thirty-five men, finding equality in forty-four per cent., sharper sensation on the right side in twenty-nine per cent., and on the left in twenty-six per cent.

The observations have been made the basis of comparisons with the sensibility of the inmates of the asylum and of the jail, but the discussion of these studies would lead us into deep and vexed questions only remotely connected with the matter in hand. The point to be emphasized is, that as there are different kinds of sensation, and as the greater sharpness of one kind on one side does not prevent the greater sharpness of another kind on the other side, Professor Lombroso's observations on tactile sensation by no means exhaust the subject, and that it is highly probable that with more thorough examinations the percentage of cases of absolute equality in the two sides would be reduced to an infinitesimal fraction. The great significance of this will appear later.

II.

So much for the want of symmetry in the body, both in form and function. Some deviations from it are congenital, others appear later. Some are very probably acquired, and due to by no

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means obscure physical processes, while others are more mysterious. The various theories and speculations concerning the cause of right-handedness are most curious. The study of the literature of a universal peculiarity, easily recognized by the savage as well as the civilized, has an interest quite apart from that of the subject-matter. It is an object-lesson on the course of thought. It shows the rise and fall of theories, and their revival, essentially the same, modified only by the fashion of the times. We see the periodicity of return of interest in a given subject, articles on it appearing, like sun-spots and meteors, in groups. The resurrection of old and refuted theories shows how many write who do not read. Broken-kneed old hobbies are trotted out again and again long after the critic thought he had mercifully put them out of pain. Not the least remarkable are the instances of what may be called scientific incredulity.

Theories as to the origin and cause of right-handedness may be divided as follows: According to one class of theories it rests on an anatomical basis, and depends on a physical cause which exerts its influence in every one of us. According to another class, man originally had no preference for either hand, but became right-handed by conventional usages, which may or may not have had their origin in some anatomical features.

For any theory of the first class to be satisfactory it must, *first*, account for difference in sensation as well as in force or dexterity; *secondly*, it must account for the occasional appearance of left-handedness; and, *thirdly*, it must not be inconsistent with the fact that most of those who have their organs transposed —the heart on the right, the liver on the left, etc.—are right-handed.

The oldest theory of this class is that of Aristotle. "The right side is pre-eminent over the left because it receives not only a more abundant supply of blood, but blood of a different quality, purer and hotter. The aorta with its branches supplies the left side, while the vena cava, which is larger than the aorta, and lies on its right, supplies the right half of the body."

Of recent theories one of the most important is the one, already alluded to, that the greater weight of the organs of the right side fixes that half of the body. Inadequate as this is to account for right-handedness, it is not impossible that it may in many cases account for certain peculiarities of structure and development.

The following explanation of left-handedness has been offered by Professor Hyrtl, of Vienna. It is well known that the arch of the aorta, the great artery that springs from the heart, gives off, first, by a common trunk, the arteries for the right arm and the right side of the head, then that for the left side of the head, and finally, that for the left arm. Now it happens once in a while that the four arteries arise separately, and that the one given off last is that for the right arm, which then pursues a longer and less direct course. Certain signs on the bodies of one or two persons presenting this peculiarity pointed to left-handedness, and the great anatomist over-hastily exclaimed that the cause is no longer a riddle. This theory, which has absolutely nothing to commend it, is mentioned because it is

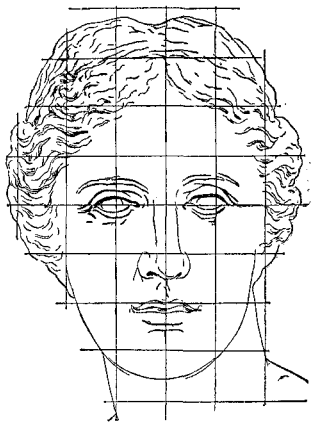

Fig. 14.—Head of the Venus of Milo—showing Asymmetry of right and left sides.

an utterly irrepressible jack-in-the-box on which refutation is thrown away. It is useless to protest that it rests on too few observations; that it could hardly have much influence except on the arm and hand; that it does not account for

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sensation; that the right-handedness of those with transposed organs is fatal to it; again and again some one lights on this passage in Hyrtl and makes it public, apparently with the idea of imparting knowledge.

The greater development of the left half of the brain has often been adduced as the cause of right-handedness, and the occasional reversal as that of left-handedness. The fact may well be admitted, indeed it is hard to doubt that it has its influence; but this is no explanation till we learn the cause of the excess of the left side of the brain.

A common answer may be made to all the theories of this class, even if the accuracy of the statements be admitted, which is not always possible, that none of them meet the difficulties which it has been shown a satisfactory theory must overcome.

The theories of the second class all rest on the quite unwarranted assumption that once upon a time man was ambidextrous. Direct evidence is, of course, wanting, so that we must trust to inference. Now the only sources of inference are drawings, writings, and signs from the make of tools and weapons, and from their use. It is well known that it is easier to draw a profile or a figure looking toward the left of the drawer, and it has been claimed that the earliest rude drawings by savages found on horns face as often one way as another. The statement is not, however, to be accepted without reserve. Professor Daniel Wilson asserts that while there was a greater number of left-handed draughtsmen among palæolithic cave-men than one would expect, that there is not enough material for any general conclusion, and that the evidence is in favor of primitive right-handedness. Even if it were true that the drawings on horns faced one way as often as the other, the desired conclusion would not necessarily follow. The same thing was pointed out long ago about the figures in Egyptian sculptures, but when it was recognized that they were arranged to look toward a central figure, it was clear that it gave no clue to the right or left-handedness of the artist.

The direction of writing from left to right, as practised among us, and from right to left, as in all Semitic languages except the Ethiopic, has been appealed to; but the answer is obscure. It is certain that the Hebrews, though writing from right to left, were never a left-handed race, for Scripture is full of passages making the right the side of honor. On the contrary, their direction of writing seems the most natural for a right-handed people. It accords with the way in which we draw profiles, and with the course (from out inward) which the hand naturally takes in throwing a ball or in striking with a bat or a whip. Our method of writing from left to right is probably conventional, and how it came into use most mysterious. It has been suggested that the introduction of ink and other pigments induced people who formerly wrote from right to left to write the other way in order to avoid smearing out what was already written; but the idea is childish, for experiment shows that there is no greater danger of this in writing one way than the other. After all, it is not clear why anyone should feel called upon to prove that primitive man was ambidextrous when we know that monkeys and parrots are not.

If we admit, for the moment, that originally man had no preference for either side, the next question is, Does the choice of the right hand depend on some cause in the organism, or is it wholly conventional? If there is no such cause, it is impossible to account for the general, almost universal, preference for the right in all tribes and languages. Throughout literature, with scarcely an exception, the right is the fortunate and favored side. It is thus not only in the most ancient languages, but in the dialects of the American Indians, of Pacific Islanders, and even of such degraded races as the aborigines of Australia.*

Let us now consider the idea that while right-handedness is conventional, the choice of the right side was originally determined by an anatomical cause. One theory, not strictly of this class, and mentioned merely as an instance of the fertility of man's imagination, is that it

* I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness for many points connected with ancient art, writing, and languages, to the learned paper, The Right Hand and Left-handedness, by Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 1886.

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arose from a primitive act of worship, the right hand being that with which the sun's course across the heavens is most conveniently pointed out. The theory just now in fashion—another of the jack-in-the-box order—sets forth that it was discovered in the early days that wounds of the left side of the body were more deadly than those of the right. Hence it was prudent to carry the shield on the left, and the sword or spear in the right hand, which in time acquired its characteristic superiority. It seems cruel to break so pretty a butterfly on the wheel of criticism, but it must be denied, in the name of anatomy, that there is more than a very slight difference in the danger of wounds between the two sides. In the next place, even if the premise were correct, there is no evidence that primitive tribes advanced against each other like pasteboard soldiers. On the contrary, there is every reason to think that they often attacked their enemies from the side, or even from behind. That spears and arrows pierced the foemen from right to left, and from left to right, and at every degree of obliquity, is beyond question. To have tabulated the results would have taxed the skill of learned and able surgeon-generals; but according to this theory ignorant and brutal savages made the generalization, and apparently made it in many places. Can credulity go further? But even if we admit the theory, how are we to account for left-handed men? Why were they not killed off? Were they wicked and perverse people who refused to listen to the good prehistoric surgeon-general, when he told them to carry the shield on the left, and who, through some lapse of justice, escaped their deserts? The latest suggestion is, that as it happens oftener on the right than on the left, the eighth rib is continued to the breast-bone instead of joining the one above it, as it ought to; this would in these exceptional cases make the right side a little more stable support; but the effect, at best, would be very slight, and the theory is purely fanciful.

If there be some such anatomical cause for the choice of the right hand —and it might be rash to say certainly there is not—it is at least none that to the writer's knowledge has ever been advanced. Though, as has been shown, it is incredible that convention alone determined the general use of the right hand, there can be no question that many acts performed habitually by one hand or the other, are so performed only because it is the fashion; and also that many things which it is the custom to do with the right hand could (by most people), after a little practice, be just as well done with the left. It is said that when cricket was first played in Canada, left-handed batsmen were much more common than now. It does not necessarily follow that left-handedness was more prevalent, but only that the custom of standing at the left of the wicket was not fully recognized. It is certain that civilization, involving as it does the associated acts of many persons, should bring with it a conventional use of either hand which is not found in lower races; but this by no means proves that with them the sides are equally good.

Although growth and use go together, it is certain that the right arm of a right-handed man, or the left arm of a left-handed one, is not always larger than its fellow. Professor Hitchcock's measurements of the girth of arms and forearms show that of the former 16.2 per cent., and of the latter 10.1 per cent., are larger on the left, which is more than left-handedness should account for. Statistics fix the proportion of left-handedness in the neighborhood of five or six per cent. To be sure it is said to be greater among criminals, but then we should not look for these at Amherst. Moreover, of Professor Hitchcock's forty left-handed young men, the left upper arm was larger only in 57.5 per cent., and the left forearm in 65 per cent. This shows that the impulse to use a particular hand rests on something more subtle than mere size. All attempts to account for it by purely mechanical theories have failed completely. It is an instinct, an inborn impulse, with which reason and education have nothing to do. Side by side with this instinct exist the various departures from symmetry which have been discussed. Some of them, such as the finger-markings, are congenital; others, as the un-

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evenness of the face, appear later, and very probably are influenced by mechanical causes; others, again, like the unequal development of the two sides of the brain, perhaps depend on the laws regulating growth. The impulse to prefer one side would, in many cases, lead to its greater development, but, as just shown, it does not in all.

Like other instincts, that of right-handedness has its advantages. It is clearly a good thing that when a movement is to be made there should be no hesitation which side is to start first; that we should not stand fixed, like the hypothetical donkey, starving, between two equidistant and equally attractive bundles of hay. It is possible that the want of symmetry (itself to some extent due to unequal use) may in turn help the manifestation of this impulse to use one side, but the impulse exists first. This is proved by the occurrence of left-handedness, and of exaggerated right-handedness, even in the nursery. Education, though it cannot uproot the tendency, restrains it. The characteristics of an educated left-handed person, which would first attract attention, are more likely to come from an uncommon ability to use the left hand, than from any deficiency in the right. Thus a billiard-player who makes a shot with his left hand as well as with his right, was probably originally left-handed. He is called ambidextrous; but the fact is, that his right hand has been educated as the left hands of most people have not. His right arm may even be the larger. The inborn impulse does not show, but it still exists, none the less. The most perfect ambidexter I ever knew, whose skill in writing and drawing with either hand is proverbial, has declared that he cannot drive a nail, carve, or whittle with his right hand.

Want of symmetry between the sides is something essentially different from right-handedness. The latter is seen in function; not necessarily in form. Wrongly considered a human characteristic, it is found more or less developed in animals, and something analogous to it exists even in plants.

To call right-handedness an instinct, may seem to some an evasion of the question, an explanation which does not explain, but this criticism is not just. We, at least, have seen what right-handedness is not. We call certain phenomena electrical, though we do not know what electricity is; and in the same way we may call others instinctive, though we must content ourselves with defining instinct as an inborn impulse to certain actions for the benefit of the individual or his descendants, depending neither on reason nor experience. When we understand instinct, then, and no sooner, we may hope to understand right-handedness, and to know why it is sometimes reversed.

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WHERE THE ICE NEVER MELTS;

THE CRUISE OF THE U. S. STEAMER THETIS IN 1889.*

By Robert Gordon Butler.

TWOSCORE years ago—it was in August, 1850—a vessel lay at anchor far to the north, beyond the Arctic circle. To the south of her rose a lofty, cone-shaped island; to the north, to the east, to the west, beyond the narrow lane of open water wherein she lay, stretched, for untold miles, the blue ice, that, hard as granite, yields nothing to the blaze of the sun. Above her was the gray Arctic sky, colder even, to behold, than the blue ice itself. All around was the silence of the Far North—the terrible Arctic silence that drives men mad with the longing for some sound. Only the coming and going of the vessel's crew gave life to the scene.

The vessel was Her Britannic Majesty's ship Investigator, Captain McClure; the place was the mouth of the great river Mackenzie; the island was that named in honor of the famous astronomer, Sir William Herschel.

For nearly twoscore years no vessel crossed the waters of the Mackenzie Bay; Herschel Island, unvisited for more than a generation, was but a name on the maps. At last one summer drove back the ice farther than before in forty years, and the west wind helped it; and then, through the narrow lanes of water and through the shifting ice came nine vessels—eight of them dingy craft, whaling vessels; but the other a trim ship, whose sails were white, whose metal work shone, from whose peak fluttered the stars and stripes—the United States steamer Thetis, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Stockton, the first man-of-war that ever reached Herschel Island, the first vessel ever to fly in that lonely place the flag of the United States.

Eight hundred miles to the west of Herschel Island, to the north of grim Siberia, lie Wrangel Island and Herald Island, for years thought to be the southernmost points of an unknown polar continent, and only recently discovered to be islands, perhaps outlying posts of the land, yet unknown, of the western Arctic. Few vessels have ever visited these gloomy islands; only two parties have landed on them. In the early fall of 1889 a ship came out of the eastern sea of ice, and held straight for these lonely islands until she could have landed her crew; but she needed not to do so—the islands were desolate; so the Thetis sailed eastward again, having sailed in less than thirty days from Herschel Island to Wrangel Island, a voyage which no vessel had ever made before.

The Thetis is a famous old vessel. Once she was a Dundee whaler; then she was purchased by the United States to take part in the expedition to relieve Lieutenant Greely and his companions in the eastern Arctic, and in her welcoming cabin the miserable survivors of the Greely expedition were brought back to civilization; but she never made a more noteworthy voyage than that of 1889, the principal events of which are here to be related.

Far beyond the Arctic circle, the most northerly point in the vast territory of Alaska, and therefore the most northerly point in the United States, lies Point Barrow, where gather the American whalers, following always farther north the ever-retreating whale; and there, when the number of vessels which visit the place is considered, occur probably more shipwrecks than at any other place on the globe. A shipwreck is bad enough, wherever it may be; but a shipwreck in the Arctic is terrible almost beyond conception. At Point Barrow, to

* The following account of the cruise of the United States steamer Thetis is compiled from Captain Stockton's diary of the voyage and from conversations with him; the illustrations are from photographs by Assistant Paymaster John Q. Lovell of the Thetis. My task has been merely that for which Captain Stockton could find no time, the writing of a story which tells itself.

Success in Arctic work profits a navigator little; failure is rewarded. Because a vessel is brought safely from the Arctic it is assumed that she has run no risks. That this assumption is wholly false, and that the successful navigator is worthy of at least as much honor as he who fails, this account of a part of a most noteworthy voyage will show. R. G. B.

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be sure, the shipwrecked men found some relief; for there, for many years, has stood the building wherein dwelt Lieutenant Ray and his companions for two long years, which after their departure became a shelter for shipwrecked crews, a storehouse for such treasures of food and fuel as passing whalers could spare.

In 1889 Congress authorized the erection at Point Barrow of a building suitable for a house of refuge; and to carry the necessary materials for the house, and the clothing, food, and fuel wherewith to stock it when finished, as well as to stand by to help any whaler who might get into difficulty, the United States steamer Thetis was sent on special duty into the Arctic, under command of Lieutenant-Commander Charles H. Stockton.

On April 20th, of last year, the Thetis sailed from San Francisco, having on board, besides the commander, nine officers and a crew of eighty-six men, many of whom had seen Arctic service before, some on the revenue steamer Rodgers, others on the Thetis herself when, under Commander Schley, she sailed in search of Greely and his men.

The voyage to the north was made by way of Sitka, Alaska, Unalashka, one of the Aleutian islands, and Point Hope, one of the rendezvous of the Arctic whaling fleet. At the latter place Captain Stockton learned of the loss of the bark Little Ohio, in October, 1888. No news had been received from her since September, 1888, and though she was generally believed to be lost, this was the first account of her wreck.

For nearly a week before the Little Ohio met her fate the wind had held from the northeast; the weather had been very cold, and heavy snow had fallen. In the afternoon of October 3d the fresh breeze increased to a violent gale, and the snow fell heavily, driven almost horizontally by the fierce wind.

Just before this blizzard began the Little Ohio had been off Cape Lisburne, with the land plainly in sight. At eleven o'clock in the evening the starboard watch came on deck, and Captain Allen went below, leaving his second officer, Mr. Niles, in charge of the deck. Niles stepped upon the deck-house to get a better view of his surroundings, and at once saw a glare of white directly ahead. He took it for young ice, and ordered the helm hard aport, to sheer off from it; but the vessel had not begun to answer her helm before she struck, not against a pack of young ice, but upon the shore, and, swinging around, lay with her starboard side parallel to the beach.

Roller after roller, coming with the full force of the heavy gale, struck the helpless vessel, lifting her bodily and throwing her closer inshore; the spray leaped completely over her lower yards. Almost immediately after she struck casks began to appear to leeward, showing that her side was dangerously crushed. Captain Allen had dashed on deck as soon as the Little Ohio struck, and, as soon as he could, gave the order to cut the masts away; but no one could use the axe, as it was impossible to stay on the deck without clinging to shrouds or ropes with both hands.

To escape the terrible blows of the waves, some of the men went up the mainmast, others up the mizzenmast, and for a time seemed to be safe. Those of the crew who did not go into the rigging gathered on the cabin steps, between the galley and the cabin-door; but the house could not long withstand the waves, and soon fell in, trapping many of the men under it. Then, as if the fall of the house was a signal, the ship went to pieces, breaking into three parts—at the mizzenmast and just abaft the tryworks; there was a rush of water, a shout from the men, cut short by the roar of the descending wave, and with a sort of moan, the Little Ohio disappeared.

Thirteen men were carried ashore by the waves, reaching land almost as by a miracle, through the driving snow and the *débris* of the wreck, dashed about in the water and the air; four others found themselves on shore when the mainmast fell.

Once on shore the men started for the village at Point Hope, Tigarah by name. The way by the beach was three miles, but the men cared only to get out of the wind, and turned aimlessly inland until they had got behind the hills, when they turned southward to the village.

The captain of the whaling station at

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Point Hope took the wrecked men in, persuaded the natives to give up half of the wreckage picked up alongshore, and fed and clothed them. On October 12th the steamer Belvidere passed close inshore, and seven of the men, in Captain Bayne's life-boat, put off to board her. Almost within sight of the shore the waves swamped the boat, and with the seven men died all hope of the others getting away from the village.

Two of the survivors died during the winter; five were taken on board the William Lewis when she reached Point Hope, and the other three found berths on the Thetis; and that was the end of the Little Ohio.

From Point Hope the Thetis went southward as far as St. Michael's, the port for the Yukon district, and then north again, until, after stopping at many places and sounding out rivers and harbors, on Monday, July 29th, she dropped anchor off Point Barrow, finding there before her the United States Revenue Marine steamer Bear, an old shipmate of the Thetis, like her laden with material for the house of refuge.

This most northerly point in the United States is a long, low, characterless point of sand, with the scanty vegetation of the Arctic as its sole natural ornament—lichens, moss, and ferns. In shape it is like the letter F, without the middle bar of that letter; the upper bar extends to the eastward, and an anchorage is formed to the east and south of the point, to which the whalers betake themselves when the wind blows from the south and west. On the point stands the building put up by the War Department in 1881 for Lieutenant Ray and his men; after they had returned, the Department lent the building to the Treasury Department as a house of refuge for whalers; and then a whaling company obtained the use of it as a trading station. The sand had sunk under it in one corner, and the house had become, in consequence, very leaky; but it would do at a pinch as a storehouse, and even as a place of refuge.

After the usual exchange of naval courtesies preparations were made to land the material for the new house of refuge which was to do away with that "pinch." Two whale-boats lashed together, with a platform built upon them, served as a raft on which to carry the stuff through the surf, and the steam-launch Achilles (Achilles, according to story, was the son of Thetis) did yeoman's service in towing the unwieldy construction from the steamer's side to the shore, where sailors hauled it through the surf. Once on shore, the carpenters turned to with a will, and hammer and saw made Point Barrow ring throughout its length and breadth.

The new house of refuge stands nearer to the beach than the old house, directly opposite the anchorage, and within a few score yards of the shore. It is larger and more substantial, and doubtless will prove more comfortable than that in which Ray and his men suffered during the winters of 1881 and 1882. Except for the absence of a porch, and for the comparative deficiency of window area, the house of refuge is not unlike an old-fashioned farm-house, with its long sloping roof and its "lean-to," so evidently a kitchen. It is a frame building, with double walls and double windows, carefully built, and intended to withstand the severity of an Arctic winter; and within it are stored clothes, food, and fuel sufficient to warm and feed one hundred men for nine months at a time.

The erection of the house of refuge, however, was not Captain Stockton's sole duty in the Arctic; he was instructed to assist the whalers if they should be in need of aid, and to cruise with them as much as might seem necessary. Accordingly, when Captain Healy, of the Bear, assured him that he should stay at Point Hope until the house was completed, Captain Stockton determined to follow the fleet to the eastward, and make a short cruise in almost unknown regions. So at seven o'clock in the evening of August 8th, he ordered the vessel underway, leaving the Bear and two or three sailing vessels still at anchor. The new house of refuge stood up boldly as the Thetis stood to the north and east to avoid the shoal that surrounds the Point, the smoke pouring from its chimney giving evidence that warmth, at all events, was ready for any shipwrecked sailors who might appear.

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Almost immediately the Thetis found ice. It was scattering, but very plentiful, and could not be avoided; and two hours after leaving Point Hope, the Thetis was forced to turn into it. It offered at first little resistance, and she held on her course parallel to the land until day. Friday, August 9th, found the ice thicker and more stubborn, and the eastward progress was possible only by hard knocks and constant blows. At one time the Thetis had to turn back and seek a more open channel or lead. Captain Stockton himself ascended the foremast, and for eight hours on a stretch conned the Thetis through the ice, at midnight coming stiffly down the shrouds to retire to a cabin made dark by heavy curtains, there to discuss what he soon learned was a most excellent dish for an Arctic traveller—"macaroni *au gratin*, and plenty of it."

Early on Saturday, August 10th, the first of the whalers was spoken—the Balaena; later in the day the Belvidere was passed, which said that the others of the steam fleet were but a short distance ahead. Leaving the Belvidere, the Thetis kept on, insinuating herself through the ice and making considerable progress eastward. At last, however, the ice ahead thickened greatly, and as a steamer was sighted in the lane of clear water between the pack and the shore, Captain Stockton worked the Thetis free, and held toward her.

She proved to be the Beluga; she lay under the lee of a small gravel island, the westernmost of a group of islands midway between Return Reef—where Sir John Franklin turned about, sixty-three years before—and Lion Reef, which Captain Stockton thereupon called the Midway Group. The island, because it had on it a wooden cross erected by whalers years before, he named Cross Island.

Sunday kept both the Thetis and the Beluga busy. The floe to which the Thetis was moored dragged, and the ice began to pack around her propeller and rudder, set down upon it by a "witch current," a current which has no known origin or reason for existence. Backward and forward swung the rudder; crash would go the ice against the blades of the propeller. A sailor was ordered to the wheel to hold the rudder; but he was thrown completely over the wheel. Then men were hung in ropes over the sides of the vessel, to fend the ice away from the precious rudder and propeller; but again without avail. Finally, diplomacy came to the rescue of force; the engines were put in motion, the propeller revolved rapidly, and thus a new current was created, which, little by little, carried away the ice from its dangerous proximity to the rudder. Then the Thetis cast off her moorings and stood back to Cross Island.

Early on Monday morning, August 12th, both vessels got under way again, and, the Beluga leading, left the friendly shelter of Cross Island and entered a lead in the great ice-pack. The lead became more and more confused, and about ten o'clock the two vessels made fast to a huge floe, to "wait for something to turn up." With no land-sharks or saloons to entrap the sailors, "liberty day" was robbed of its terrors, and all the men of the Thetis were allowed to "go ashore" on the big floe. A football was contrived, and a violent though unscientific game was played, governed by the rules of the "North Pole Amateur Football League."

The lead opened again in the afternoon, and the Thetis led the way through it, finally pushing through the broken ice into clear water near Lion Reef. The Beluga had some trouble and did not follow the Thetis; but the latter obtained little advantage by her move, for she had to put back into the ice to avoid running ashore, and passed the night moored to a floe.

On Tuesday the Thetis found her way clear, and pushed ahead to Camden Bay, where Captain Collinson wintered in 1853–54. The Beluga joined her there, having been imprisoned by the ice, which closed behind the Thetis, and had been compelled to turn westward to seek a new lead. This she had found finally, and so had made her way out of the ice, with a bent propeller and a scraped bottom, however, to emphasize the risks she had run.

Early on Wednesday the two vessels started eastward again, stopping to speak with the natives at Barter Island and

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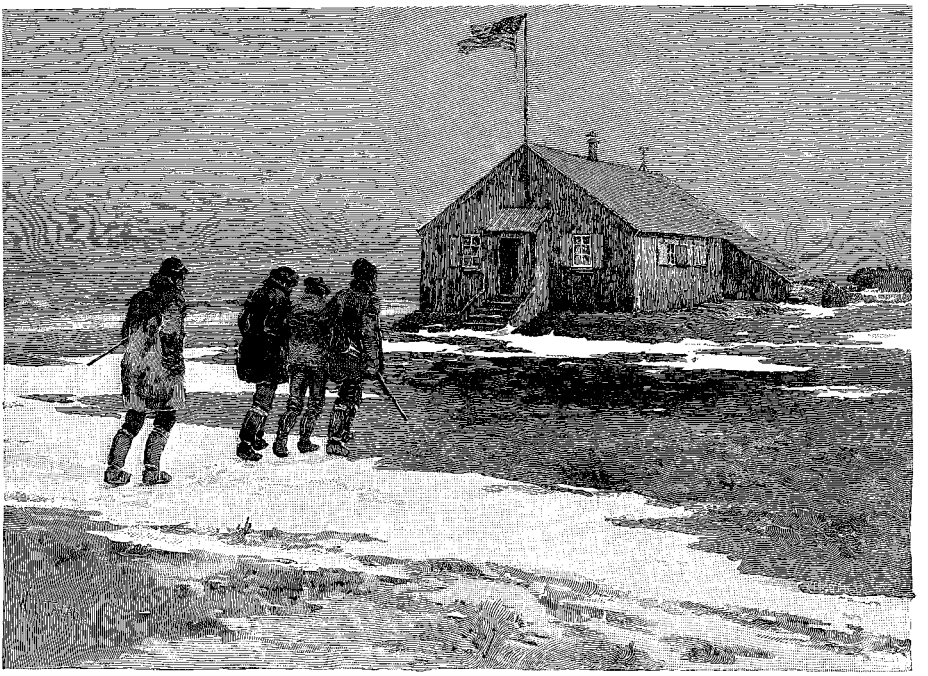
Manning Point, two summer rendezvous of the Esquimaux. Many of the Esquimaux, as seen from the Thetis, presented a brilliant appearance, clad in "calico" or cloth that matched Joseph's coat of many colors. On closer examination, however, it was evident that the natives had been in communication with the steamer Thrasher, whose captain had shipped a bolt or two of cotton whereon were printed American flags in strips, the "calico" thus giving a brilliant and truly patriotic seeming to the Esquimaux who were fortunate enough to deal with that vessel.



House of Refuge at Point Barrow.

[Established by the United States Government, and erected by the United States Revenue steamer Bear, and the United States steamer Thetis, August, 1889.]

While lying off Manning Point, about noon the smoke of several steamers was seen to the eastward, and at four o'clock five vessels themselves appeared, the William Lewis, Captain Sherman, leading. They had been as far as the Mackenzie River, but, frightened by the appearance of ice, had turned westward, and were making for the safety of Point Barrow as rapidly as possible. Since leaving the Mackenzie they had met no ice.

The captains of the whalers dined on board the Thetis that night; on learning that the Thrasher and the Orca were still at Herschel Island, Captain Stockton determined to push ahead, and so expressed his intention, considerably to the dismay of his guests, who impressed upon him the dangers that lay before him.

However, on Thursday, August 15th, the Thetis got under way, and turned to the eastward, the faithful Beluga following, rather to the surprise of Captain Stockton. The five whalers remained behind. With clear sky, through little ice, the Thetis plunged along, the engines doing their best, and everything promising well.

The British Mountains, which are on American soil, and the Buckland Mountains, which are in Canada, were passed about eleven o'clock; and between them lay the low sandy spit, Demarcation Point by name, which marks the northern limit of the international boundary line between the United States and Canada. Herschel Island came into sight soon afterward, and at half-past one

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o'clock the Thetis let go her anchor off the southwestern point of the island, the first man-of-war to reach it.

Herschel Island was discovered by

Oninyah, the Belle of Point Hope, Arctic Ocean.

Dr. Richardson, who was with Captain (afterward Sir John) Franklin, in 1825, on his second expedition to the Arctic. As determined by the navigator of the Thetis, it lies in latitude 69° 32′ 45″ north, longitude 138° 57′ 15″ west, about one-third of the way through the so-called Northwest Passage. The island is about sixteen miles long from east to west, and from one to four miles wide; it is about five hundred feet high in its highest part, and its surface, sloping from the centre to all sides, is smooth as if worn by glaciers; and that it was once covered by glaciers is indicated by the moraines and gullies along the shore. Its soil is a rich vegetable mould, wherein ferns, lichens, and Arctic flowers grow luxuriantly.

The first anchorage of the Thetis was at the southwest side of the island, in an indentation of the shore which Captain Stockton, in honor of the faithful, though unofficial, consort of the Thetis, named Beluga Anchorage. Here a party of officers and men was sent ashore, who erected a wooden cross, bearing a brass tablet giving the name of the Thetis, and the date of her visit. At the foot of the beacon a bottle was buried, in which was placed a list of the officers and men of the vessel, and a synopsis of the cruise, which will be of interest and value to the future explorer.

From Beluga Anchorage the two vessels held on to the north and east to the eastern side of the island, until the Thetis dropped anchor alongside of the two whalers in search of which she had made her voyage, most successful even though uneventful. The Beluga followed her, and the four vessels—the Thetis, the Thrasher, the Orca, and the Beluga—swung to their anchors as quietly as if they lay in some landlocked harbor of the south, instead of in a bay open to the blasts of an Arctic winter, unvisited save by vessels that can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

On Friday, August 16th, a quick survey was made of the island. To the bay wherein the vessels lay, Captain Stockton gave the name Thetis Harbor; and a small anchorage further to the east received from him the name Pauline Cove. Two of the officers were sent to sound out the channel between the island and the mainland; and Captain Stockton himself went ashore to the highest point of the island.

From the summit he could see far in every direction. To the south lay the mainland, to the west the coast along which he had come; to the north lay the vast ice-fields wherein Collinson and McClure had struggled a generation before; to the east——

To the east lay the mysterious pas-

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sage, to win which so many men fought and died; through which McClure and Franklin finally made their way; that passage the very name of which makes one's heart beat more quickly — the Northwest Passage—the unknown way through the icy north to the Golden Indies, which for three hundred years baffled the efforts of the bravest and most skilful navigators. One-third of the distance through that passage, through which only two vessels have come, had the Thetis travelled; she was a stanch ship, well provisioned, even though not especially prepared for Arctic work; her officers were skilled, her crew picked men, some of whom had seen much service among the ice. To the east, as far as the glass could see, all was clear; Mackenzie Bay was open, the wind would hold back the ice. The vessels at Herschel Island needed no help; they could take care of themselves. What hindered, then, to push on through McClure Straits and Melville Sound and Lancaster Sound, until Baffin's Bay should be reached, and the Thetis should carry in triumph the American flag where no American flag had ever been before, and should add another ray to the aurora won in the Arctic by American sailors and soldiers?

It was merely a matter of duty. Into the north had the Thetis been sent to do a certain task; to help the vessels of the whaling fleet, not to push through the Northwest Passage; a duty not so glorious to do, but of vastly greater importance; that was in the way of such a trip, that, and that only.

A gun from the Thetis recalled all her people, and early in the afternoon she weighed her anchor and headed out of the anchorage to the north, leaving behind her the three whalers—the Beluga, the Orca, and the Thrasher.

At first the Thetis stood to the northeast and then to the north, until, in the middle of the afternoon, she was ten miles northeast of the island. There, free from any shore current, a float was put overboard, a log of wood carrying in a canister the name of the Thetis, the date and the place of its launch; this was done to help determine the drift of the Arctic currents. Then the Thetis put to the westward.

But, as she turned, Captain Stockton sent an old sailor to the foretopgallant-masthead, a man acquainted with ice, accustomed to the Arctic, and his keen eye could see no ice in any direction; nor could he even see the yellow "ice blink" that fifty miles away points out the presence of ice that the eye cannot directly see. Never before had there been such an opportunity—But the Thetis's path lay to the westward, not to the eastward.

Esquimaux Boats.

That night, as she held on her course, darkness came on, and stars showed themselves for the first time since the Thetis had entered the Arctic Ocean—

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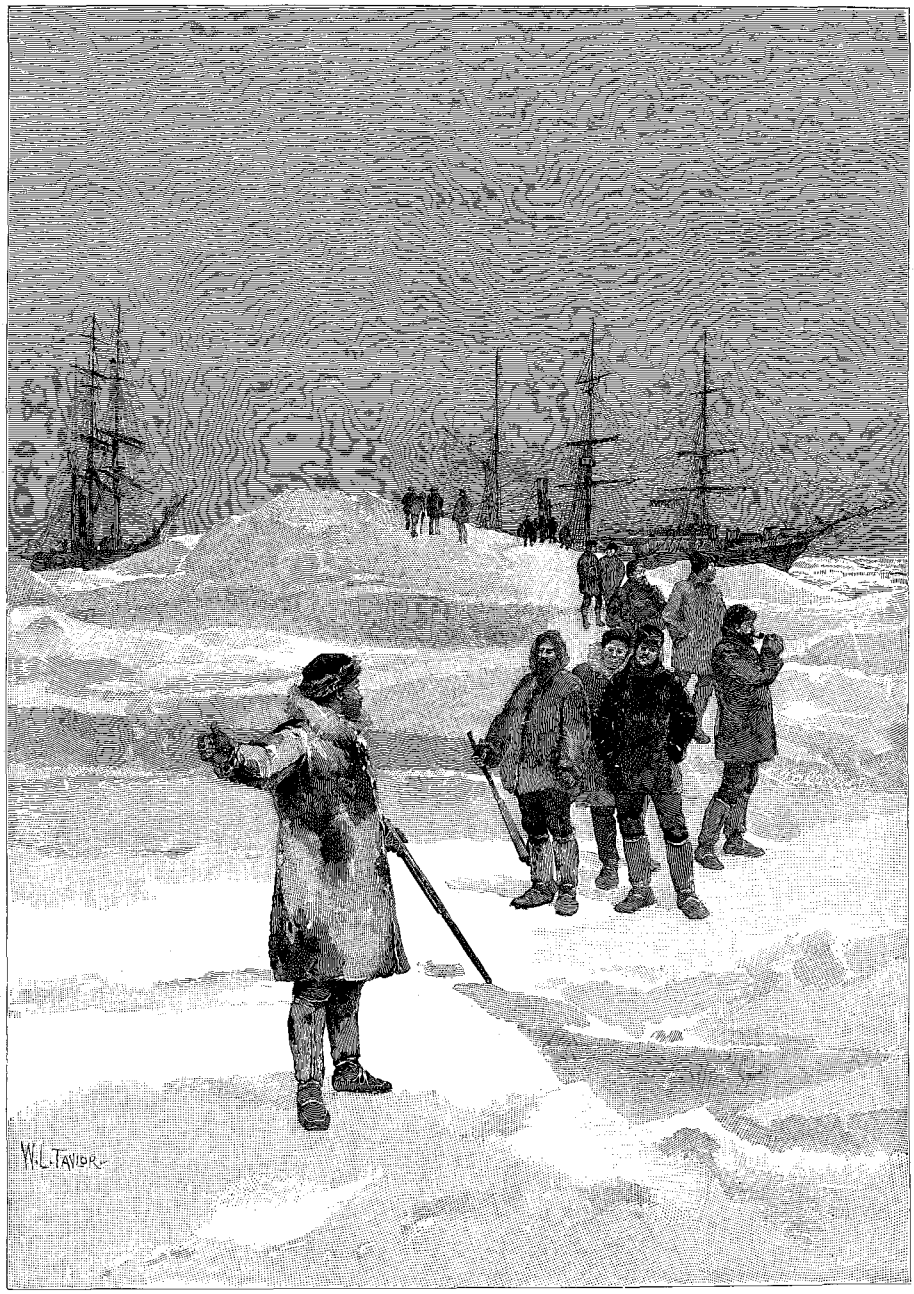

DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL' ORME.

The Thetis (on the right) and the Steam Whaler Beluga (on the left) in the Ice off Lion Reef, Arctic Ocean, August, 1889.

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the blessed darkness, for lack of which the sailors go insane in the incessant light of the short summer. The coming of the stars is a sign that the season nears its end; it is also a sign of hope to the men worn out by the continual daylight; it removes the strain from their minds; it makes those who have succumbed to the strain better; it shows that the night is indeed come, when man can sleep.*

Early in the morning of Saturday, August 17th, a vessel was seen in the sky, which was identified as the William Lewis, bound eastward; and four hours later she was spoken. Then came three others—the Narwhal, the Grampus, and the Jessie Freeman—all bound east to Herschel Island. They had repented of their earlier fears, and were determined now to push on to the Mackenzie and share in any luck that might come along there. Bidding them farewell, Captain Stockton held on, hoping to reach Cross Island; but the ice became thicker and the lane of open water became shallower, and as the perceptible darkness made navigation both difficult and dangerous, he determined to stop for the night, and so made fast to a large ground floe.

The Thetis remained at the floe all night, and on Sunday was found to be close to Cross Island, where she had spent two days of the preceding week. Two or three ice floes were seen and recognized as old friends; but the Thetis stopped not to renew the acquaintance, and pushed on past Cross Island, past the other and unnamed islands of the Midway Group, and then across Harrison Bay to Cape Halket—a good run, which increased the general hope of reaching Point Barrow the next day. But off Cape Halket the wind changed; from the northeast it swung to the west, and began to pile up the ice ahead of the Thetis. Keeping as much inshore of the ice as the draught of his vessel would allow, Captain Stockton held on, dodging the larger pieces of ice; but when he reached open water again a heavy fog had come down, and again he had to make his ship fast to a floe for the night.

Monday, August 19th, opened with snow; the wind was from the west-southwest, the ice was getting heavier and heavier, and the prospects of reaching the Point were anything but favorable. In fact, something more than merely reaching Point Barrow was in question; should the ice close in between Point Barrow and Icy Cape, the Thetis might be compelled to winter in the Arctic, a contingency which Captain Stockton did not view with entire pleasure. So on he pushed, edging inshore as much as possible, until finally the lead which he followed came to a sudden end, and he had to ram through into another lead.

From one lead to another the Thetis made her way painfully, finding each lead shoal rapidly, and having, finally, to choose between dangerous ice and dangerous shoals. The ice was the less dangerous; and into the pack Captain Stockton sent the Thetis again, to tie her up for the night to a ground floe.

But the night brought no rest. Four times did the beset vessel change her moorings to avoid the shifting ice, continually working her engines, even when not shifting her moorings, to keep the loose pieces of ice from choking the screw and the rudder.

All day Tuesday, August 20th, the Thetis did nothing but change her moorings to avoid being nipped. The floe, to different parts of which she had been moored all night, drifted to the north, and was being ground and shut in so fast that the Thetis dropped astern and chose another floe instead; but this second proved no more reliable. It drifted so rapidly to the southwest that the Thetis let go barely in time to avoid being nipped—and even the slightest, most playful nip in the Arctic has dangerous results.

Finally the Thetis was tied up to a large ground floe for the night. It was then early afternoon; and the appearance of a polar bear offered a relief from chasing leads. But the bear retired after his dignity had been affronted by a shot fired at him, so that it was felt that his visit had not been enjoyed so much as it might have been.

* Almost every vessel in the whaling fleet had at least one sailor on board whose mind had given way under the strain of the long-continued daylight, combined with the excitement and necessary privations of Arctic life. One of the crew of the Thetis lost his mind from these causes, and later managed to elude his keepers and throw himself into the sea, where he perished.

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The paymaster took the bear's defection in especially bad part. He had been suffering from rheumatism, and was thought to have a personal interest in killing Bruin. At all events, he sallied from the ship, armed with a rifle and a Kodak, bent on killing something.

A harmless seal lay on the ice, offering a good shot and presenting an interesting picture. The paymaster was puzzled. He raised his rifle and covered the seal; but the thought struck him, "Photograph it first, then kill it." He dropped his rifle and drew his trusty Kodak; but before he could approach near enough to get a good picture, the seal made a convulsive jump, and dove into the water, flapping its tail in an aggravating and discouraging manner.

Overcome by his bad fortune the paymaster turned toward the ship. But there are no landmarks on a floe, and before he knew it he was lost. The Thetis was in full sight, to be sure; but along which crevice should he walk to reach the lead wherein she lay? Up one gully he ran until it was narrow enough to jump; then down the other side until perhaps a cross gully stopped his progress, and the proceeding would be repeated. So up and down, back and forth, he ran, until finally, tired and hot, he reached the ship's side, *minus* the bear that he had gone after, and *minus*, also, the rheumatism he had started with.

For a wonder the Thetis found herself undisturbed during that Tuesday night, and on Wednesday, August 21st, was still fast to the floe to which she had tied the day before. From the foretop a lead was reported, and early in the morning, with topgallant yards struck and masts housed, the Thetis was headed for it, and by ramming continually made good progress to the west and south. At one time, however, the ice closed in on her, so that she was caught between two floes, without being able either to advance or to turn about. The only thing to do was to back the vessel against the new barrier—a terribly risky thing to do, but necessary. So the rudder was lashed, and the Thetis backed against the ice. No half-way measures; no gentle tapping at the ice to spare the rudder, but "stern all," with all the force of the engines, and trust to God that the rudder doesn't break.

So into the ice the Thetis crashed, and the ice gave way, and the vessel got clear again; and the rudder stood the strain for which it was never meant, and so all was well again.

That afternoon, almost as if in mockery, a party of Esquimaux made their way over the ice from the shore, and boarded the Thetis with venison and birds for sale. They were on their way to Point Barrow, and when they departed, men to whom the ice was home, the people of the Thetis felt more than ever their forlorn position.

Heavy snow and frost came with Thursday, August 22d, and made a gloomy day still gloomier. All around the Thetis the leads were closing, and to save herself from being caught, the vessel had to leave her moorings and steam here and there, wherever open water could be found. At first she turned to the east; but the leads there closed before her, and she broke through and turned to the west again. At last her passage was blocked by two heavy cakes of ice, and the pocket where she lay was choked with ice so that the screw could scarcely move; the loose ice, too, interfered with the rudder, so that the Thetis could not be kept full upon the cake of ice against which she was ramming, but would fall away from it, striking useless, glancing blows. Finally ice anchors and ropes were put on the ice, and the vessel's head was held upon it. Then, with a "take off" of only forty yards, she tried again, with success at last, and worked into open water, where, under clearing skies, she made fast for the night.

All day Friday, August 23d, the floes kept moving to the westward, closing in again on the Thetis, and her experiences of Thursday were repeated with increased danger and difficulties. Pocketed, she rammed again and again without avail, the ice clogging screw and rudder, and preventing her from striking fairly on her object-ice. It was a matter of life and death for the Thetis. Between two heavy floes, exit and entrance barred, the vessel stood no chance

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if the floes should come together. That they should come together was probable; the wind was unfavorable; no human being could do anything to keep them apart.

So the work of ramming was continued well into the night, hope growing less and less with each vain attempt. The Thetis was being driven against the ice-wall; officers and men, wearied by the long strain of the day, stood waiting for the blow which only too probably would be of no avail, when, without warning, screw and engines stopped with a shock that threw everyone to the deck. The vessel shivered from stem to stern, the engines groaned, and the steam roared through the escape-pipes. For a moment all was confusion; the Thetis had not rammed the ice, for she was surging ahead through the ice-blocked water, some distance from the barrier. Then officers and men hurried about, and soon it was discovered that a floating cake of ice had blocked the screw, stopping the engines completely while they were working at their full speed. The chief engineer reported that no damage had been done; but the accident was the last straw, and, wearied out and discouraged, Captain Stockton ordered that work should cease, and that the Thetis should be moored to the floe to wait for morning.

But Saturday opened clear and fine, the wind had swung round to the north and east, and a few hours' rest had put new spirits into the Thetis's people. The engineer confirmed his report as to the condition of the engines, and work began with renewed confidence. Ice anchors and ropes kept the Thetis up to the ice; little trouble was experienced with the floating ice in the pocket, and finally, after three hours, the ship broke a channel for herself, and pushed her way into the long-desired lead, the men cheering as the Thetis broke through the last barrier and floated again in open water.

She was not yet out of the ice; but what lay before her was open and scattered enough to let her hold on her course; so with no further trouble she cleared the edge of the great pack, and after three hours' steaming brought up in the western anchorage at Point Barrow, and let her anchor go among a number of old friends, none the worse for her fight with the ice that never melts.

That night the officers drank to the eastern trip of the Thetis, to Herschel Island, and to her safe return through the ice; and on Sunday, August 25th, they attended a service on board, which Captain Stockton conducted as a thanksgiving for their safe deliverance from the dangers of the Arctic.

Stories of danger appeal most forcibly to those who have passed through dangers; and doubtless the circle around the wardroom fire, while the Thetis lay at anchor off the House of Refuge, contained better listeners to the stories of the whaling captains than they had ever had before.

This was one of the stories told: Years ago, in 1876, thirteen whalers were caught in the ice-pack. Every effort was made to break out, but in vain; the vessels were firmly fastened in the ice, and all the time the Arctic current was stealthily carrying them further and further into the north. They were eighty miles in the pack; eighty miles of ice were between them and the open water; so it was decided to abandon the ships. But three men did not wish to leave the vessels. They were comfortable; the ships were safe; they were in no danger; they would not leave. So the captains and their crews departed, and only three men were left to man the thirteen vessels.

For two days the refugees toiled over the uneven ice, over hummocks, around leads; launching their boats when necessary, making slow progress, but always getting nearer and nearer to the open water. On the third day two of the captains bethought them of valuable furs left behind on their vessels, and knowing that they could rejoin their friends again, they decided to return to their ships and recover them. So they left them, and in a single day passed over what the fugitives had needed two days to cover.

As they drew near the vessels a feeling of awe came over them; the ships were so still, so lonely there, in the great ice-field, that it seemed almost wicked to board them, to disturb their quiet in any way.

The captains descended into the cabin.

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Worn out by their day's long march, excited by the strangeness of the surroundings, the sight that met them was a shock. In the captain's stove burned a bright fire; over it hissed a kettle, and before it, book in hand, and looking up over his spectacles at the intruders, sat comfortably the steward of the vessel, while the other two men sat by smoking.

The steward did the honors of his habitation; the captains took supper with him, and slept in warm beds; in the morning he urged them to stay; they begged him to return. Neither was convinced, and at last the captains departed with their furs, leaving the steward in his comfortable quarters, and started back after the weary train in the middle of the great ice-field. Often, while in sight of the fleet, they turned and looked at it, and thought of the lonely occupants of the lonely vessels. Each time they looked the vessels were visible less distinctly; and at last, when they looked they could see nothing but the still, cold fields of white ice.

From that day to this no human being has seen aught of those thirteen vessels with their lonely crew. In the heart of the great ice-field—the ice that never melts—lie the vessels; and in one of them sit the steward and his companions, waiting for the coming of a captain greater than he who interrupted them twice seven years ago.

Within four days after the Thetis all of the vessels to the east of Point Barrow, except the Orca and the Thrasher, had returned to the Point. They reported clear water all the way from Herschel Island; the northeast wind, which had cleared away the ice from before the Thetis, on her last day in the pack, having done the same for them before they had tried conclusions with the ice.

As the Orca and the Thrasher were well prepared for wintering, Captain Stockton determined to sail to the westward at once; so on August 30th he left Point Barrow, and after stops at Cape Smyth, Point Lay, and Icy Cape, on September 5th turned west for Herald Island, the westernmost whaling ground. With steam and sail the Thetis reached the ice on September 6th, and stood south a few miles from the pack until Post-Office Point was rounded—a point of ice about a third of the distance between Icy Cape and Herald Island, where is a cask in which passing vessels leave letters to be taken by other craft.

The next day the Thetis overhauled several whaling vessels, one of which, the Jane Grey, manned her rigging and cheered for the Thetis, a compliment returned by Uncle Sam's ship. The Thetis had rescued the Grey in 1888, when the latter had been capsized, and the captain of the Grey had resolved always to honor his preserver; so up in the Arctic, with the pack only a mile away, the vessel manned her rigging and passed the most stately of marine compliments.

At half-past twelve of Sunday, September 8th, the Thetis, standing westward, sighted Herald Island, high, gloomy, and forbidding—a little, inaccessible rock in the middle of the great Arctic Ocean. Ten years before, almost to the day, Captain De Long had been caught in the ice where the Thetis now sailed free; not a trace of ice was visible now, the high rock bore but little snow, and the Thetis plunged along within two miles of what, until within a few years, had been deemed an outlying spur of a vast Arctic continent, so seldom had it been seen.

Still westward steamed the Thetis, and as gloomy Herald Island sank behind her, gloomier Wrangel Island rose before her—like Herald Island believed to be an outpost of an unknown continent. The island lifted itself up plainly; Berry's Peak towered aloft as the Thetis drew near, grander and more gloomy than ever, in the dusk of an autumn day.

There were no sails in sight, and Captain Stockton determined to put about, more than satisfied with the trip he had made—from Herschel Island to Wrangel Island within thirty days! Never before had such a voyage been made.

So the Thetis turned eastward again, leaving the great, lonely island behind her, and the land sank slowly back into the ocean whence it had risen, and the sun went down and the moon came up; and from the land of ice the Thetis steamed southward, out of the frozen ocean, victor in a hand-to-hand struggle with the powers of the Arctic, and doer of deeds that no vessel ever before her had done.

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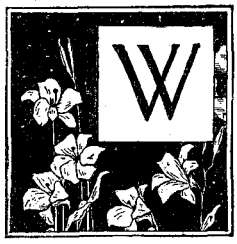
JERRY.

PART THIRD (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER XIII.

"Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after."



HEN Durden's opened its doors and windows the next morning, the world was white, and the snow was falling with dangerous swiftness. The excursionists were dismayed, and fears were soon floating about that they would be snowed up in these wilds. If they could get so far as the first station from which the road was properly built, they would feel safe; but with much more snow the loosely built track would be impassable.

The belated directors were roused by the conductor of their train at an unbearably early hour, considering it was the morning after a supper, and were advised to make an immediate start.

Soon the towns were in confusion, and the ladies—all of them at Paul Henley's—were in a great flutter of excitement. The people who had not been to the supper realized the position immediately, but it was a hard matter to move the exhausted revellers.

"A wagon!" Mrs. Greg cried, plaintively; "and Charles, where is he?"

The servants were at a loss. Where was Mr. Greg? Where in the two towns was he to be found when his own house was empty?

"Ask Mr. Wilkerson," someone suggested, and Jim Short ran as fast as he could to Mrs. Milton's.

"Mr. Wilkerson?" he asked breathlessly of the old woman, who was smoking busily, with her knees in the fire almost.

"Jerry Wilkerson is done eat an' gone, Jim Short, an' youuns mighter knowed it if yer hedn't stuffed yerself plum foolish las' night;" and Mrs. Milton replaced her pipe in her mouth and turned a stolid gaze on the fire.

Jim paused a moment in the open door; he must venture another question, and he asked, desperately,

"Whar?"

"Whar?" scornfully. "Go an' fin' out; an' if youuns don't shet that door mighty quick, I'll jest git up an' knock thet same stuffin' outer you," turning to look over her shoulder; but Jerry stood there between her and the despised Jim, asking what was wanted.

"Drat if I knows," the old woman answered, sullenly, and Jim, taking courage, gave his message, that the ladies wanted Mr. Greg and a wagon, and he had come to Mr. Wilkerson to find both.

"And where is Mr. Henley?"

"Mr. Paul's deep in the bed, sir."

"Very well," and Jerry stepping outside closed the door after him, while Mrs. Milton walked to the window to watch him down the street.

"If he'd a-tole me hisnseff," she muttered, "I'd a-made the folks stan' roun'; but to hev thet Henley an' Dan Burk a-talkin' 'bout it, an' a-tellin' it like it were stole—it jest hurt me to death, it did," drawing a deep sigh and return-

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ing to her place by the fire; "an' I sets a heaper sto' by Jerry Wilkerson; an' I 'llowed I'd gie him all I hed when I gits ready to be planted; an' I *will*," wiping her nose with her apron. "Jerry Wilkerson is my man!" and she smoked vehemently.

The celebration had been a failure; a failure that was unexpected, but thoroughly realized by all parties.

"An' Paul Henley spiled it," Mrs. Milton said, openly, "all alonger hisn sneakin', onderhanded ways!"

But, good or bad, it was over now, and the people were going away helter-skelter, in dreadful fear of being snowed up, and expressing very unflattering opinions of the climate.

It was a melancholy end to all the high hopes of both the inhabitants and the guests, and no one felt the failure so keenly as Jerry. He worked with all his mind and strength to get the train off, for under the present circumstances the longer the people stayed the more harm it would work for him.

The owner of the horses and wagon was sleeping off the drink of the night before, and though the harness was primitive enough, Jerry had to hunt for someone to show him how the thing was managed. At last, however, it was ready, and he drove down to Paul Henley's, where the ladies, many of them in tears, were waiting for him anxiously.

Out they trooped, bag and baggage, with Paul bringing up the rear, and looking decidedly the worse for wear.

"Dear Mr. Wilkerson!" and Mrs. Greg clasped both his hands effusively, "you come like a guardian angel; do you think we can get away?—and where is Charles?"

"You can get away if you go immediately," Jerry answered, literally; "but if you delay you may have to stay with us for a month."

There was a general outcry at this, and the whole party began to scramble into the wagon, with or without help.

"There can be no such need for haste," Paul remonstrated, impatiently, "and Greg has not come yet."

"He must meet them at the other station," Jerry answered, decisively, gathering up the reins, and taking his place next to Edith Henley, who was seated in front. "Will you come?" he added, without looking at Paul.

"Of course!" Isabel Greg cried, and Paul climbed in beside her.

The drive to the station was short, but it was heavy, and the wind that had them at its mercy was cruelly cutting.

"I shall never again yearn for the West," Edith Henley said, plaintively; "and I do not see how you and Paul have managed to live here so long, Mr. Wilkerson."

"I have never had any other home," Jerry answered, "and I like it."

"Paul does not," she went on, creeping a little nearer to Jerry, so as to be more sheltered from the wind, "and says he will leave very soon."

"Finally?" came involuntarily from Jerry.

"Yes, just as soon as he has made arrangements out here that will give him plenty of money;" then there was silence between them until the shed was reached where the half-frozen, thoroughly demoralized excursionists were huddled together. The train was only waiting for these ladies, as the directors were to be picked up at Eureka, so the farewells were short.

"Good-by, Mr. Wilkerson, you have been *so* kind," and Mrs. Greg held both his hands, while her soft brown eyes filled with tears; "you must come to us this summer at Newport; be sure you come!" Then Isabel and Edith shook hands with him; and the other ladies said things he could not hear; and Paul, and Jim Short, and the maids, all loaded down with innumerable packages, went in, and the door was shut.

Then the train backed slowly down the grade. It was a precarious experiment with snow on the track, and Jerry watched anxiously, afraid of some accident, and warned the Durden's people not to be surprised if the whole party were back on their hands before night.

But his watching could not help matters, and he took his way up to the dam; he wanted to be alone, and there was a fascination for him in the swirling water drawing down into black eddies, and dashing into angry foam over the rocks. Up and up he climbed until he reached the dam, where the water spread into a lake almost. But above

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and below this lake, how the water tore along, flinging the spray far to the right and left—a mighty power; and in the summer it was only a silver thread that wasted to spray as it fell!

Jerry stood and watched it, heedless of the bitter wind—heedless of the snow that was banking silently on the path—thinking idly and aimlessly.

How much had Paul injured him, and what a lovely thing Edith Henley was. If he made a fortune he could win such a creature as that, and if he failed?——

His thoughts seemed to pass out of his keeping, and the bitterness of the night swept over him. If he failed he would commit an awful crime, and all the world would turn from him. An awful crime to kill the man who had ruined him? It might be a crime over in the civilized States, but out in the wilds men were killed for much less—sometimes for nothing. Kill him? Ay, if he were hanged for it!

The snow deepened marvellously while he stood on the dam, and his way to Mrs. Milton's was one long fight, so that the evening was falling fast when he reached the door. He was cold and tired, and stopped to rest by the fire in Mrs. Milton's room.

The fire was low and the room in shadow, and the door into the kitchen was shut; but he could see a light in there, and hear voices quite distinctly through the thin walls.

He did not heed them just at first, any more than he heeded the rattle of pans that told him supper was being prepared; but presently Mrs. Milton raised her voice angrily, and her words caught his attention.

"I tell you, Dan Burk, thet Jerry Wilkerson come by thet money honest; I knowed all along as Joe Gilliam were a-savin' money, an' you knowed it too; an' if Joe Gilliam's money wuzn't honest an' b'longed to 'Lije Milton, it's pisen sure thet youuns's money ain't honest an' b'longed to 'Lije Milton too!" and she slapped her hands together vigorously.

"Lord, Mis' Milton, don't git so mad," and Burk laughed, uneasily. "I ain't said nothin' against Mr. Wilkerson; but it do look reelly curious for him to have sicher lot; durned if these men didn't say thet he owns the most of Durden's Mine!—buyin' it for the people!" scornfully.

"An' Jerry Wilkerson did buy it for the people, Dan Burk," and Mrs. Milton's voice rang higher than before, "an' youuns is jest a-strainin' yerself to lie; 'cause Joe Gilliam warn't no deader ner you when Jerry buyed it, an' Jerry never hed no money then—consarn yer bleary old eyes!"

Then there came a movement, a scraping of chairs, as if Burk meditated a retreat.

"Goin', is yer?" Mrs. Milton went on; "well, I'm glad, an' jest youuns 'members thet I'm agoin' to tell Jerry Wilkerson if I hearn 'bout this agin; an' you kin jest be skeary, sure, 'cause he'll shoot the gizzards plum outer the las' one thet lies 'bout him; an' don't you furgit it;" and she slammed the door violently behind her vanquished visitor.

Jerry sat still for a moment while there came a clang of pans, as if Mrs. Milton were venting her wrath on them; then he put off his hat and coat, so as to look at ease and unhurried, and walked slowly into the kitchen.

"Whom must I shoot, Mrs. Milton?" he asked, standing before her with his hands in his pockets.

Mrs. Milton started guiltily, dropping a pan.

"Lord! Jerry Wilkerson, you took me orl to pieces," she exclaimed, while Jerry picked up the pan and put it on the table; "did you hearn Dan Burk a-lyin' hisseff inside out?" she went on.

"He does not know how to do anything else, Mrs. Milton," Jerry answered, quietly.

"An' youuns choosed him fur yer pard?" she asked, losing her usual stolidity in blank surprise.

"I chose him only because he seemed to be the friend of everybody, while I knew no one."

"Jest so," angrily, "friens alonger orl the folks," shaking her head, slowly; "I've knowed him nigh onter thirty yeer, I hev, an' Dan Burk allers sweeps his leaves the way the wind's a-blowin', he do; drat 'im!"

"And the wind is blowing away from me?" Jerry asked, with a smile on his

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lips—a smile that did not reach his tired eyes.

"Youuns kin jest bet on thet, Jerry Wilkerson," she answered, vehemently, stopping her work and gesticulating with a fork, "an' if you hed jester come to me, Jerry Wilkerson, an' a-said, 'Mis' Milton, Joe's done left me a heap of money, an' I'm a-goin' to sen' it down East,' I'd a-said, 'Orl right, Jerry Wilkerson, Mandy Milton ain't agoin' ter blab,' an' it would a-been as soff as mud when the folks commenst a-sayin' thet youuns hed a lotter money hidin' down East—Lord!" going back to the bacon she was frying, "I could a-curled 'em up liker pig's tail; drat 'em!"

Jerry sat down, clasping his hands over his head, and tilting his chair back.

"It would have been better," he said, slowly; "but I did not know you then, Mrs. Milton."

"Thet's true," she acknowledged; "Joe never let youuns go anighst nobody ceppen the doctor an' thet blasted Henley; an' now it's him thet is a-doin' orl the mischief an' the meanness."

"I know it," Jerry answered; "he talked last night until I put my pistols down on the table."

"I'll bet on youuns," and the old woman chuckled, grimly, "an' I'll bet thet them city men looked sorter onressless; like thar were a brier sommers on the bench."

Jerry laughed a little.

"They did," he said; "but Greg spoke well."

"Greg's a right tastey little chap," Mrs. Milton allowed; "but I reckon hisn's mammy made him go roun' in frocks too long; Greg allers wants sumpen to lean aginst; an' as fur thet Henley," stabbing the bacon fiercely as she took it from the pan, "he's done busted his'n gall-bag young; drat 'im!"

"How will they hurt me, Mrs. Milton?" and Jerry watched to find out what she knew.

"They ain't said yit," shaking her head, "but youuns'll know jest as soon as I knows."

"Thank you, Mrs. Milton," and Jerry drew his chair to the table where the supper had been put.

"It ain't no thanks I wants from youuns, Jerry Wilkerson," and she poured out a great bowl of coffee and put it by his plate. "I jest wants yer to stay har, jest so old Mandy Milton kin grip a han' as b'longs to her, an' hev a hones' cretur to tuck what she hes to leave. I've been a savin' woman, Jerry Wilkerson," pausing with her arms akimbo, and looking down into Jerry's astonished eyes, "an' I've done saved a right smart of money; an' jest you live har so thet I ken know thar's sumpen as is Mandy Milton's, an' when I'm gone, youuns kin hev it orl, sure enough," wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron as Jerry stood beside her with his hand on her shoulder.

Here was a true friendship given to him without any seeking on his part; without any motive behind it save that the old heart that offered it was lonely. After all he would not have to buy trust and truth; it was here, offered to him freely, simply, by this ugly old woman, whose little eyes, deep-bedded in wrinkles, were shining with something like tears; and they were truer than Mrs. Greg's soft brown eyes, he could see that now; and the hand held out to him was hard, and distorted by work, but it was held out to him when he stood on the verge of failure!

There was a strange feeling in his throat, and he could scarcely say the simple "I will, Mrs. Milton," that sealed their compact: then he sat down again, and Mrs. Milton put all the dishes about his plate, talking rapidly the while.

"My boys would a-been jest like youuns, if the measles hedn't tuck 'em off; and when you goes a-trompin' roun', I jest 'llows thet it's my Sammy done growed up, I do," again resorting to the corner of her apron; "an' jest you let these pore creeturs roun' this yer town come a-howlin' 'bout yer," fiercely, "an' Mandy Milton'll make 'em pisen sure thet they's a-stannin' on the wrong end; jest youuns bet on thet!" sitting down vigorously and filling her plate with supper.

"I would not worry about it," Jerry said, quietly; "people always think you are afraid when you explain things, and make excuses; I do not intend to say a word."

Mrs. Milton put down her knife and fork, and pushed up her glasses.

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"Jest so!" she began, sarcastically, nodding her head slowly, "thet's the way the doctor done; jest the way, an' the folks don't know this minute if he wuz a raskil er a angil, they don't," again attacking her supper. "Jest youuns keep yer mouth shet, an' when the folks is done a-cussin an' a-lyin' 'bout yer, then jest fall off a rock an' gie 'em orl yer money, an' they won't care a durn; thet's the way, jest you grip onter thet, an' they'll tuck orl you is got, an' furgit you termorrer. Golly!" taking a long draught of coffee, "I know what you don't, Jerry Wilkerson, thet cussin' is the best thing for mos' folks; cuss 'em tell they're skeered thet you'll shoot 'em, an' they'll clean yer boots alonger their tongues, you bet!"

"Well," and Jerry rose wearily from his place, "they have not ruined me yet, and maybe they will not."

"Mebbe," slowly, "an' mebbe the snow'll not melt, mebbe; but it won't be fur lacker tryin'. Jest you shoot a few, an' knock down the res', an' they'll think thet Jerry Wilkerson's the biggest man in 'Meriky—thar ain't nothin' you've done thet's made youuns look so big as knockin' down Dave Morris."

Jerry laughed again; the weary laugh that comes of despair—that laughs because that is as good as tears or expostulations.

"Good-night," he said, pausing with his hand on the door, "and believe that I am truly thankful to you, Mrs. Milton, for your trust and friendship given me now when the world is turning away from me."

Mrs. Milton scraped the plates violently before casting them into the pan of hot water that stood near.

"Youuns is welcome, Jerry Wilkerson," she answered, tersely; "but don't say nothin' mo' 'bout it—it makes me feel rale puny when I hears sich largin' words, 'cause I ain't got none to jaw back; jest youuns go 'long an' ress, an' git up a little sperret 'ginst the mornin'; don't say nothin' mo'," and Jerry, obeying her, shut the door and went upstairs slowly.

He was weary unto death: no aim nor end that could be claimed by man seemed to him worth the exertion that would be necessary to win it. The reaction from a great effort and a great passion was upon him: he had worked to the utmost of his strength, physical and mental, only to find himself thwarted at every point; only to find himself undermined and on the brink of ruin.

He turned restlessly on the bed where he had thrown himself.

It was impossible that he should fail. If Eureka did grow equally with Durden's, it would help him, not hurt him. And if the people had found out that he had money, that would not harm him, they could not take it away; he was sure of this now, for he had heard Mrs. Milton say that Dan Burk's money had come from the same place as Joe's. Dan Burk would keep quiet, and Mrs. Milton was his friend; beyond this, how could the people have any feeling against him, or harm him because of the money? he had said publicly how he got it. He was sure it was all safe except the stream, and this last fall of snow would make it rise; he could see it now swirling and foaming on its way. And sleep overtook him as he lay there—the dreamless sleep of exhaustion; and the faint daylight creeping in the window showed him white and haggard, with the bands of silver hair on his temples grown broader, and the lines on his face deepened and drawn.

A worn, weary face that even in sleep had an anxious, eager look on it; and all the youth and hope gone from it.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

A GREAT stillness had fallen over the town—a stillness of disappointment and reaction—and out of the stillness there arose a sound like the whispering of the wind as it creeps by in the summer night—inarticulate, intangible, and yet a sound caused; a fact that would have an effect.

There was nothing to take hold of; nothing that could be answered; no points that could be fought for and won; no place where a stand could be made.

Day and night Jerry listened and watched; Mrs. Milton fumed and fretted

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because she could hear nothing, going about among her neighbors more than ever before in her life; condescending even to a conversation with Jim Short, if so be she might gain a little information.

And Greg was uneasy. Paul had been inclined to make a friend of him at first, but after the decided stand Greg had taken at the supper he had been less effusive. He was pleasant and cordial still; regretted the failure of the excursion and the hasty departure of the ladies; invited Mr. Greg to dinner to meet Mr. Henshaw and Mr. Mills, and after dinner read aloud criticisms from the papers on Durden's and Eureka, and on their relative merits as investments; in all of which the danger from the stream was enlarged on to the detriment of Durden's.

"You should write a piece," he said to Mr. Henshaw, "giving your views on the subject."

Mr. Henshaw rubbed his head in a troubled way.

"There is danger in it," he said, in his slow, literal way—"danger I am realizing more and more every day—danger I did not dream of when I wrote my first letter; and perhaps it is my duty to explain the true state of things."

Paul laughed lightly.

"Scarcely your duty to direct the investments of people," he said; "but you should rather build up the credit of Durden's; you must stand up for it."

"And you need not be so anxious about it," Greg added.

Mr. Mills shook his head.

"I should be," he said, gravely.

"Well," said Greg, "I am not, and my father is in very heavily."

Paul's face sobered a little. Would the failure of Durden's influence Isabel Greg's fortune materially, he wondered.

"I should advise him to draw out a little," he suggested, "at least until the danger from the spring snow is over."

"I do not admit the danger," Greg answered, stiffly; and the next day advised Jerry not to let Henshaw write any more public letters about Durden's.

All was very easy and smooth in the way things were going: the lunch-room in Eureka was gaining favor every day; the *Durden's Banner* had constant notices of people who were negotiating for homes in Eureka, and Jerry was in receipt of many letters as to the leasing of the lots left by the doctor.

From his broker Jerry heard that more Durden's stock had been bought in for him, and that there was no fluctuation about it; the excursion had done good, Mr. Glendale thought, except for a dangerous stream which had of late been brought before the public in connection with the mine; this was a little unfortunate, but when the summer came it would be all right again; and he held all stock according to Mr. Wilkerson's orders, ready to sell at a moment's notice; but if he contemplated selling, now was the time to do it; only telegraph the word "sell," and he would understand.

Only one word, and he would be safe out of all this turmoil and worry, and much benefited by the speculation. And why should not he? Everybody knew the danger now as well as he; why should not he withdraw, and so thwart all Paul's schemes by leaving him no one to scheme against?

The thought of the people had no weight with him now, for day by day he could feel them drawing further and further away from him. There was nothing said or done, but there were no hats lifted now as he passed, and there was always a cessation of talk, and a separating of any group he happened to approach; and he felt that he was free from any responsibility for them. There was no reason why he should not withdraw if he wished; while, on the other hand, one dividend declared and his fortune was made—a great fortune such as he had dreamed of, the gold that was to lie about him like chips. And Edith Henley, could not he win her? He remembered how she had crouched behind him that day when he drove her to the station—and the revenge would be so exquisite.

Fail! He could not fail—he would not fail!

And he would make feverish efforts to push the work on, to have this one saving dividend declared; but Mr. Henshaw would not be hurried. And now another conscientious scruple had entered as a factor to retard things: was

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it honest to go on spending money in putting works into a mine that was not safe? Would it not be right to wait until the threatened danger was over?

And to this Jerry uttered a point-blank *No;* but somehow the idea crept out among the people, and along with it another idea that a dividend would double Jerry's already suspicious fortune; and that then he could and would sell out, leaving the rest of the shareholders to scramble out as best they could.

And the men who worked in the mine because they were shareholders were sullen, and worked unwillingly; and there was no money to increase the force of day-laborers; and Mr. Henshaw urged nobody, for he thought the work ought to stop—a stolid, passive resistance that made Jerry's blood boil!

And at the end of the forlorn street, standing where Jerry could see it every evening as he came from his work, was the little building known as the telegraph office; every evening when he was weary and harassed the thought would come to him that one word sent from there would free him from all this anxiety. Anxiety? He had worked too hard, he had borne too much, he had fought too long, he had weathered too many storms, to give up now when success was in such close grasp of his hand—to give up and acknowledge himself beaten!

But the murmur swelled as the work in the mine was retarded, and as the snow melted, and each day the miners were more unwilling.

Jerry said no word of remonstrance, urged no haste; he was so eager to win that he saw too many sides of the problem before him. If he urged them on, they would say it was for his own benefit, and so resist; if he did not urge them, they would say he had money enough to carry him over the delay; if he urged Mr. Henshaw, he would stop to argue on the honesty of the proceeding, and so publish their weakness; if he urged the Company, they would instantly lose confidence in the venture. The tension was dreadful; to stand and watch the work diminish day by day in quantity; to watch the people growing more and more restive; to watch the water that from the dam spread out into a small lake creep up higher and higher; to watch the days that might each one mean a fortune slipping by unheeded: how long could he bear it?

If only they would have the sense to realize their own good, and drive forward now, before the snow melted, the declaration of a dividend.

But he could not tell them this: putting it into words made him realize how it went against all the teachings of his life, all the instincts of his nature. To say, "Work hard while the stream is yet safe, force the declaration of a dividend; then, if the danger increases to peril, sell, and so double your investment." He could not say this; he might do it, but he could not look his fellow-men in the face and say it. If it were to be done, it must be accomplished by a side pressure of some kind; and he said to Dan Burk:

"Mr. Glendale, who bought out the half of every Durden's man's share in the mine, when they were pushed in the winter, is willing to buy the other half if they will sell now before a dividend is declared."

"He wants all the profits," and Dan laughed.

"Of course," quietly, "and they will be great."

Dan shook his head.

"Mebbe, an' mebbe not," slowly; "but I ain't got no capital to hold over no longer, an' he kin have all of mine;" then, with a smile, "I hear thet you're agoin' to sell, yourself."

The color crept up into Jerry's face, and he longed to teach the man a lesson with his fists; but it would not be expedient just now, and he answered, quietly:

"That is a lie, Burk, and you know it."

"Just so," and Burk smoothed his sleek hair as if in deep thought. "Well, it's a lie then; an' Mr. Henley's just done sellin' all of his stock, an' the same Mr. Glendale that wants it so bad," still smoothing his hair, "bought it for you, Mr. Wilkerson," looking up suddenly as if to surprise some tell-tale expression on Jerry's face. Jerry met the look quietly as he answered:

"Your new master teaches you well, Burk, but not well enough; you will outwit yourselves very soon. Tell Mr.

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Henley that there is an old saying 'That a dog that will fetch will carry.'"

"I'll tell him," Burk answered, while his forehead seemed to flatten back with rage, "an' mebbe I don't understand it, an' won't remember it, mebbe. All the same, tell Mr. Glendale he kin have all my shares."

Jerry laughed.

"Very well, when I have occasion to write again I will tell him."

"An' mebbe *when* a dividend is declared, I'll be sorry," Dan said, as Jerry turned away, "mebbe."

Reaching his office Jerry sat down trembling from head to foot; anger was no name for his frame of mind. He had not gained anything by his effort to excite Dan's covetousness in the mention of a dividend, Paul had undermined him too carefully, but he had found out more clearly his own danger, and that it was greater than he thought. And he had found out that Paul had held Durden's stock; of course he had bought it only that he might injure the scheme by selling at a critical moment; and he had sold now!

"I should have killed him long ago," Jerry whispered to himself.

The days crept on; and a sullen, fitful sleet took the place of the snow that had been falling intermittently ever since the excursion. Looking back, and straining his memory, Jerry could not recall any spring like this one; and the only gleam of hope was that it was growing colder.

Mr. Henshaw still hesitated, watching the stream conscientiously, going day after day to stand on the dam—anxious, miserable, ruinously honest!

Longer and longer the days seemed to stretch, until to Jerry they spread into desert-wastes of time. The level sweep of water at the dam was so high that the little film of ice which was gathering along the edges was barely an inch below the top; but this film of ice was a hope!

The silver bands of hair on Jerry's temples grew wider; the lines on his face grew deeper; the light in his eyes grew into a painful brightness that glittered and flickered restlessly.

More of the stock had been bought in in his name; loan after loan had been negotiated for him, that he might buy the shares that now seemed daily on the market; he could not understand it, nor why the people seemed to be returning to their allegiance to him. Hats were lifted now when he passed, and the greetings offered him were more hearty. But Greg grew more and more grave, Mr. Henshaw more and more uncertain, and Mrs. Milton lifted a warning voice:

"Thar's somethin' wrong sommers," she said; "if only youuns'd kill a few, Jerry Wilkerson."

The number of shareholders who worked in the mine steadily decreased. Every day, as Greg called the roll, the answer would come for two or three, "Stopped work;" often Jerry stopped them to put them at other work—often they paid money instead of work—but at last, when he realized that many had never returned to the mine, it struck him that they must be selling out. None of the directors had sold any stock, as far as he could find out from his father and brother, yet it was creeping out in New York that Durden's was selling secretly because unsafe. Something was wrong, and Greg went to see Jerry for the first time in weeks.

"The Durden's people must be selling," he said, abruptly, as he took off his hat and coat.

Jerry looked up quickly.

"That solves the problem," he said; "Glendale could not trace the stock."

"I am sure of it," and Greg walked up and down the room impatiently.

"I was afraid the directors were giving in," Jerry went on.

Greg shook his head.

"Father and Van Dusen have bought more; and I came to-day to tell you," and Greg stopped in his walk, "that father urges the declaration of a dividend even if a point is strained to do it."

"Then they must send me another engineer," Jerry answered; "Henshaw will not be hurried."

Greg took another turn up and down the room.

"I have not been able to say this," Jerry went on, "because I have too much at stake: my urging a dividend would only have convinced the shareholders that the investment was not safe, and it would have been a race to

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see who could sell out first, and the scheme would have collapsed; urging Henshaw and the people would have caused the same distrust; my only plan was to wait."

"It is all true," Greg said, slowly, "but I had not realized it;" then suddenly, "I will say it," and he turned to put on his coat and hat—"I will telegraph this minute," and he left the little office hurriedly.

Jerry listened to his footsteps as they rang on the frozen ground; listened until the sound faded from his hearing, then put his face down in his hands. Was help coming at last? would any response be made to this appeal? were the shareholders anxious enough about the investment to take any steps?

His imagination sprang forward like an unleashed hound. Henshaw would be roused from his lethargy, a dividend would be declared; then—? A shudder as of the parting of soul and body shook him! Then gold would fall into his hands as the stream fell down the mountain side—brimming up—flowing over—slipping through his careless fingers!

And it was growing colder—surely his luck had turned! Ice was lord of water—ice would save him. Colder and colder it grew as the night fell; colder and colder through the long, dragging hours that each one found him waiting and watching; colder and colder; bitter, merciless, intense. The pines up on the mountain-side bent down their sturdy heads under their glittering loads of sleet—the beams of the houses creaked and groaned and jerked; great masses of rock cracked and fell in the silent night, clanging out sharply as with a protest against their fall. The morning dawned, and no sign of life, save smoke from the chimneys, showed the presence of man in the town; and the old people and the children cried because the cold was killing them.

Twenty-four hours passed, then Greg came with a telegram:

"The board has met; unanimous vote on your proposition; much stock in the market. No one selling here.

"Chas. T. Greg."

Jerry read it, then looked up quickly.

"You were right," he said.

"Yes," Greg answered, "the Durden's people are selling; every day as I call the roll one or more shareholders answer, 'Stopped work.' I thought you had them at work elsewhere—or that you knew it; Henshaw knew it."

Jerry walked up and down the room restlessly: the race was becoming breathless: the prize was so near!

"This freeze is a godsend," Greg went on, "it makes all safe as long as it lasts, and the order from the board may be for Henshaw to declare a dividend before the thaw comes; I hope they will make it deucedly strong."

Jerry did not answer—he could not, the issue was too vital to him for any discussion; for him life or death was held fast in this freeze.

A dividend while the freeze lasted would put a hundred men to work to save the mine before a thaw came; if Henshaw hesitated, if a warm wind came, his ruin was inevitable; so he could not discuss it.

"And we must not say a word until Henshaw comes to us," Greg went on; "it must seem as if all the anxiety was with the Eastern shareholders. If Henshaw should find out that the fears originated here, he would be as cautious and stolid as ever, confound him! Mills would have saved us long ago."

"I was too anxious to be honest when I described the engineer I wanted," and Jerry laughed. "Honesty only pays when, as in the copy-books, it is policy."

Greg shook his head.

"I would not say that," he said, in a troubled way; "it does not sound well."

"No," Jerry answered, "it does not *sound* well."

Another night had fallen, black and cold as death: would not the houses, as well as the rocks, fall in this awful coldness? People were found frozen on the roads; wild creatures came down and sought shelter near humanity; wolves had been found in the mines, and in the nights they were heard wandering up and down the streets and crying, seeking shelter against the outsides of warm chimneys.

Cold such as never had been known in Durden's; and the old people and the little children lay down and died.

It was too late in the year for such a freeze to last forever, Mrs. Milton had

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said; and much of it had gone when Mr. Henshaw came up to Jerry's office, where Greg and Jerry watched for him with sickening anxiety. He looked drawn and blue with cold, his long, thin nose looked pinched, and behind his spectacles his mild blue eyes were distressed and watery.

"What shall I do?" he asked, before he had taken off his hat or his clumsy woollen gloves that his "Sue" had knit for him; "a telegram from the directors that a dividend *must* be declared; too much stock on the market."

Jerry's eyes gleamed, but for a moment he could not speak, and Greg took the coarse paper from Mr. Henshaw's hands while he divested himself of his out-door wrappings.

"I had not an idea that it would have such an effect as this," Mr. Henshaw went on, putting his large overshoes carefully aside; "I thought it was right to let the poor who had invested know the danger, and Mr. Henley thought so too; you knew all the danger, Mr. Wilkerson," turning to Jerry, who was looking into the fire steadily, "and you, Mr. Greg; and besides, Mr. Henley said that both of you were well enough off to tide over even a failure," looking anxiously from one to the other, "so he negotiated the sales of the poor people's shares while it was yet time; and he showed me a letter from a broker which said it would not hurt the venture, as Mr. Wilkerson was anxious to buy all the stock he could get, and was rich enough to do it with safety. But," his voice steadying from distress to dignity, "I have not sold my own shares, I have been anxious only about the very poor." Then a silence fell.

To Jerry many things were explained as Mr. Henshaw went on; Paul's hand was in all his trouble, and Paul might succeed yet. The room seemed to spin round him; it was an agonizing moment; he felt he must realize something in order to steady his mind, and he fastened his eyes on Mr. Henshaw's great overshoes that were ribbed up and down the instep, and turned up a little at the toes that looked as if they might often touch each other; and the heels would fit an African!

Jerry smiled a little, the huge black things looked so ugly, and so narrow-minded, and so honest.

Then Greg said sharply, as he took a turn up and down the room:

"I cannot see why you went to Henley for advice."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Greg," and Mr. Henshaw drew himself up more stiffly in his chair; "Mr. Henley came to me with the advice, and came on behalf of the poor, as represented by Daniel Burk. Burk was the first to sell his shares, and said Mr. Wilkerson knew that he was selling."

Jerry shook his head.

"I told Burk only that I was not afraid of the stock," he said; "that selling even then, when I spoke to him, the stock would bring twice as much as he gave for it."

Greg paused in his walk.

"That was unwise," he said; "of course, hearing that they would all want to sell."

"It was that, or a strike which would have ruined us," Jerry answered. "As it is, the crisis has come gradually, and we will soon be safe."

Mr. Henshaw shook his head, as he looked mournfully into the fire.

"If we declare a dividend before a thaw comes," he said, "we will save ourselves but defraud others. I know how many people will be induced to invest in this mine because of this dividend, and how their money will be sunk in the restoration of the mine after the stream has flooded it. I know how all who hold shares now will quadruple the amount they invested, and that many of them will save themselves entirely by selling out the moment the dividend is declared. I know all this, and I know it is not honest—it is not honest!"

"Damnation!" and Greg drove a log into the fire viciously with the heavy heel of his boot.

"It is true, Mr. Greg," Mr. Henshaw went on, "and every hour I live I repent having invested in the mine; if I had not done that, I could have worked with a clear conscience, simply obeying orders; as it is, I am so much interested myself that I am afraid always of forgetting the cause of the poor, and acting for my own good only; and even if we succeed now before the freeze breaks, I

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cannot bear to think of the poor who may invest, expecting immediate returns; and Mr. Henley says he understands how I feel about it, especially now that I am ordered to send a telegram that will authorize a dividend."

"Have you told Henley that?" Greg asked, quickly.

"Yes," mildly; "he was with me when it came, and is such a friend of your family."

Greg stood by the window silent; silence was their only safety now; and into Jerry's mind there came the memory of some words of thanks this simple, honest gentleman had said to him when he had lent him money to invest in the mine: "I thank you, in the name of my wife, and of all my little children," he had said; "you free us from anxiety for the future." He was a simple, honest gentleman, this engineer; and Jerry's face burned as he thought, "Too honest for us."

Then Jerry looked up slowly.

"How much did you invest, Mr. Henshaw?" he asked, his voice falling quietly on the silence.

Mr. Henshaw's face grew more mournful still.

"Two thousand dollars," he answered, as if the world must tremble at the amount; it was so much to him—indeed, it was all to him!

Jerry looked into the fire.

"Will you take six thousand for it?" he asked, "and be free to obey orders?"

"Six thousand!" and Mr. Henshaw took off his spectacles to wipe them, and Greg turned from the window quickly.

"Will you take it?" he said.

Mr. Henshaw looked helpless.

"You must remember," Jerry went on, "that you may be worth three times as much as I offer you, if you hold your shares; but if you would rather be out of it, and free of responsibility, I offer you six for two."

"No, no!" Mr. Henshaw faltered, "it is not that; six is too much; but I cannot bear to let you risk so much."

Jerry laughed.

"Five or ten thousand more can make very little difference to me," he said, "for if I fail, I am ruined."

The words were said so quietly that Mr. Henshaw scarcely took them in, or believed them; Paul had impressed him so thoroughly with the idea of Jerry's wealth, that ruin in connection with him seemed absurd.

"We will say six," Jerry went on, "and you can make the transfer immediately, and telegraph the same to your man of business," putting a chair near the table, and arranging all necessary materials for Mr. Henshaw, "and I will telegraph Glendale to pay cash."

"Yes," and Mr. Henshaw took the seat prepared for him.

"But write your telegram to the Board first, Mr. Henshaw," Greg interrupted, "so that I can send it; they are anxious."

"Yes, yes," and Mr. Henshaw began to write, and Jerry also.

Greg walked up and down the room; he could not be still; the game he had watched so long, and from which he had held aloof, had drawn him into its vortex at last, and had become painful in its excitement. He looked at Jerry in wonder; with all at stake—his money, his reputation, his whole future—he quietly paused to help a poorer man out of the venture, and betrayed by neither word nor sign any feeling against the enemy who was systematically planning his ruin! This crisis was an awful test of a man's strength and firmness, and yet Jerry did not falter: he must succeed—failure would be too cruel!

"You take this down at once, Greg," Jerry said, reading over the despatch Mr. Henshaw had written to the Board, "and telegraph your father to send the news back instantly to the *Banner*," and Greg saw a little shiver run over Jerry as he held out the paper.

"I will," he answered, and went away quickly: his pity, his impatience, and his admiration were too great, he could not bear to watch Jerry now, and hated himself because that once he had turned away from this man.

"And now for the transfer of your shares, Mr. Henshaw," and Jerry turned to the table again.

Presently it was all done, and Mr. Henshaw stood looking into the fire.

"You have put me under great obligations, Mr. Wilkerson," he said at last, "and I cannot do anything that will ever show you how deeply I feel your action in this matter, and how much I

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appreciate your generosity;" then more slowly, "and I cannot see what I have done to deserve this kindness."

"Do not speak of it," Jerry answered, quickly; "it is no risk for me, and as I persuaded you into the speculation, I could not do less than help you out when it became obnoxious to you."

"It was not in order to persuade me to send the telegram demanded, for I should have had to do that in any case," Mr. Henshaw went on, in a preoccupied way, as if hunting for Jerry's motive. "I can see no motive except to relieve my conscientious scruples; I shall never forget it, sir," and Mr. Henshaw wiped his spectacles again—"*never* forget it: will you shake hands, Mr. Wilkerson?" and he wrung Jerry's hand; then putting on his careful wrappings he went his way, wondering why Jerry's hands were so cold—cold and clammy as death!

(To be concluded in May.)

THE RELIEF OF CAPTAIN NELSON.

By A. J. Mounteney Jephson.

BEFORE continuing my story,* I would like to speak about the life and customs of these Manyema slave raiders, and in order that I may make the history of the slave trade in western Central Africa clear, I must take my readers back to the time when the then reigning Sultan of Muscat conquered Zanzibar and made Said Said, his son, Sultan of the island and of a long strip of country on the east coast.

When Said Said began to reign, the island of Zanzibar became overrun by an influx of Arabs from Muscat; some cultivated the land and lived as merchants. They did an enormous trade in palm-oil and cloves, which they grew on Pemba, a good-sized island to the north of Zanzibar; others occupied themselves by hunting for ivory and slaves. On the mainland, opposite Zanzibar, they built a town called Bagamoyo, which was a kind of depot for all the trade from the interior. This trade consisted chiefly in ivory and slaves, and Zanzibar soon became the greatest slave market in the world. The Arabs pushed their way farther and farther into the interior, until they had reached a country called Unyamwezi. Here they built a large settlement called Tabora, which grew to be the great up-country depôt for all merchandise coming from eastern Central Africa. Trade, however, developed so rapidly toward the West that before long another settlement, called Ujiji, sprang up on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganika, and this tapped all the trade of western Central Africa. The Arabs heard stories from the natives of Ujiji of a great river to the west, with beautiful countries on its banks, where food in the shape of corn, goats, and cattle existed in abundance; where the people were rich and badly armed, and where ivory was as the grass of the plains, so common and plentiful was it. Fired by these exaggerated stories, the Arabs in haste sent their caravans across Lake Tanganika into the mysterious West, and pushed on until they had reached the great river Lualaba, which is the Congo. Here they heard from the natives of bloodthirsty cannibals to the west, who lived in caves by the banks of the river; of spiteful, cunning, vicious dwarfs who jealously guarded their huge stores of ivory in their homes in the dark aisles of a great forest, which stretched far, far away to the setting sun, many months' journey; some said, in its dark shades were the homes of fierce men of gigantic stature, who used huge bows and spears, and trained savage dogs to tear out the vitals of their enemies in battle. Others said the great forest extended to the uttermost end of the earth, where a

* See "Our March with a Starving Column" by the same author in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March.

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great serpent lay motionless and coiled around the world. Undismayed, however, by these reports, the Arabs, in their feverish thirst for ivory, forced their way on down the river, until they reached a rich country called Manyema. Here they built a town called Kasongo, and this is now the stronghold of the slave raiders, who roam over the great forest of Central Africa, and devastate and depopulate vast tracts of country in search of ivory or slaves. From Kasongo there is now a regular trade route which leads east, many days' journey, to Lake Tanganika; it passes through Ujiji and Tabora and reaches the coast at Bagamoyo, which is six hours' steaming from Zanzibar. It takes the Arab caravans which leave Kasongo nine months' marching to reach the coast.

The Arabs, then, nearly twenty years ago, reached Manyema, where they settled down and built strong stations and intrenched villages. They sent parties of their slaves round upon raiding expeditions; they stirred up one native chief against the other, and profited by the quarrels which they fomented. Numbers of native warriors were shot down in these raids, and the women and children were taken prisoners. The women became the wives and concubines of the Arabs, and their slaves; the children were brought up in the Arab camps and learned to talk Ki-swahili, which is the language of Zanzibar. Ki-swahili will, I think, eventually become the language spoken throughout the whole of Central Africa, and the numerous native dialects will gradually die out and be forgotten. These Manyema boys, who are brought up as servants in the Arab camps, after some time gain a slight veneer of semi-civilization; they give up their cannibal habits, adopt the dress and customs of the Arabs, and profess to become Mohammedans, giving themselves airs of great superiority.

But this thin veneer of civilization cannot eradicate the cruelty from their savage natures. The Arabs arm them with guns and send them out in large bodies, under the leadership of some chief slave, to search for ivory; and numberless companies of these Manyema bandits now roam over the whole of Central Africa in this cruel search for slaves and ivory.

Human nature is much the same all the world over. In civilization we know that no one is so despotic to the lower classes as a man who has risen to power from those very classes; no one so conservative in things which affect himself as a radical in power; no landlord so hard upon his tenant as a landlord who is a tenant himself. Thus in Africa, no master is so cruel to his slave as a man who has been a slave himself. And so these semi-barbarous slaves of the Arabs are terrible in their wanton cruelty to those whom they have in their power. The Arabs themselves, God knows, are cruel enough, but the ingenuity with which their Manyema slaves torture and destroy poor helpless natives, to whom they are only superior in that they have guns, is absolutely diabolical.

Far more cruelty is practised and lives lost in the search for ivory than are ever lost in making slaves, and even at this distance of time I can hardly think of the evidence of their cruel work which we saw in the forest without my blood boiling in my veins.

Parties of sixty or seventy Manyema slaves are sent out armed with guns; these creep up and surround a village in the night, and just before morning dawns they fire a volley into the village. The panic-stricken natives rush out, abandoning everything in their flight, while the Manyema dash in and loot the village. A certain number of men are shot down in the first rush; the women and children are captured and carried off by the slave raiders. After looting the village the Manyema settle down there for a few days, until all the goats, chickens, etc., are eaten. In some cases a few of the women and children are given back to the surviving natives, who come timidly in to treat with the marauders for their ransom with such tusks of ivory as they may have hidden in the forest. The Manyema then leave the village, only to return again and carry on the same tactics when they think the unfortunate natives have again collected a sufficiently large stock of ivory to make it worth their while.

Mr. Stanley has said that we may consider every tusk of ivory brought to

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the coast means the death of a whole family of natives. Five tusks mean the destruction of a village, and ten the destruction of a whole district. This is no exaggeration.

In the forest we came upon whole tribes and districts ruined and devastated; there was hardly a native hut left standing in the districts through which the Manyema had left their baleful trail. The natives in terror had fled to the woods, where they picked up a living upon roots, insects, etc. As soon as the natives in their mad fear had left the neighborhood of the villages, the troops and herds of elephants, which abound in the forest, come in at night and trample down the defenceless fields. It is surprising what a large tract of banana plantations a herd of elephants will trample down and destroy in one night. For three whole months we had been marching through a district devastated by these bloodthirsty Manyema slave raiders, and it was now that we struck upon Kilonga-longa's camp at Ipoto.

Khamis, his chief, told us that Kilonga-longa was then at another station on the river Lenda, over which we had crossed at its confluence with the Aruwimi, many days back in the forest.

The Manyema camp at Ipoto was filthy in the extreme and very unhealthy. There were absolutely no sanitary arrangements whatever; the people were all herded together like animals, and the smell of the garbage, decaying vegetable matter, etc., which was lying about close to the huts in great heaps, was at times perfectly sickening. Three-quarters of the people in the Manyema camp were little more than savages, having been captured and made slaves by the Manyema at a comparatively recent date. The country all round had been raided and devasted by the Manyema, and there was not a native village to be seen anywhere within miles of the settlement. Khamis told us that within a radius of six days' march from Ipoto there was no food to be got, the whole country had been raided by his people, and the natives had retired to the woods. Raiding parties were still constantly sent out and the devastated circle was becoming larger and larger month by month. So much country had been laid waste that he intended soon to despatch a strong party of men under one of his chiefs to form a new station in a country to the east which had not yet been touched. This party, after establishing itself securely, would send out fresh raiding parties all round, until the country, like that round Ipoto, had been completely drained of ivory, women, goats, chickens, etc., and the ivory raiders would then move off again to fresh fields and pastures new.

And so this cruel work now goes on day after day in the heart of the great forest of Africa, until the whole land is drenched with blood, and this fair country is fast being turned into a wilderness where the inhabitants live in fear of their lives. The dusky warrior watches anxiously, spear in hand, at the entrance of his village for any signs of the approach of the dreaded Wa-tomba-tomba. The mother nervously clasps her baby as she lies down at night to sleep, knowing that at any moment she may hear the sound of the slave raiders' guns, and be forced to fly with her little one into the dark recesses of the woods. It is a picture which makes one pause to consider why this cruel work should go on. Why should not all civilized people band together and say, "We will not permit this foul wrong to be done?" The first question which arises is, given the wish of all civilized people to go hand in hand to prevent it, what can be done to stop it? how are they to act? The answer to that is easily given. This ivory raiding is only made possible because the Arabs possess powder and guns; were the Manyema only armed as the natives are, with spears or bows, they would never dare to go on raiding expeditions, for the natives could hold their own against them. Let the traffic in gunpowder be stopped, and the slave raiding would quickly collapse. Let all Europeans who have territory in Africa see that no powder finds its way to the Arabs. I know it is a hard thing to do, for if the ordinary trade routes along which powder finds its way into the interior were stopped to-morrow, no doubt a hundred new channels would open the next day. There is no use in two or three nations stopping it;

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all must band together in solemn good faith, if any good is to be done.

In this scramble for Africa, where France, England, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, and Holland are all taking over great tracts of country, the natives themselves seem to be the last to be thought of. As I have said once before, when I see this scramble for Africa going on, the French saying, "Quand on veut dessécher un marais on ne consulte pas les grenouilles," always recurs to my mind. We hear of the wonderful capabilities for trade, etc., which exist in these magnificent countries; we hear about its being an outlet for the surplus population of Europe; we hear of one nation quarrelling about its "rights" with another nation; but do we ever hear anything about the rights of the natives, who are the lawful possessors of the soil? Surely, if we take their country we at least have some duties toward them in return; and it seems to me that the first duty we have toward them is to protect them from that baleful private enterprise of "Christian Traders," who have already brought a blight on the west coast by the liquor traffic, and now are in a fair way to depopulate the heart of Africa by their accursed traffic in guns and powder. It can only be stopped by a combined, patient, and vigilant action of all the Powers possessing territory in Africa. A solemn, earnest determination that the unfortunate Pagans shall no longer be sacrificed to the enterprise of "Christians."

I am not one of those who believe that philanthropy alone will ever accomplish this; people would soon tire of giving large sums of money, and the feeling of interest would quickly languish. Any scheme, to be a success, must be self-supporting and paying, and fair trade must go hand in hand with philanthropy, if anything of value is to be accomplished. The two things are not incompatible, and I often think missionaries would gain more converts if they *traded honestly* as well as preached. How is it that Mohammedanism has spread so rapidly in Africa? I refuse to believe it is because Islam is a lower religion than Christianity, and permits of more license; but I firmly believe it is because every Mohammedan trader is also a teacher, and carries his Koran with him. Natives are like children: they must first be approached and taught by things they are accustomed to. They understand a just system of exchange, which is, after all, nothing but fair trade. Begin with this first, if you like, and you will find they will take to the religious side quite easily when once you have gained their confidence. I was much struck, I regret to say, in Africa, by the inferiority of the Protestant mission stations to those of the Roman Catholics. The Protestant missionaries, as a rule, did not seem to have as many converts or friends as the Roman Catholic missionaries had, and I attribute it partly to this cause.

The first thing a Roman Catholic missionary does in Central Africa, after building his house, is to clear the ground, plant beautiful gardens, and cultivate fields. The natives understand this, and there is at once a common interest between them, and a friendly footing is established. The natives gain confidence, and the missionaries are then able to speak to them on the subject nearest their hearts. The Protestant missions I have seen, with the exception of three or four, have scarcely any really fine gardens or fields. Is it not the same as teaching children in a Kindergarten? When their lessons are about the common objects they know, how infinitely more interesting they find them, and how much less of a task?

I remember Miss Thackeray, the gentle, earnest director of the Universities' Mission in Zanzibar, telling me about the slaves she had sent to her by the officers of the British Navy who had captured Arab slave-dhows and released the slaves. She told me when they first came to her they were like frightened animals, and how she used to take them out alone into the beautiful gardens and fields round the Mission Station of Simba-m'bweni, and show them the growing corn, the flowers, squirrels, and birds, and all common objects they were accustomed to. They were at once quieted and soothed, and gradually gained confidence.

She told me how she had once asked a little slave-girl, who appeared to be greatly terrified when she was first given

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over into her care, what made her so frightened. The dusky little maid answered, "Oh, lady, I thought when you took me you were going to kill me and eat me." "But why?" asked Miss Thackeray. "Because, lady, your face was so white and your nose so long." "And what made you trust me first?" asked Miss Thackeray. The little maid answered, unhesitatingly, "Because you showed me the trees and birds and cornfields, and I saw you were like us and cared for such things."

And this makes me think it is the want of *sympathy* between Europeans and Negroes which causes the two to stand so far apart; once have a common sympathy, and everything else will follow.

And so I say, let *fair trade* and mission work go hand in hand together; just exchange will be the common sympathy, and religion will follow naturally.

It was on October 18th that we entered Ipoto, the Arab settlement in charge of Khamis, the Manyema chief; we had taken twelve days to reach it, having left Nelson's starvation camp on October 6th.

On our arrival the Manyema appeared sympathetic and friendly. Khamis sent us two goats as a present and a basket of Indian corn, which being divided gave us twenty-seven heads of corn each. He also gave Stanley a good-sized hut and a smaller one was given to Stairs, Parke, and myself. The huts were wretchedly made of leaves and rough boards, the floors were of mud and very uneven; the roof low, and the whole hut was very dirty and full of vermin. But to the latter we had long been accustomed and our clothes were infested with them.

The amount of corn given to our men was scanty, four heads of corn apiece was given out to them until Mr. Stanley could make arrangements with Khamis for buying food. There was great difficulty about this, for some weeks before a canoe containing all our money in the shape of cloth, beads, brass wire, etc., had been upset in the river, which was so rapid that we had been unable to recover any of our bales; all our large supplies were behind at Yambuya, in charge of Major Barttelot.

Meanwhile Mr. Stanley did all he could to obtain food for the starving people from the Manyema. He gave them handsome presents of various sorts; a gold watch and chain, a revolver, a blanket or two and such things, in order to gain their good-will and enable him to make terms with them for feeding the men. He also tried to persuade Khamis to lend him a band of men to carry relief to Nelson. Khamis promised he should have the men directly he could spare them, which would be in two days, when he expected one of his raiding parties to return. With this promise he had to be contented. In the afternoon the Manyema brought beans and Indian corn with a few chickens and bananas to sell; after their first small present had been given they told us they would give us nothing more, but we must pay for everything.

We ransacked our boxes and turned everything out to see if there was anything which would strike their fancy, and we were soon in the humiliating position of trying, like shopmen, to lay out our goods so that they would show to the best advantage. Such poor clothes as we had we turned out. What a rag fair it was! Stairs would be trying to tempt some fat, well-fed Manyema slave to exchange a few heads of corn for a scarlet cummerbund (waist-belt), the brightness of which he thought might attract the fancy of his wife. I, hiding the holes as well as I could, would be trying to get some sort of a bid for a tattered jersey, or an old flannel shirt without any sleeves; while Parke, dear soul, with an insinuating smile which would have charmed a bird off a twig, was trying to persuade a woman to give him a small basket of beans in exchange for an old tattered pair of duck trousers, which he said he was sure would fit her husband beautifully. He was holding them up and artfully trying to hide from her the fact that they were patched in the seat with a piece of an old blue and white checked coverlet! But it was of no use, for the sharp eyes of the Manyema spied out the holes and rents, and we had to lower our prices in the most heart-rending manner!

For a whole week I remember Parke tried to get rid of those old trousers, he

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used to send Muftah, his boy, out with them regularly three or four times a day to take them round the village and see if he could not get a purchaser. After a day or two the appearance of Muftah and the trousers used to be the signal for roars of laughter from the Manyema, but at length they got tired of them and used to shut their doors indignantly in Muftah's face when they saw him coming. Muftah himself at last became sick of them, and disposed of them to a slave for two heads of Indian corn and a handful of beans, and received a severe reprimand from Parke for disposing of so valuable an article of clothing for such a contemptible price.

Ah, well! it was a good thing that even in those days we could sometimes laugh.

The best price we ever got for anything was for four empty brandy bottles, which Stairs, who had a mania for storing up rubbish, had fortunately saved. For the first bottle we had asked the modest sum of ten heads of corn; this was immediately paid, and several people came to try and buy a bottle. Seeing how much bottles were in request, we at once raised our prices, and invented a sliding scale, and for the fourth bottle got the wonderful price of thirty head of corn and a basket of beans. It was surprising that bottles should have fetched such high prices, for Parke, for his mess uniform coat and waistcoat was able to get a few bananas only. It was purchased by a big, fat Manyema chief, who was rather struck with the red cloth and brass buttons. We used to see him proudly parading the camp in the short jacket. He could only just button it across his chest; the peak behind about reached to the small of his back, and the bottom of the waistcoat ended too soon, so that there was a broad roll of tight black skin very much *en evidence* between the bottom of the waistcoat and the top of his loin-cloth. However, he used to think himself a great swell, and was the admiration of all the women.

Among things which sold wonderfully well were needles. Before leaving for Africa a lady had presented me with an enormous housewife which contained several hundreds of needles. The Manyema women came in numbers to buy these, and these needles alone kept me in food for four days. Scissors, knives, looking-glasses, mosquito nets, and anything which took their fancy went in those days to feed ourselves and our servants, until we were stripped bare of almost all that we had. Ah! the humiliation of it all, to see the fat, sleek Manyema slaves looking scornfully at the poor little rags we were offering for sale, as they passed some rude jest among their fellows which provoked a laugh at our poverty-stricken kits. Hunger and Central Africa are great levellers of pride and caste.

Mr. Stanley, too, had great difficulty in getting any corn for the men. The Manyema chiefs proved so obdurate to our appeals to them for food to feed the men that our Zanzibaris began stealing corn from the fields, and at last, driven to madness by hunger, took to selling their rifles and ammunition to the Manyema. This was just what the Manyema had been aiming at; they had almost from the first determined to starve the men into selling them their rifles. The loss of our rifles meant death to the whole caravan, but still, in spite of punishments and warnings, the men continued to get rid of their rifles secretly to the Manyema, until it seemed that the expedition was on the verge of destruction. At length, a man was caught in the act of selling his rifle, and he was tried by court-martial and hanged. This had the effect of stopping the wholesale loss of guns, but men who are starving have no reasoning powers, and we were obliged to take the guns away from all our men, and store them in our hut.

For some days after our arrival at Ipoto we had heard no news of the chiefs we had sent ahead seventeen days before, but at last, on the twenty-second day after they had left us, they reached us, accompanied by the faithful Uledi. They were all fearfully pulled down and greatly changed. Alsasi, the Lion's son, who was formerly a laughing, jolly little fellow, was like a different man, and though we eventually brought him out with us to Zanzibar he did not recover his spirits, and was never the same again.

It appeared they had wandered along

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the south bank of the Aruwimi, and had existed upon toadstools only, till, finding no trace of the Arabs, they had turned back and had encountered the boat's crew, who were bringing the boat up the river over the rapids. Uledi had taken them on board, landed them on the north side, and had escorted them up to the Manyema camp.

One day we heard a great firing of guns and thought it was the raiding party we were anxiously waiting for who were arriving, but it turned out to be a native chief who some Manyema were escorting into the camp. He was the chief of a country near by, and for seven months had been fighting the Arabs, but he had now come in to try and make terms with them, bringing Khamis a present of two magnificent tusks of ivory. I went round to see him after he had arrived, for I had never yet seen a bush native on a friendly footing. I found the old chief (Sultan he called himself) sitting, smoking a long pipe, on an antelope's skin on the veranda of Khamis's house.

He was the most repulsive-looking old object I ever saw. He was dressed in a spotted deer-skin and had a battered iron crown on his head. He had absolutely no nose and his eyes were bleared and shifty-looking; he spoke in a wheezy voice, saying a few mumbling words and then stopping to suck at his pipe or spit copiously upon the ground. His followers, who were seated round him, were rather fine-looking men, they all had their faces tattooed, and examined me and my clothes in astonishment, for I was the first white man they had ever seen. It is curious that a crown should be one of the insignia of royalty even in the middle of the forest of Central Africa, where no breath of civilization has ever penetrated. We had come frequently upon these beaten-iron crowns in the native huts, and had always been told by the natives that they belonged to the chief of the village or country.

The next day the long-looked-for raiding-party arrived, and Khamis said he could give Mr. Stanley some men the next day to carry relief to Nelson.

That night Mr. Stanley sent for me and told me I was to return with a certain number of my men, and such Manyema as Khamis would give me, and march back to Nelson's relief as fast as I could. He told me that the day after I started he intended to start on toward the lake, taking Stairs with him. Parke was to be left in the Manyema camp to look after the sick. After bringing Nelson up to the Manyema camp I was to hurry on after Mr. Stanley with such men as I had with me, and try to reach him before he gained the open country. I had known for some days that I was to be sent on this mission, and had carefully got together a small supply of flour, as there was no food of any sort to be got in the wilderness through which I must pass on my way to Nelson's camp.

The following is Mr. Stanley's letter of instructions which he handed to me before starting.

"ARAB CAMP,
October 24, 1887.

"DEAR MR. JEPHSON: I present you with a few memoranda as a reminder of what you have been so good as to promise to perform.

"1st. You will take ten men, inclusive of Rajab-bin-Jumah, and accompany the Manyema party to the relief of Captain Nelson and his party at the camp on the south bank of the Ituri River, near its junction with the Ihuru River.

"2d. The route to be taken is from here down to the boat, which will transport you and your party across the Ituri River.

"3d. You will then turn down river along the south bank until you strike our road, which by its markings and cuttings you will easily distinguish.

"4th. On arrival at the little river, crossed by a big log, where our runaways left us, I hope you will be able to search for some traces of the box of Emin Pasha's boots. If you meet with any of the deserters bind them sure and fast.

"5th. It is impossible to surmise what may have befallen Nelson's party. Many may have deserted, many may have died. On the other hand, they may have been more fortunate than we and found food. Murabo has cheered me greatly by saying that he directed Umari where to find food. If so, well, and yet I fear. On arrival take down the

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names of all alive at the camp. Check off those able to follow you back to this camp. Those unable to follow must struggle the best way they can. The relief party by no means will wait, nor can any help be obtained for love or money for their carriage here. Even if Nelson is unable to follow, I fear that unless you can bribe the Zanzibaris to carry him, both you and he will find it difficult to reach this place.

"6th. On arrival at Nelson's you must exercise your best discretion as to what we can do without, and what is indispensable. From Nelson's list I pick out the following as indispensable to us:

Remington boxes	45
Maxim gun	3
Nelson's personal effects	3
Rifles, 30, loads	6
Maxim effects	1
Brass-rod boxes	5
Boat boxes, say	2
(Here, take what is necessary. If you have fifty bolts and washers more than what the boat has in now I think you have enough.)	
Sounding line	1
Hoes and axes	2
Bag of flags	1
	69

"Bottom boards, extra rowlocks, plates, etc., reject if you cannot carry. I trust to you to do your best. The relief party will march quickly, and I give eleven days for your going and returning. After all have been landed on this side at the landing-place, you can then, unless there are strong reasons for waiting a little, take the boat to pieces and carry section by section up to the Arab village, leaving it with Nelson and Parke. Take the spanners with you, cold chisel, hammer, auger, or chisel you may have. Then collect every man the doctor declares *really* fit for travel. I fancy you will have thirty. Boat's crew, ten men, your own party ten, and two boys, Umari and some seven or eight of his men, and perhaps four or five of the party left here by me convalescent and recovered, such as M'gongeni, Uledi Nakhoda, Baraka, etc. Then get some of them here to show the road out of the village which we took as far as the forest—our traces will then be clear enough for your following us.

"Take the five loads of brass rods, and for prudence sake take two boxes of ammunition. One load between two men for rapid marching, that you may overhaul us before we get too far. There is no likelihood we shall stop anywhere until we get well out of this famine-stricken district. You don't want to take a tent with you, except a tarpauling when you come after us.

"*And for God's sake* don't forget to bring the bag of flags with you, for its absence may be fatal to some of us, inasmuch as we may be shot at without a flag (in Emin's province), as through Williams's folly it was left behind.

"Yours faithfully

"HENRY M. STANLEY.

"To A. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, ESQ.

"P. S.—Select the best *axes* on arrival here and bring them on with you, as well as *hoes*.

"H. M. S."

On October the 26th I started off to relieve Nelson. Mr. Stanley gave me a small supply of flour and two chickens for Nelson, it was all he could manage to scrape together, but fortunately I had managed to collect a fair amount of corn, which with care I might make last twelve days, especially if I eked out this scanty supply with such roots or toadstools as I might be able to pick up on the way. On parting, Mr. Stanley gave me a few more words of instruction and warned me to be very careful how I treated the men until I had relieved Nelson and passed the Manyema camp; after that he told me I was to hurry them up as much as I could, for if once he got out into the open country before I caught him up, I should not be able to follow him. He told me what I was to do if by chance I should arrive too late and find that Nelson had perished. He seemed greatly affected at the possibility of such a thing. He wished me good luck and I started off, clenching my teeth with the feeling I had a hard task before me, though it was a mission I was glad to be sent on.

It was 1.30 before we got clear of the Manyema camp. On reaching the river I found Uledi and the boat's crew waiting to ferry us over to the other side

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of the river, and by 5 o'clock the whole party, seventy in all, was transported; we camped for the night and I gave out thirty rounds of ammunition to each man. I rigged up a tent out of a tarpauling and put the bag of food I was carrying to Nelson under my pillow, for the men were still in such a hungry state that it was unsafe to trust it out of my sight.

Next morning I was up before dawn and got the men off as soon as it was light enough to see the path; I took my place in the rear, closely following the man who was carrying our food. There had been heavy rain in the night, and the track was in a very bad condition for travelling; there were numerous rivers to cross, which I just waded through, as I did not care to ask the men in their weakened state to carry me across; they needed all their strength for rapid marching. At noon we reached the camp where we had crossed over to the north side of the river, when, two weeks before, we were trying to find our way to the Arabs. The arrow-marks on the trees were still quite fresh and plain, pointing the way across the river; but Mr. Stanley's instructions to Khamis Parry, which were written in ink on a blazed tree, were hardly legible now from rain and exposure. Soon after this a terrific thunderstorm came on, which made the road still worse, and we constantly sank up to our knees in the thick mud in which the elephants or hippopotami had been wallowing. My boots, which were worn out and had nearly parted with their soles, were constantly pulled off my feet, and I had every now and then to stop and hunt for them in the mud. We reached one of our old camps at 4.20 o'clock, and I found, to my annoyance, that the Manyema had crept into the little huts which were still standing and refused to go on. It was of no use attempting to move them, and as the thunderstorm was raging harder than ever I reluctantly got my tarpauling rigged up for the night, having done three and one-half of our former marches in the day. My boy was just able to kindle a small handful of fire in my tent, with a little dry firewood, which he found in one of the old huts. He made a plateful of porridge, which we shared together in the smoky atmosphere of my tent. There we sat in the dark, in cheerless dampness, while the storm raged around us. The dazzling lightning flashed vividly among the trees, the thunder rolled and shook the earth, and the hurricane lashed and ground the tree-tops furiously. Giant trees crashed around us, the whole mighty forest groaned and wailed as if possessed by demons, while the rain fell in torrents and soon turned the camp into a swamp. It was at such times that one most realized the full horrors of our forest march. For then sad thoughts would rise up in my mind as I sat brooding there over the hard deaths of our faithful men; of the expedition split up and divided into four separate parts; of Mr. Stanley marching on toward the plain, every day farther and farther from me; and then, above all, the one absorbing thought which filled my mind, "Is Nelson alive, or shall I be too late?" It was then one asked one's self, "How long is this to last? Shall we ever again see light and home?"

At such times in life a man feels he would give anything if he could again possess the simple, unquestioning faith of his childhood. I am not much given to psalm-singing or quoting poetry, but I remember that night, as I sat in my tent, unable to sleep from anxiety and care, an old hymn which I must have learnt in the nursery kept recurring to my mind, and carried with it a certain amount of comfort.

However, this feeling soon passes. I was up early to get the people started at daylight, and the broodings of last night were soon forgotten in work. It is wonderful how responsibility steadies one, and the feeling that for the time being everything depends on one's self prevents one from ever giving in; it is only when one feels that one is useless, or there is a lull in the work, that gloomy feelings creep in to worry and depress one. Well, we got off by daylight, and I hoped to do a long day's march, and, if possible, to reach Nelson's camp that day, even if we had to travel in the dark. But, as is so often the case in Africa, I was disappointed. In my journal, under the date of October 27th, I read the following words:

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"The Manyema promised to go far to-day, but at a place near where I had before returned to mend the boat, when I was nearly dropping from hunger, they all stopped, saying they were hungry and must go and look for fungus and climb the trees in search of fruit; the consequence was, I pushed on with my own men, leaving them to follow. When I got to the place where our deserters had left us with their loads, I searched all around to see if I could find any traces of Emin Pasha's boots, or anything else they might have thrown away from their loads, which they had probably opened to see what they contained. After searching for some time and finding no traces of the loads, we started on and reached our camp, opposite the island where Feruzi Ali had received his death-wound, at about one o'clock, the Manyema coming in about half an hour after. They brought with them some fungus and a little fruit, and asked me to allow them to halt an hour to enable them to rest and cook it. I, too, had gathered a little fungus, which I found by the path; so we halted and had it cooked. I was so hoping to get to Nelson to-day, and now we cannot possibly reach him till to-morrow morning. The old camp looked very dismal indeed. We had spent three miserable days of hunger and uncertainty there, with the men lying in their shelters at night groaning all round us. I never expected to see it again. This going over the scenes of our sufferings, when the remembrance of them is so vivid in our minds, is very depressing, the more so to me that I feel we are going on a mission which may turn out to have a very sad ending, for we know not what may have happened to Nelson, and we are not safely through our prospects of starvation yet. At this rate I shall never catch up with Mr. Stanley. I had my food cooked just where Stairs, Parke, and I had had our food cooked before, and had talked so dismally over the fire, on the night of my birthday, October 8th, which was about the most miserable one I've ever spent. We had talked of the poor chance Nelson had of being relieved yet awhile, yet we none of us expected his relief would be so long in coming. As I march along I make all sorts of conjectures as to whether I shall find Nelson alive; I should like to march from morning till night to solve the question quickly, but I dare not press my men, in their weakened condition and with their scanty diet, to do too much."

"One day we heard a great firing of guns."—Page 506.

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That night I camped at dark only four and a half hours' march from Nelson's camp; I find that day's march fairly clearly described in my journal, as follows:

"October 28th.—Almost before it was light I started the people off, but in my feverish anxiety to reach Nelson's camp I hurried on with one man only, and soon got far beyond my people, whom I told to follow me as quickly as they could.

"How vivid every incident of that miserable march appeared as I passed place after place where we had had such difficulty in urging forward our starving people who were carrying the boat. Here was the stream which had taken us so much time and trouble to get the boat sections across, and there was the bank with the fallen tree up which we had had to drag the loads and cut our way through the bush. Here, on the road, we passed three skeletons; they have happened at Nelson's camp. The bodies were eaten clean by the red ants which abounded in the forest, and I could only recognize who the men were by such poor cloths as still remained folded round the waists of the skeletons; we had passed several farther back on the road. They were grim reminders of the days of starvation when we were wandering on hopelessly in search of food, and until I saw these proofs of our hunger I hardly realized how bad had been our case, and how narrowly had the whole caravan escaped annihilation. The man Borafia, who was with me, was one of the very men who had helped to carry the boat, and at several bad places he said, 'Look, master, do you remember the trouble we had here?' or 'See, B'wana Bubarika, this is the place where Ferhani fell under his load and we carried him into camp.' All was passed by rapidly today as I marched quickly along through

The women of the forest march in a stooping posture.—Page 513.

were probably some of the men we had left in Nelson's camp, who tried to follow us but had fallen by the wayside from hunger and exhaustion It gave one a fresh feelng of horror at what might bushes and streams, regardless of anything, so that my patched old clothes were soon split and torn and my knickerbockers hung in tatters from my knees. I picked up any fungus or fruit

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which I saw growing near the path, until I had my hat and handkerchief full of toadstools, for I knew well that every soon got to camp. As I entered it not a sound was to be heard but the groans of two men dying in a hut close by; the

"Here, on the road, we passed three skeletons."—Page 510.

atom of food I could get would be wanted by Nelson and the starving people. As I neared Nelson's camp my anxiety to know his fate became intense, and with labored breath I hurried on faster and faster, with a feeling in my throat that was almost physical pain.

"When we were within about half a mile of the camp we suddenly came on a half-starved man wearily searching for tree beans or fungus; it was Abdullah, one of the sick men whom we had left with Nelson. For the first few moments he regarded us with a kind of dazed surprise. Eagerly we plied him with questions, and learned that Nelson was alive but almost done for, and was in the last straits of hunger. Without waiting to hear more I pushed on and whole place looked melancholy and deserted.

"I came slowly round the tent and found Nelson quietly sitting there. He started up with an exclamation of astonishment, and we clasped hands."

. . . . . .

Thus, twenty-two days after we had left him, I found him still at his post. Mr. Stanley has compared him to the Roman soldier found standing at his post after the destruction of Pompeii. I immediately had one of the two chickens I had with me put down to the fire, and some porridge was soon simmering in the pot. After seeing the food being got ready, I returned to Nelson's tent to hear his experiences during the twenty-two days he had been left,

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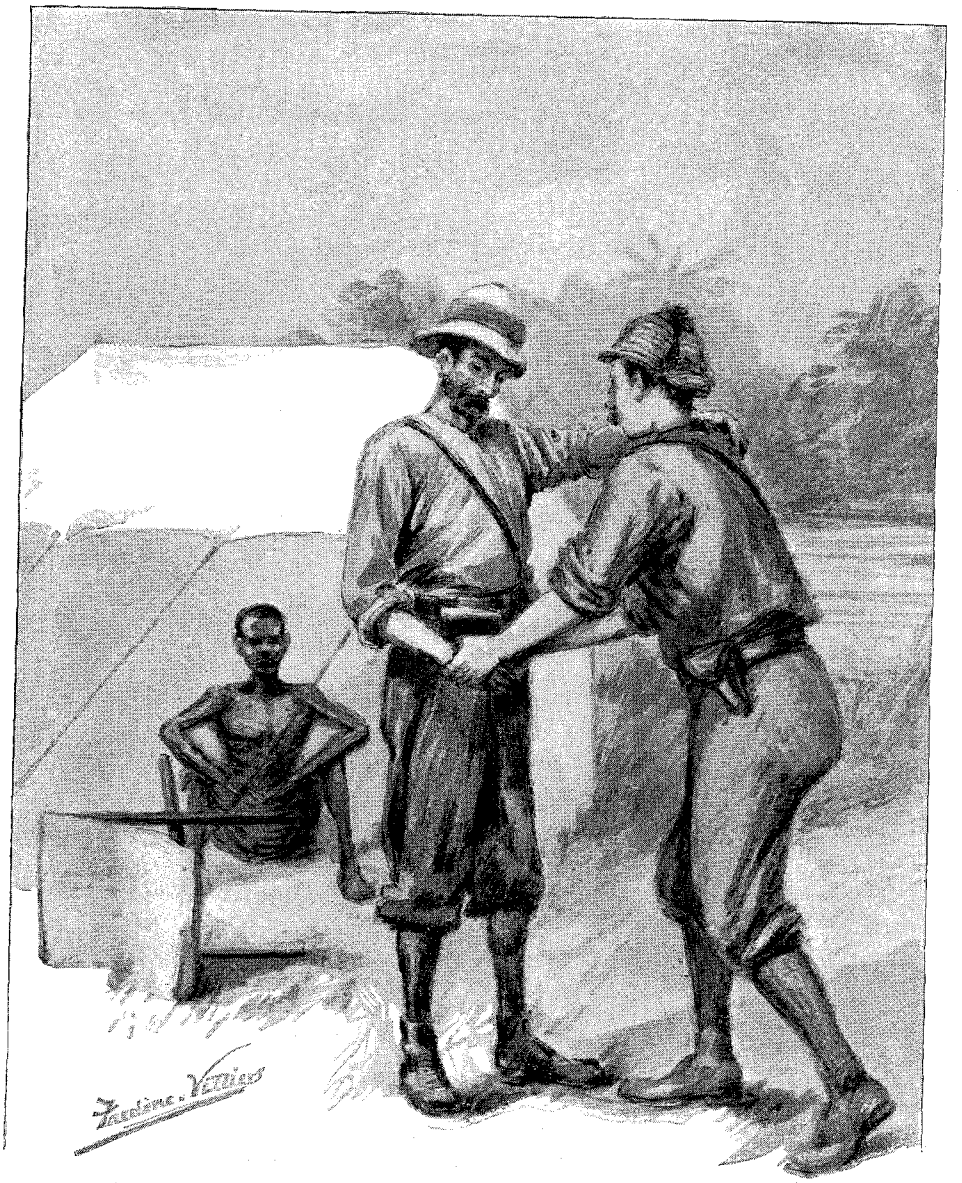

"Nelson started up with an exclamation of astonishment, and we clasped hands."—Page 511.

while Borafia went round the camp to see his friends. After about two hours my people came into the camp, and all crowded round Nelson's tent to greet him. The state of the camp was pitiable. We had left fifty-six men with Nelson, and on mustering the survivors I found there were only six left, and two of these were lost in following me back to the Manyema camp. The dead bodies of some of the men, in various stages of decomposition, were lying in the huts; the survivors had been too weak and dejected to bury them, and my men threw them into the river.

I wrote down in my journal that night the various details as Nelson told them to me. They are as follows:

"Seventeen men had died in the first few days. Jumah Unyamwezi, Stairs's chief, with eight men, two of whom were my boys, Almas and Nasibu, had stolen

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the big canoe and had gone down river in the night. Umari, Nelson's chief, with sixteen men, had gone off in search of food and had not yet returned. They have been away twelve days, and I am inclined to think they have deserted. But Nelson has great faith in Umari and will not believe it. . . . The sixteen men with Umari were, so Nelson tells me, all in the last stage of starvation, so perhaps some catastrophe has happened to the party and they have not been able to find their way back. Suéde, who stole Mr. Stanley's box of clothes, and Rehani, who deserted with Parke's clothes on our way to the Manyema camp, had come into Nelson's camp at night, and after making an attempt to steal some rifles out of his tent had jumped into one of the canoes and had gone down river, taking with him three or four men from the camp. Six others had died, and out of the fifty-six men left with Nelson only six men are left, two of whom are in a dying state and the other four are so reduced by hunger that I do not expect more than three of them will be able to drag themselves after me to the Arab camp. Nelson's two boys, Osmani and Fickerini, have kept him alive; they have gone out every day and have brought him in a small supply of M'bungu, a pleasant enough tasting fruit but not one to exist upon, and they were able to get it only in very limited quantities. Nelson's despair at being left in this way, with men daily dying round him for want of food, and the feeling that something had happened to the expedition and that Mr. Stanley had been obliged to abandon him, must have been terrible. He told me he was unable to sleep at night from anxiety, and just dozed a bit during the day. He had some twenty rifles all loaded ready in a row in his tent, in case of an attack from the natives. Umari had tried to persuade him to leave the camp, as Mr. Stanley was evidently unable to relieve him, and to go down river to where they might find some food. Nelson was sorely tempted to do so but felt that he could not leave his post. . . . Poor old chap, he looked fearfully haggard and pulled down, and there were deep lines round his eyes and mouth which told plainly of starvation and sleepless nights, of anxiety and care. He looked altogether shrunken and small and moved about only with pain. His feet and legs had been bad some days before we left him, but since that time he had had no less than ten ulcers on them; five of them are now well, but he is only just able to get on a large shoe and walk. It does me good to see how he enjoys the porridge, chicken, and beans I got ready for him. We sat up till late last night, for there was much to tell him of our experiences since we left him, and of Mr. Stanley's plans. He seems quite resigned at the idea of being left with the Arabs. He does not know what the Manyema camp is like, and I haven't the heart to tell him yet. Indeed I do not think he could go on with us in his weakened state, and his feet are not likely to get well yet awhile, particularly if he is obliged to march. He is greatly interested in hearing all about our difficulties before reaching the Arab camp and is much amused at the idea of our eating Mr. Stanley's old donkey. He was unable to sleep last night from excitement, and woke me up at about twelve o'clock and we sat round the fire smoking and drinking some of my coffee till nearly daybreak.

"Early next morning I mustered the people and began to give out the loads. One-third of the people whom Khamis had given me were women, who I found were in many ways better carriers than the men. They usually carried their loads on their shoulders, in the manner peculiar to all the natives in the forest. They fasten a broad band of banana fibre or bark to each end of the box and hoisting it between their shoulders pass the fibre band across their foreheads and march along in a stooping posture with a stick in their right hand to support them. I found I had more loads than people, so I was obliged to leave thirteen cases of ammunition, and seven or eight other loads behind. I dug a hole in the sand and buried them. (Where they were eventually found ten months afterward by Mr. Stanley when he returned through the forest to search for the rear column.) I started off the Manyema early, but it was nearly midday before we had got the extra loads buried, and

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my men and I started off and left Starvation Camp behind us. Nelson had gone ahead with the Manyema and got on much better than I expected he would be able to. I came upon him sitting down with his two boys by the side of the path, resting, and after seeing he was all right, I started on for camp to get food and a bed ready for him by the time he arrived. I sent the men ahead and remained with Nelson, for I did not like losing sight of him, but I kept my faithful chief Rajab-bin-Jumah and a few men to act as an escort. We got slowly but steadily along, and though he marched most pluckily he had to rest so often that we were always a long way behind the column. On reaching the camp where we had spent the memorable night of my birthday I found to my disgust that the Manyema had found a small canoe which we had before hidden by the river bank, and that a good many men and loads had already crossed, intending to go back to the Arab camp by a path on the other side of the river. It was my intention to stick to my written orders and return by the same road as we had come, for the boat was waiting in readiness to take us across the river near the Manyema camp. Besides, too, I was to have left my chief Rajab-bin-Jumah to take the boat to pieces while I hurried on to the Arab camp with the loads, and we should thus have saved a day.

"Commands or entreaties, however, were useless; the rest of the Manyema were determined to cross, and said if I insisted on their going by my road they would throw away their loads. As I was entirely in their hands I had to submit, which I did with a very bad grace. The road on the opposite side of the river proved to be abominable, and on the next day, I grieve to say, I lost my favorite chief, Rajab-bin-Jumah. Nelson last saw him climbing a tree in search of food, but from that day to this we heard of him no more. I think in his weakened state he must have fallen from the tree and been killed, and I mourned for the loss of my true and faithful friend. He was a favorite with Europeans and Zanzibaris alike. He had always been with me wherever I went, and his kind, quiet, *gentlemanlike* ways had always been a great comfort to me. My heart was sad and I experienced a strange sense of loneliness and loss when I felt that he was no longer following me, ever ready to help or advise me."

And so Nelson toiled slowly and painfully toward the Manyema camp, until at length we struck our old path and I knew exactly where we were. This part of our track, like the other, was marked here and there with skeletons.

Here is another little extract from my journal:

"Nelson came up utterly tired and worn out; he just threw himself down on the bed I had prepared for him. His appearance frightens me, he looks so haggard and worn and old. This marching every day knocks him up terribly, and he cannot go on much longer. He wants me to leave him behind to follow, and go on ahead to look after the loads, and get my work with the boat done, so that I can follow Mr. Stanley quickly, before he gets too far. But I do not like to lose sight of him, and now I've brought him out of danger I won't let him go until I've landed him safely with Parke. I can, of course, only make very limited marches with him; but in two days more we must reach the Arab camp, for I know now exactly where we are."

On November 2d we finally reached the Manyema camp, in eight and a half days since I had left it to carry Nelson relief. In spite of Nelson's weakness we had done the journey in two and a half days less than Mr. Stanley had allowed us; Nelson had done the journey most pluckily. Here I left Nelson in the tender care of our good surgeon, Dr. Parke. Taking the few men with me who were able to travel, I followed on Mr. Stanley's track, and found him encamped in the district of Ibwiri, which I reached on November 17th, just three weeks after I had left him. It was a great relief to be with him again and be able to report that Nelson was well and safe. That evening, relieved of a load of anxiety, I lay down and slept as I had not slept for many a long night.

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NIGHT.

By Archibald Lampman.

COME with thine unveiled worlds, O truth of night,
Come with thy calm. Adown the shallow day,
Whose splendors hid the vaster world away,
I wandered on this little plot of light,
A dreamer among dreamers. Veiled or bright,
Whether the gold shower roofed me or the gray,
I strove and fretted at life's feverish play,
And dreamed until the dream seemed infinite.

But now the gateway of the all unbars;
The passions and the cares that beat so shrill,
The giants of this petty world, disband;
On the great threshold of the night I stand,
Once more a soul self-cognizant and still,
Among the wheeling multitude of stars.

THE STORY OF THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

By Willard Parsons.

IN the summer of 1877, when pastor of a small church in Sherman, Pa., I came to New York and gathered a little company of the poorest and most needy children I could find. They were taken out among my people, who were waiting to receive them as their guests for a fortnight during the midsummer heat. Others took the place of the first company; and at the end of the season the good people had entertained sixty poor city children for a fortnight each; and that, too, without any compensation save the consciousness of having done a simple Christ-like act of charity to one in need. This somewhat novel experiment of taking little ones from the wretched city tenements to comfortable country homes was a most gratifying success.

The object first aimed at was the physical improvement of the poor. It was only after months of earnest thought and careful planning that the Fresh-Air project was launched, even in this small way. The work was started with the hope of proving that bodies diseased, enfeebled by poor and insufficient food and foul air, could be benefited by a two weeks' stay in better surroundings.

In the plan of carrying on this experiment, there were three main factors to be considered, viz.: 1. To get the money.

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2. To find the temporary homes. 3. To select the children.

First, as to raising the money: It was an easy matter after the success of the first season to induce the New York *Evening Post* to take up the enterprise, and raise the necessary fund to carry on and enlarge it, which it did successfully for four years.

When the plan of continuing the enterprise was discussed in the spring of 1882, the friends of the "Fund" most heartily welcomed the willingness of the New York *Tribune* to take it up; and it was then transferred from the *Evening Post* to the *Tribune*. By the law of natural selection such a humane undertaking will best crystallize around a journal of the character of the *Tribune*. The large circulation of that newspaper and its well-known interest in philanthropic labors of like character, together with the high class of people the journal reaches, have given the best possible support to the "Fresh-Air Fund."

Money in abundance for all possible needs has always been forthcoming. The mere statement in the *Tribune* that $3.00 would give a poor child a fortnight in the country has been all that was necessary to fill the treasury. It is a most significant fact that more than two hundred thousand dollars have been sent as *voluntary* contributions, and it has never been necessary to employ any collectors.

Every sort of entertainment has been given to swell the fund, from children selling pin-wheels and wild flowers by the wayside, netting, perhaps, a few coppers, to the more pretentious fair and festival, netting its hundreds of dollars; from the boys' circus in the barn to the finished entertainments in public halls. Children have pulled weeds in the garden and boys gone without their Fourth of July fire-crackers; the small savings-bank of the dead child has often been sent to bring life and happiness to the poor sick one; in fact, from Maine to California, from Canada to Florida, from South America, from the Old World, and even from Africa, have come voluntary contributions to carry on this most humane work among the poor of our overcrowded city.

Beginning in a very unobtrusive way—at first with a party of only nine children, and, as I have said, with sixty for the entire season—the work has grown steadily and rapidly till it has greatly exceeded the wildest dreams of its manager. The growth of the scheme from its inception is best illustrated by the following table:

	Number of children sent for two weeks.	Number for one day.	Expenditures.	Cost per child.
1877...	60	....	$187 62	$3 12
1878...	1,077	....	2,980 29	2 77
1879...	2,400	....	6,511 54	2 71
1880...	2,540	600	8,519 71	3 35
1881...	3,203	1,000	8,217 64	2 54
1882...	5,500	....	21,325 06	2 85
1883...	4,250	5,700	14,908 67	3 36
1884...	6,253	1,000	18,756 14	3 00
1885...	6,650	6,073	19,863 95	2 98
1886...	8,336	1,600	24,092 09	2 89
1887...	7,748	....	22,783 85	2 94
1888...	10,920	....	25,636 64	2 35
1889...	10,352	....	24,978 29	2 42
1890...	11,193	18,029	23,804 11	2 12
Totals	80,482	34,002	$222,565 60	....

It is thus seen that during its fourteen years 80,482 children have been sent to the country for a fortnight's vacation, at a total cost of $222,565.60, or at an average cost of only $2.75 per capita.

The various transportation companies cheerfully make large reductions from the regular fare. No salaries or office expenses are ever paid from the fund, and many helpers voluntarily give their services. Who can instance a charity where $2.75 invested will do as much good?

The second question is most constantly asked: "How do you find the temporary homes for the children?" I have never found any value in circulars and but very little response even to personal letters. I have only found success by personal appeals. Among my own parishioners a practical interest was aroused as soon as I had shown them something of the condition of the poor children in the tenements, and the simple plan of relief was most heartily adopted. After the success of the experiment, other communities were more easily interested and were quite ready to offer hospitality.

I begin early in April a systematic visitation from town to town. A call

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is made on the various clergymen, the editor of the local paper, and, if possible, a few of the leading citizens. A brief explanation of the work—a few words to show the condition and needs of the tenement-house children and the great benefit of a fortnight's trip are usually sufficient to awaken a practical interest. Then a local committee is appointed and the success or failure in that community is due, to a large extent, to the zeal and earnestness of this committee. The local committee finds out how many children can be provided for, and, when ready for their company, reports the result and arranges with the manager the various details for their coming. Every possible opportunity for getting a knowledge of the work before the people is seized upon. At any and every sort of public meeting that can be heard of, permission is asked to present the cause. Almost without exception, a few minutes are granted.

Since the charity has grown to such proportions it is not possible for me to give much time to the country visitations, and several people who are thoroughly familiar with my methods, and in whom I have perfect confidence, have been most successful in arousing an interest in the cause in the country. A railway ticket given is often the only expense necessary to send some of the city missionaries, physicians, or clergymen into their native regions, where (with an extended acquaintance among the people) it is easy to induce them to throw wide open their hospitable doors. In every case there is a great deal in personal solicitation.

In answer to the third question, I may say that it is no easy matter to select the children for these trips. Everyone who has had the care of getting a band of children ready for the country will most readily testify to the truth of this statement. Last summer nearly two hundred workers among the poor aided in the selecting and preparing the children for the country. These workers are from the Church Missions, Bible Missions, Hospitals, Dispensaries, Industrial Schools, Day Nurseries, Model Tenement Houses, and kindred organizations. When the local committee has reported the number they can receive their list is apportioned among those who have children to send. A record is kept of all organizations and individuals who apply for a share in the benefits, and the first one to apply is called upon for children for the first company to start. Before the season is over all have abundant opportunity to send their most needy ones. The children selected manifest all degrees of ignorance of the country—from those who imagine they know all about it, having played under the trees in a city square, to the boy who was shown a large herd of Alderneys by his farmer-host, and, after intently watching them chew the cud, asked, "Say, mister, do you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?"

Those who apply for a chance to send their children to the country are instructed that they must be poor and needy, without any infectious disease, clean, and free from vermin. A physician then inspects each child. Dr. C. C. Vinton was the examining physician last year, and he examined nearly fifteen thousand children, of whom about five thousand were sent into the country. Each day the Board of Health furnished a list of the houses where there was any contagious disease; which was of immense help. With that list before him, it was easy for the examiner to stop any child who came from an infected house. The majority were refused on account of their hopeless condition as to vermin. It is a herculean task to get the average tenement-house child in a suitable condition to be received into country families.

What is the effect of entertaining these poor children upon their country hosts? Will they receive such guests a second time in their homes? Is there no danger in bringing children directly out of their low surroundings into families where the children are so differently trained?

The danger is much less than would at first appear. Those who select the children are, for the most part, trained workers who have a personal knowledge of each child and its surrounding, and they send only such as are somewhat

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fitted to enter the new home. The judgment of these Christian workers is by no means infallible, yet the average result is remarkably good. The children are on their good behavior. Self-respect is engendered. The entirely new and comfortable surroundings usually bring out the best in the child, and the fortnight vacation is over before the novelty has worn off.

A clergyman in northern New York, after having entertained one hundred children, wrote as follows: "They have left a rich blessing behind them, and they actually gave more than they received. They have touched the hearts of the people and opened the fountains of love, sympathy, and charity. The people have read about the importance of benevolence, and have heard many sermons on the beauty of charity; but these have been quickly forgotten. The children have been an object-lesson that will long live in their hearts and minds."

"We want to thank you," wrote another minister from Massachusetts, "for giving us this opportunity to do so much good. Any inconvenience to which we have been put during the two weeks is insignificant now, as we look at these thirty glad faces and think of the purifying and strengthening influences that have come into their young lives during these two weeks' stay with us." These two letters are fair samples of hundreds of others I receive every year.

Many people become strongly attached to the children, and follow them into their wretched homes with letters and substantial gifts. These country letters are highly prized and religiously guarded. Nearly two thousand of these letters were forwarded to me last year, containing invitations for the child to repeat the visit. I can now recall no community where hospitality has been given once, but that some children have been invited back the following years.

The success of the charity turns upon the country friends' willingness to receive the children into their homes, and as yet they have shown no signs of being weary in this service; each year the number of free places has increased. To the hospitable country family the largest share of the work has fallen, both in practical care and personal touch. To them belongs the greatest credit! They have given hospitality and a rich personal service during the busiest days of the year. It is given too—not grudgingly, but with wonderful heartiness.

Nothing has ever so strengthened my faith in humanity as the kind and loving way the country people have received these stranger guests.

Is there in the fortnight's outing for the poor anything more than a merely pleasant holiday? What good can accrue from taking a child out of its wretched home, and after two weeks of comfort and decent living, sending it back to its old surroundings? One minister writes: "It will only make the child discontented with the surroundings where God placed him."

I contend that a great gain has been made, if you can only succeed in making the tenement-house child thoroughly discontented with his lot. There is some hope then of his getting out of it and rising to a higher plane. The new life he sees in the country, the contact with good people, not at arm's length, but in their homes; not at the dinner, feast, or entertainment given to him while the giver stands by and looks *down* to see how he enjoys it, and remarks on his forlorn appearance; but brought into the family and given a seat at the table, where, as one boy wrote home, "I can have two pieces of pie if I want, and nobody says nothing if I take three pieces of cake;" or, as a little girl reported, where "We have lots to eat, and so much to eat that we could not tell you how much we get to eat."

This is quite a different kind of service, and has resulted in the complete transformation of many a child. It has gone back to its wretchedness, to be sure, but in hundreds of instances about which I have personally known it has returned with head and heart full of new ways, new ideas of decent living, and has successfully taught the shiftless parents the better way. One little girl talked so much of her trip last summer and described the country life in such glowing terms, that her father came to inquire where it was his child went, adding, "I should think it was Heaven, from the way she talks about it."

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Many a girl has begun, immediately on her return, to persuade her mother to adopt the ways of the country mother. In scores of instances that have come under my personal observation, children have become so delighted with the country life, with its possibilities for the poor, that they have persuaded the family to migrate, the country friends gladly helping them to a home, and giving work to make them independent.

One of the most serious problems of country life is to get help for the necessary household work; to be sure the few hundred people that have been helped by this charity to locate permanently in the country is but a drop in the bucket, and does not go far toward solving the "help" question; still it is a little aid in the right direction.

Even supposing it was nothing but a bright and pleasant holiday, and that after the two weeks of good and wholesome food, with pure air to breathe, the children were to go back to their old life —that is no small gain. We who do not live in tenements and, perhaps, are not obliged to work till the cheek grows pale, never think of objecting, when it comes our time for a fortnight's rest, because after the holiday we must return to our toilsome place. The change is thought necessary for those who have everything to make it least necessary; then certainly the holiday is none the less beneficial for those whose whole life has been simply an exhausting battle with fearful odds against them.

A physician tells us we must take the loved one to a different climate if we would save his life, and we lose no time in obeying his orders. To thousands of the poor the same words have been spoken. The same change was the only hope; and the only change possible was, perhaps, a ride on the ferryboat. To thousands of poor mothers the physicians have said, "Your child only needs pure air, with wholesome and nutritious food." Perhaps delicacies to tempt the appetite have been ordered when only the plainest and coarsest necessaries are procurable. In thousands of such cases the Fresh-Air Fund has come to the rescue, and given both the pure air and the wholesome food, with results most happy.

Let me give two or three instances where the moral influences exerted by the simple and kindly life (sometimes with eccentric people), have resulted most happily on the child.

In 1878 a Mrs. Y——, who was noted far and wide for her penuriousness, wrote me: "Homes are ready with me for two boys and two girls, if your work is for the *virtuous class of unfortunate children.* Please be plain and frank in the matter, for I don't wish to have anything to do with a work that is not *all right. God give you wisdom.*" The italics are not mine. Someone had frightened her by the statement that all the poor city children were illegitimate.

One of the quartet sent to this place was a little fellow from one of the most wretched homes that drink has caused. The boy had never before known kind treatment, and the pure, simple, and wholesome life, with the abundant food of the hillside farm, stirred his nature to the very depths and called out all his latent energies. A few months ago, while in a bank, a well-dressed fellow immediately behind me in the line, reached out his hand, saying:

"I suppose you don't know me; but I am Henry C——."

"Why," said I, "you must be the boy that Mrs. Y—— spanked and fitted out with a complete suit of homespun, with the jacket sleeves of a different color!"

"Yes, I am the identical boy. I can't tell whether it was due to the spanking or to the Joseph-like coat, but that two weeks changed my whole life. I went to work when I came back, and have been with the same firm ever since. See here," said he, and he opened his bank book, showing several thousand dollars he was about to deposit for the firm, "don't that look as though the firm had confidence in me? I literally came up out of the very lowest slums, and my present prosperous condition is due to the interest that family in the country has always taken in me since my visit with them in 1878."

In the earlier days of the work a bright boy of ten was one of a company invited to Schoharie County, N. Y. He endeared himself so thoroughly to his entertainers, who "live in a white house

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with green blinds and Christmas-trees all around it," that they asked and received permission to keep the lad permanently. The following is an exact copy of a part of the letter he wrote home after he had been for a few months in his new home:

DEAR MOTHER

i am still to Mrs. D—— and i was so Busy that i Could not Write Sooner i drive the horses and put up the Cows and clean out the Cow Stable i am all well i pick stones and i have an apple tree 6 Feet High and i have got a pair of new pants and a new Coat and a pair of Suspenders and Mr. D—— is getting a pair of New Boots made for me We killed one pig and one Cow i am going to plow a little piece of land and plant Some Corn. When Mr. D—— killed the Cow i helped and Mr. D—— had to take the Cow skin to be taned to make leather and Mr. D—— gave the man Cow skin for leather to make me Boots i am going to school to-morrow and i want to tell lizzie—pauline — Charlie — Christie—maggie—george and you to all write to me and if they all do when Christmas Comes i will send all of you something nice if my uncle frank comes to see yous you must tell him to write to me i Close my letter

From your oldest son A——.

A year after that time the mother died. Some time afterward an uncle began writing for the lad to come back to the city—he coveted his small earnings. But the little fellow had sense enough to see that he was better off where he was. Finally the uncle went after the boy, and told him his brother was dying in the hospital, and was calling constantly for him. Under such circumstances his foster parents readily gave him permission to return with the uncle for a visit. Before they reached the city, the uncle told him he should never go back. He sent him to work at Eleventh Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, in a work-room situated in the cellar, and his bedroom, like those in most tenement houses, had no outside window. The third day he was sent upstairs on an errand, and as soon as he saw the open door he bolted. He remembered that a car that passed Fourth Street and Avenue C, would take him to the Peoples' Line for Albany. He ran with all his might to Fourth Street, and then followed the car-tracks till he saw on the large flag "Peoples' Line." He told part of his story to the clerk, and finally added, "I am one of Mr. Parsons' Fresh-Air boys and I have got to go to Albany." That settled the matter, and the clerk readily gave him a pass. A gentleman standing by gave him a quarter for his supper. He held on to his appetite as well as his quarter; and in the morning laid his twenty-five cents before the ticket agent at Albany, and called for a ticket to R——, a small place fifty miles distant. He got the ticket. After a few miles' walk from R—— he reached his new home safely, and there he proposed to stay. He said he would take to the woods if his uncle came after him again. This happened ten years ago.

About a year ago, a letter came from the young fellow. He is now an active Christian, married, and worth property, and expects in a few years to have his farm all paid for.

A few days since I was stopped on Broadway by a well-dressed and prosperous-looking young man.

"I am one of your Fresh-Air boys—I am John ——." I readily recalled the boy. In 1878 he was one of a party taken to central New York. It had been a hot and very dusty ride, and at the end of the journey this Five Points boy looked so thoroughly disreputable, that the person who was to take him utterly refused to accept such a dirty and ill-looking boy. The tears of the lad, when he found that no one wanted him, flowed in streams down his dirty face, while the two tear-washed streaks, the red and white and black spots about his eyes and mouth, gave him a most unpromising look. Before I reached the hotel with the sobbing and "left over" boy a man came out of a small butcher shop and so heartily and kindly invited the boy to stay with him that the tears ceased instantly. A thorough bath and a new suit made a wonderful transformation. The family took a great interest in and became strongly attached to him. The change from the wretched Cherry Street tenement, with its drunken and often brutal parents, to the clean and cheerful family of the butcher, where he was kindly treated, made a strong impression. The family kept track of the boy by corresponding with him, and have claimed a visit from him every year

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since. He is now married, lives in a comfortable flat, and has a good position as a commercial traveller.

Each child was chosen the first year on account of its physical needs. The late Dr. White, of Brooklyn, most carefully examined every child sent out, the entire sixty having passed through his hands. He kept a careful record, and the following extracts from a report which he submitted to a medical society will show the success of the undertaking on its physical side:

All were taken from the very poor, though not from the class that usually beg from door to door. They were selected mainly with reference to their physical condition, and were suffering more or less with some chronic disease, born of neglect, privation, filth, and foul air. Prominent among the diseases represented were scrofula, consumption, chronic bronchitis, asthma, hip-joint, and spinal troubles. Among them were confirmed cripples, as well as those in the incipient stage of more or less incurable diseases; while others were simply in bad health, delicate, or sickly, the result of impure air or insufficient and improper food. Enfeebled by want and disease, bred in poverty and filth, no wonder their faces, for the most part, were thin, pale, and haggard, and even their smiles feeble and sickly.

Of the effects of the trips he says generally:

Appetites improved, coughs ceased to be troublesome, ulcers healed, growing deformities were arrested, cheeks filled out and grew ruddy, spirits became buoyant, the step elastic and childlike, while the sickly smile gave place to the hearty laugh of childhood; or, as very happily expressed by a friend, "They went out men and women—they came back little children."

To the educated physicians to whom the report was addressed this general statement meant a good deal more than the words indicate to most laymen. We who are not physicians do not understand as physicians do how important the general building up of the system is in the treatment of positive disease, and very few persons not trained in the medical schools would think of a hygienic vacation as an effective method of treating physical deformity. In such a case we should hope to make the unfortunate child happier, perhaps, by sending him to the country, but beyond that we should not venture to hope for good. Yet here is what the physician reported to his associates of such a case:

Another marked case of improvement was a boy, five years of age, who had been suffering more than a year with disease of the upper dorsal vertebræ. The disease had been detected in its earliest stages, and as the mother, a widow with five young children, was very poor and unable to give proper care or suitable food to the little patient, I had him sent to a hospital established for treating such cases, expecting he would receive such special treatment as his case required. After a residence of some months in the hospital, finding that nothing was done for him excepting allowing him to live there, and that he was constantly growing worse, the mother clandestinely brought him away. I found him in constant pain, nights restless and sleepless, appetite gone, emaciation extreme, and deformity increasing. In that condition he went to the country with his little brother, seven years old, for nurse and guardian. A few weeks' residence there produced a marvellous change. He came back hale and hearty, health completely established—his spinal trouble arrested—indeed, cured.

That little fellow's cure cost some contributor to the fund about three dollars, and a family in the country a fortnight's hospitality.

The following are additional extracts from Dr. White's interesting report:

The whole number selected under my own supervision was sixty. As to diseases, they were classified as follows:

General debility	31
Deformities	7
Hip-joint disease	5
Spinal disease	2
Knee-joint disease	1
Consumption	5
Bronchitis	4
Chorea	3
Chronic ulcers	2
Total	60

All those whose health was being slowly undermined by living in the impure air of crowded and badly ventilated apartments, or from insufficient and improper food, as well as those enfeebled by a previous attack of some acute disease were classed under the head of General Debility, without reference to the cause of their physical condition. Nearly all of this class returned home completely restored to health. All others were greatly benefited by the trip, and, if not cured, in many cases with disease arrested for the time being at least. All the cases of consumption improved. One

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young woman, aged twenty-three, inheriting phthisis from her mother, and suffering for more than a year with hemorrhages, harassing cough, and profuse expectoration, was so exhausted by the trip on the Annex to the Erie Railroad depot that Mr. Parsons had misgivings about the propriety of her going on, fearing the result. She was carried through safely, though soon after arriving at her destination an attack of hemorrhage prostrated her still more. She returned, after an absence of six weeks, literally another being, resuming labor which sickness had interrupted, in the shop where she still continues to work.

I afterward learned that the family who had entertained this girl were straining every nerve to save enough to pay interest on borrowed money, and thus avert the sale of their farm. While writing this article I have heard that this girl is now living in a comfortable home of her own, apparently as well as any one; and it was only last summer that the eldest of her four children enjoyed the farmer's hospitality. It may be of interest to add, that a lady, who had been interested in this girl, when she heard of the farmer's financial condition, made a most substantial gift to help him out of his difficulty.

Dr. White also says in his report that "very marked improvement was observed in nearly all cases of joint and spinal diseases."

I have given more space to this report of the first year of the work for the simple reason that when but few children were sent out, it was comparatively easy to watch the results closely. Now, while many thousands are sent each year, selected by about two hundred different workers, it is far more difficult and well-nigh impossible to have a personal knowledge of many of the children. Yet I am fully convinced that when the children are carefully chosen the same good results always obtain. The following brief reports from responsible people, thoroughly familiar with the work, surely support this conviction:

The superintendent of one of the missions that has sent a large number of children into the country says: "In the fall I can tell by just looking in their faces, which of the children have been in the country. They are fatter, ruddier, and their whole expression is changed and improved."

The superintendent of another of the Church Missions, who is also a physician, told me that he selected the weakly ones each year for the country trip, and he found the benefit so great that they were the stronger ones during the winter. He instanced several cases where particularly puny children, predisposed to nervous and lung difficulties, had been entirely restored to robust health.

One of the missionary nurses said to me recently: "There are about two hundred children sent to the country from our mission each year. These nearly all live in the crowded tenements where four families occupy each floor. I constantly visit among the sick in these poor families, and I notice that those children who had a fortnight in the country are much stronger physically, and the improved condition lasts during the winter."

The chairman of the local committee in one village community weighed every child in the party on arrival, and again after fourteen days in the country. The average age was ten years. The least gain was shown in a four-year-old boy, who added only one pound to his weight. The greatest by an eleven-year-old girl, who gained nine pounds. The average gain for the entire party was four and nine-tenths pounds.

A missionary from one of the City Mission chapels says: "During the eight years I have been connected with this chapel, we have sent out through the Fresh-Air Fund many hundreds of children. I believe this fortnight in the country to be of incalculable benefit, both educationally and physically. In a number of instances the entire family of a beneficiary of the fund has been led to move to the country. No small part of the good accomplished is the building up of health, and instances come constantly to my notice where the two weeks in the country have, I believe, saved the life."

Dr. Vinton says: "In an experience of several years I have seen much benefit received physically by children sent into the country for two weeks. The first child I sent under the *Tribune* Fresh-Air Fund was Annie ——, whom I had been treating throughout the summer for St. Vitus's dance, and for whom place was made in the last party

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of the year. She came back after two weeks, rosy-cheeked instead of pale, heavier by a number of pounds, and without any trace of her nervous trouble."

"In August, 1889," he adds, "I accompanied a party of about one hundred and twenty children to Franklinville, N. Y., and again took charge of them on their return to the city two weeks later. The improvement in the physical condition of many of these children was very noticeable, eyes and faces which before had been wan and sunken, bearing the evidences of health. The same changes were noticed in a party I brought back from Waterville in the summer of 1888, most of whom I had examined two weeks previously."

Dr. Daniel, who has long taken a professional interest in the work, writes to me:

Last summer I sent 235 children on excursions of the Fresh-Air Fund. I shall comment upon them under the following classification:

1. Thirty-five children re-invited by their hosts of former years. Of these not one had been ill during the preceding year, nor has been since. I have either seen or heard directly from all of these, and for obvious reasons these are the children who show the most physical improvement.

2. One hundred and four delicate children, *i.e.*, children who are weakly without recent acute illness. Of this number I can count thirty-five who were not at the time under treatment in the dispensary. These were sent either to care for younger children or because they were not very strong. All were benefited by the change, as far as I know. Of this class I can give the least positive evidence because I have seen possibly only one-half of them.

3. Forty-seven children recovering from acute illness. These included typhoid fever, measles, and acute pulmonary diseases, such as pneumonia and bronchitis. All were improved, except two, increased in weight and with better appetites.

4. Twenty-five chronic invalids. These included consumptives, those suffering from tuberculosis of the glands, chronic heart diseases and bone diseases. Of this class three were decidedly worse after the vacation, and the rest were slightly improved; the greatest improvement being in the appetite. All of this class are continually under my observation.

5. Twenty-four children of the striking cloak-makers. This class showed the most improvement, excepting only the first class. These children were taken into the country simply because they were hungry and had been for several weeks. All returned very much improved in appearance and evidently in weight; the pale face and the hungry appearance had disappeared. Doctor Brown took these children to the country and returned with them, and her testimony agrees with mine. I have seen at least one-half of these children since, and they still remain well.

I should classify the children again into the very poor, that is, those continuously poor, and children of a class who are able to have the actual necessaries of life. About one-half of the children I sent last summer (not including the cloak-makers' children) belong to the very poor class. These were not so much benefited as the better class, because, 1, they are in a state of chronic hunger; 2, the time is not long enough to make much of an improvement, and 3, the slight benefit derived is not permanent, because they return to the same mode of life.

Of the two hundred and thirty-five children twenty lived above Fourteenth Street, two west of Broadway, four in Hoboken, and the others lived east of the Bowery as far south as Chatham Square; fifty-seven lived in rear tenements and twenty-eight in basements.

I have sent children for six or seven years, but have not definite statistics, yet my impression is that at least one-half of the children sent are improved physically. The most marked improvement is in appetite and general appearance. I can say that I believe the Fresh-Air Fund is the best plaster we have for unjust social conditions of the people.

One of the most gratifying results of this Fresh-Air enterprise has been the readiness with which the idea has been taken up by others, till to-day there are vacation societies for about every class of the poor. A great many of the city churches now provide fresh air for the sick poor. Various societies and hospitals have their country summer homes. Missions have their cottages by the sea. Working girls' vacation societies provide a fortnight in the country for working girls who need the change; other societies have sprung up which provide for mothers both with and without young children. King's Daughters' circles open houses for a few weeks or for the season, and send into the city for the quota of inmates.

The Bartholdi Crèche has been organized to help women with small children who are unable to leave home except for a few hours at a time. New York *Life* has started a summer village, where a deserted hamlet, containing a score of cottages beautifully shaded, is turned into a populous village, and where three hundred at one time can find ample accommodations. Unoccupied houses in many a town have been

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temporarily fitted up for the little city sufferers.

The best results are obtained where the children are received into the country families, for there the great moral influences are best exerted, yet all these other plans do a vast amount of good.

There has also been a marked growth in the direction of day excursions. More than a score of times last summer invitations were sent from some of the suburban towns, for ten, twenty, or one hundred of the poor, to come out as their guests for a day. Transportation and most abundant food were supplied. One gentleman, who only stipulated that his name should not be published, gave for the entire season the use of a grove on the Hudson. He also supplied all the money for barges, music, and milk. Through the generosity of this one man, more than eighteen thousand of the city poor had a day's outing.

Not only have various organizations in New York been quick to seize hold of this Fresh-Air idea and adopt some phase of it for their own poor, but the interest has been very marked in other cities. Committees have waited upon the writer, from Boston and Philadelphia, or have sent for instructions, to aid them in starting a Fresh-Air Fund for the poor—in each of these cities they now have a prosperous Country Week. Also from Hartford, Troy, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and San Francisco, have inquiries and committees come. Quite a number of other cities of less importance have also sent to ascertain how such a work can be started.

Committees have also visited New York, to find out the *modus operandi*, from Toronto, Montreal, St. Johns, and London and Manchester. In London there is now a large work done for the poor, either in the way of day-trips or a week's stay in the country. Germany and Italy, too, have sent for information on the subject. Dresden, Stuttgart, Vienna, and Berlin have each joined the movement, and there is now a prosperous Fresh-Air work in each of these cities. Some time ago a lady from the Sandwich Islands wrote for full information concerning the work. She was to present the plans in detail at a large gathering in Honolulu. The latest call for reports and statistics came from Russia.

This Fresh-Air movement all began in a small hamlet in northeastern Pennsylvania; among a small flock, not one of whom was rich enough to purchase the most modest house in New York. The first band numbered only nine—since that eighteen cars have been necessary to accommodate a single party. The little enterprise so simply started in 1877, has made its influence felt from Canada to South America, from Boston to San Francisco. There has never been an organization or staff of officers. The constitution and by-laws are made and amended from day to day as required, and have yet to be written. Perhaps the time is near at hand when the work should be more systematically developed. I am quite certain that a large number of skilled and paid helpers could be employed with most satisfactory results.

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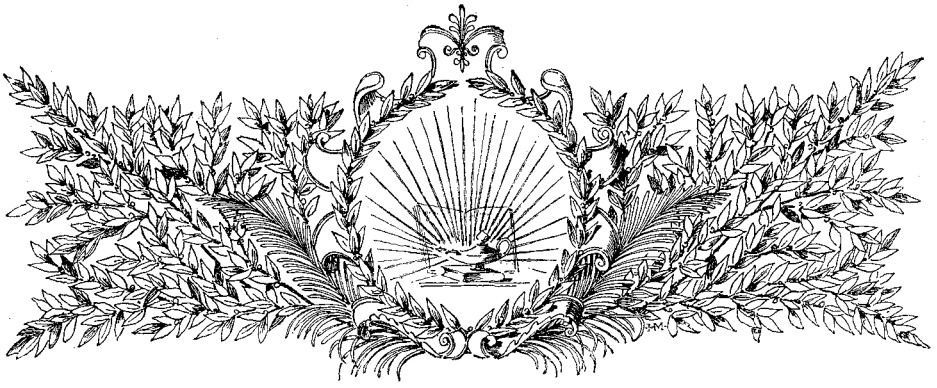

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Much of the very clever writing in which the present generation of American writers so far excels the passing generation must seem to dispassionate and deliberate observation characterized more sharply by other qualities than that of repose. It has a dozen distinct merits; it is apposite; it is composed with "the eye on the object"—as Wordsworth complained that eighteenth-century English poetry was not—it is almost never divagation; it has the reader in mind. But it is energetic, often uneasy—sometimes almost febrile in its anxiety to hit its own mark, and almost never penetrated with the sense of leisure and of the serenity and composure born of leisure which denote the workings of the truly philosophic mind. Hence a book like Mr. G. E. Woodberry's recently published "Studies in Letters and Life" has the effect of an agreeable diversion, and as such is a really noteworthy production. In the jargon of the day, "many of us" may well be "grateful" to the author for "giving us" something placid and detached; something wholly unrelated to current street and forum discussion; something conceived and executed without any care of making any impression, conveying any special views or setting forth any body of doctrine, and colored by that intimately personal quality only to be obtained by following our own sweet will, with plenty of large leisure in which to do it. We are not likely, perhaps, to have many such books—books which chronicle the reflections of an earnest but unperturbed mind meditating such subjects as "Landor," "Crabbe," "Illustrations of Idealism," and "The Promise of Keats."

Yet one may legitimately question, I think, whether, so far as criticism is concerned (and Mr. Woodberry's studies are "essays in criticism" or they are nothing), there are not drawbacks about this sequestered and serene attitude. Those who maintain it give us pleasure for the moment, and by the contrast they afford to the hurried and impersonal writing of which, currently, we have so much. But our delight in their productions has, after all, little of the satisfactoriness of what is positive. "Man worships best in common, he philosophizes best alone," says Matthew Arnold; yet philosophy is not precisely criticism—criticism indeed has ceased to be philosophic, at least systematically—and the philosophizing that Mr. Arnold was thinking of was undoubtedly the working out of one's own intellectual salvation, without a thought of the propagandism of print. For this the closet undeniably affords the most favorable environment. For criticism, as criticism is now understood, being "in the swim" is far more nearly indispensable. It does not thrive in the atmosphere of the cloister, which is, on the contrary, hostile to its hardiness, its sap, and its fruitfulness.

Sidney's muse, counselling him to look into his heart and write, was addressing the poet. The muse of criticism—if one may fancy for a moment such a divinity—would surely give different advice. She would

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say, we may imagine, in most prosaic fashion to the critic inclined to lonely meditation: Sir, the one important thing for you to do is to come out of your retirement, and, at whatever shock to your sensibility, note how the world is going. Cease these contemplative communings with your own spirit. If you are not clear about the value of certain things, fix the difficulty up with yourself before you put pen to paper. Endeavor by observation and the cultivation of your perceptive faculties to provide material demanding communication rather than contemplation. Treat your mind anyhow not as your own play-ground, but as the alembic for a synthesis of phenomena which concern others as well as yourself. Think less about "the ideal life" and more about your fellow-men. Your individual self-perfection is the most laudable thing in the world to strive for; but as the nucleus of a gospel it is insipid. Frequent the busy haunts of men who occupy themselves with kindred pursuits—not literally of necessity, but sympathetically and in imagination. It is in union that there is strength. Remark tendencies, try to sum them up, to point out their significance and direction. Few men can be Ruskins—*et encore!* And do not imagine that you can permanently attach and benefit your kind by the mere force of correct, gentle, and chaste diction on the one hand, or of setting an example of repose and serenity on the other, because nowadays warfare of any kind—even literary criticism—is accustomed to weapons of more robustness and reality, and in this sphere preaching by specific precept is far more efficient than preaching by general example. And the most important of all things is to be in harmony with one's time and environment. Be sure, O critic! there is something magic in this, however it may transcend consciousness. See, for instance, how much finer is Mr. Woodberry's essay on Browning—a piece of real criticism—than are his lucubrations about "the ideal life."

Owing to the complications of modern life, and the large increase in the list of creature comforts which polite people have come to regard as necessaries, marriage has become a vastly more serious undertaking than it used to be, and is deferred until a later period of life. People in cities who have been used to wear good clothes, and to have servants to wait on them, and to go out of town in summer, no longer marry when the girl is eighteen and the man twenty-two. The man is apt to be nearing thirty before his income will stand the matrimonial strain, and the lady is proportionately experienced. It would not be quite accurate to say that, though it is harder to get married than it was, it is as easy as ever to become engaged. That would not be quite true. The difficulty of getting income enough to marry does defer, and even prevent, a great many betrothals; nevertheless, engagements do often happen when the prospect of marriage is remote, and a reasonable percentage of them last until marriage ends them. Long engagements are not popular, but enough of them are running to make the behavior of their beneficiaries a fit subject for comment in the interest of human happiness.

All the world loves a lover, but lovers make a serious mistake when they presume too far on the strength of the world's regard for them. The polite world loves its lovers exactly so long as they are interesting and agreeable. When they cease to be so its sentiments toward them take the form of anxiety to have them married, which may indeed be so extreme as to result in practical efforts to put them in the way of pairing, but which is more apt to take the form of what is vulgarly known as the cold shoulder. Lovers who are intelligent, and who are disposed to make themselves agreeable, ought to be exceptionally charming. They are enveloped in a pleasant blaze of sentiment which makes them interesting. So long as they are nice, all kind people are in a conspiracy to indulge them and make them think that life is lurid with rose-tints. Their politeness is the more appreciated because it is thought to involve especial self-sacrifice, and whatever they do for the community's amusement is rated above its ordinary value because they have done it.

All the worse, then, when lovers regard themselves as temporarily exempt from the ordinary obligations of politeness, and abandon themselves to spooning and mutual absorption. The sort of courtship that goes on for hours behind closed doors, that insists upon seclusion and resents a third

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person, that thinks first of the beloved object and not at all of any one else—this may do for a six-weeks' intermission between maidenhood and marriage; but long engagements should be conducted on radically different lines. Was there ever a dearer sweetheart than Lorna Doone, whose maidenly reserve allowed John Ridd one kiss a day, and no spooning whatever? And do you remember Mary Garth, so true to her not-any-too-eligible Fred, and yet so strait and strict with herself? Engaged or not, she must surely have been a welcome companion in any house, Fred or no Fred. And again that dame in silver gray who married John Halifax—be sure that her betrothal was a modest and unselfish one.

Lace yourself straitly, Mistress Lucy, and encourage Colin to understand that while you stay under the paternal roof the obligations of that shelter are on you, and forbid you to concentrate all your courtesy on a single guest. It will be time enough to be engrossed and exclusive when the parson has given you his blessing, and having a roof of your own you may properly decide whom it shall shelter, and what shall be the measure of its hospitality.

THE form in which an important public function presents itself to the imagination of a sensational, but skilled, newspaper writer, may throw some light on the subject-matter — though it must be studied, of course, with proper reservations. The *Juge d'instruction* of France is an official whose type of character and course of action are obscure to an American, because there is nothing like them within the field of his own observation with which to compare them, and he can form a conception of them only by contrast with things familiar in the same line, always a process liable to mislead. I was recently struck by the following passage in an article in *Le Figaro, à propos* of a visit to the cabinet of M. Guillot, one of the most eminent of the Parisian judges of the class named:

"The tables were loaded with papers tied in bundles, one 'case' to each bundle. On the several covers these words were to be read: '*Affaire un tel: viol—affaire un tel: meurtre—affaire un tel: rapt.*' By huge piles are measured the filth and dirt of Paris, sorted here in order that in them the judge may thrust his hands, his intellect, his soul. And into them he plunges deep. Every day, for long years, he descends into this pit—it is his mine—drags through the mud with his lantern, that at once reveals and sees, traverses these subterranean galleries, careless of the fire-damp and the crumbling walls, indifferent to the hatreds he gathers, to the vengeance he lays up for himself, to the death that he is, perhaps, hastening. And when he reascends to the upper air, and with professional modesty and self-abnegation announces what he has seen, done, discovered, we are filled not so much with amazement as with admiration."

I am inclined to think that there is no judicial officer in our beloved land of whom the most audacious "journalist" would ever be tempted to write in this vein, and I am sure that there is none who would not be mystified and offended to find himself thus written of. And yet, with all due respect for the general theory of criminal jurisprudence in our society, and in the mother-country, from which we inherit it, I venture also to suggest that the function of this eminent *Juge d'instruction*, even as indicated in the perfervid imagery of the *Figaro* writer, is one that is extremely useful, and one, if we could get it performed in our country without the abuses to which it has given rise in France, that would, in the language of the advertisements, "supply a long-felt want." One needs to be only moderately familiar with the life of our great cities to know that there exist in them the *souterrains* explored by the French *Juge d'instruction* with perhaps too great zeal, but here hardly explored at all; that the cases in which their denizens are dragged to the light before the courts are relatively insignificant, while of these cases only a small part are dealt with firmly, thoroughly, justly.

There are, practically, but two ways in which crime can be brought within the range of the law in the United States—by the intervention of the police as direct witnesses, or, in the case of murder, through the coroner's court, and by complaint, usually from some victim. By these methods it is not common to get much more than indications of the commission of crime, more or less conclusive. The system, the machinery, the organization by which such in-

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dications may be followed up, are, for the most part, clumsy, slow, inefficient. Very much turns on the prosecuting attorneys; but these officers, chosen by popular election, for brief terms, rarely re-elected, untrained, sure to be changed so soon as experience shall have given them some little training, do not and cannot perform the work done by the *Juge d'instruction*. Nor does the defect stop here. When the accused have been arrested, indicted, and brought to trial, the proceedings are guided by courts which, partly from conviction, partly from tradition, and sometimes from sheer laziness, give a distorted and mischievous interpretation to the maxim that "every man must be held innocent until he be proved guilty." Granted that there is a sense in which this is sound, there is another sense in which it is unsound. Much depends on what is taken to be proof. I think it is not to be denied that the rules by which testimony is admitted or excluded—originating in the purpose of the English courts to protect innocent persons from prosecutions often malicious, and accusations often false, under laws frequently unjust and arbitrary—do now sometimes produce effects unfair to society and partial to the criminal class. Taken in connection with the requirement of a unanimous verdict from twelve jurors, selected by a process that carefully sifts out intelligence and competence, the result, in a large proportion of cases, is the escape of the guilty at the cost and risk of the community. I am even tempted to go so far as to say that in a large class of criminal cases the presumption of innocence for the accused is, if not wholly unfounded, at least much too obstinately maintained, and that the rights of society are ignored or violated. By what change of law or practice this wrong may be corrected I shall not venture to suggest; but I may be permitted to ask whether the legal profession would not serve the State and honor itself by a serious effort to conform the accepted presumptions in criminal cases to known facts? At present the presumptions and the facts *se jurent*.

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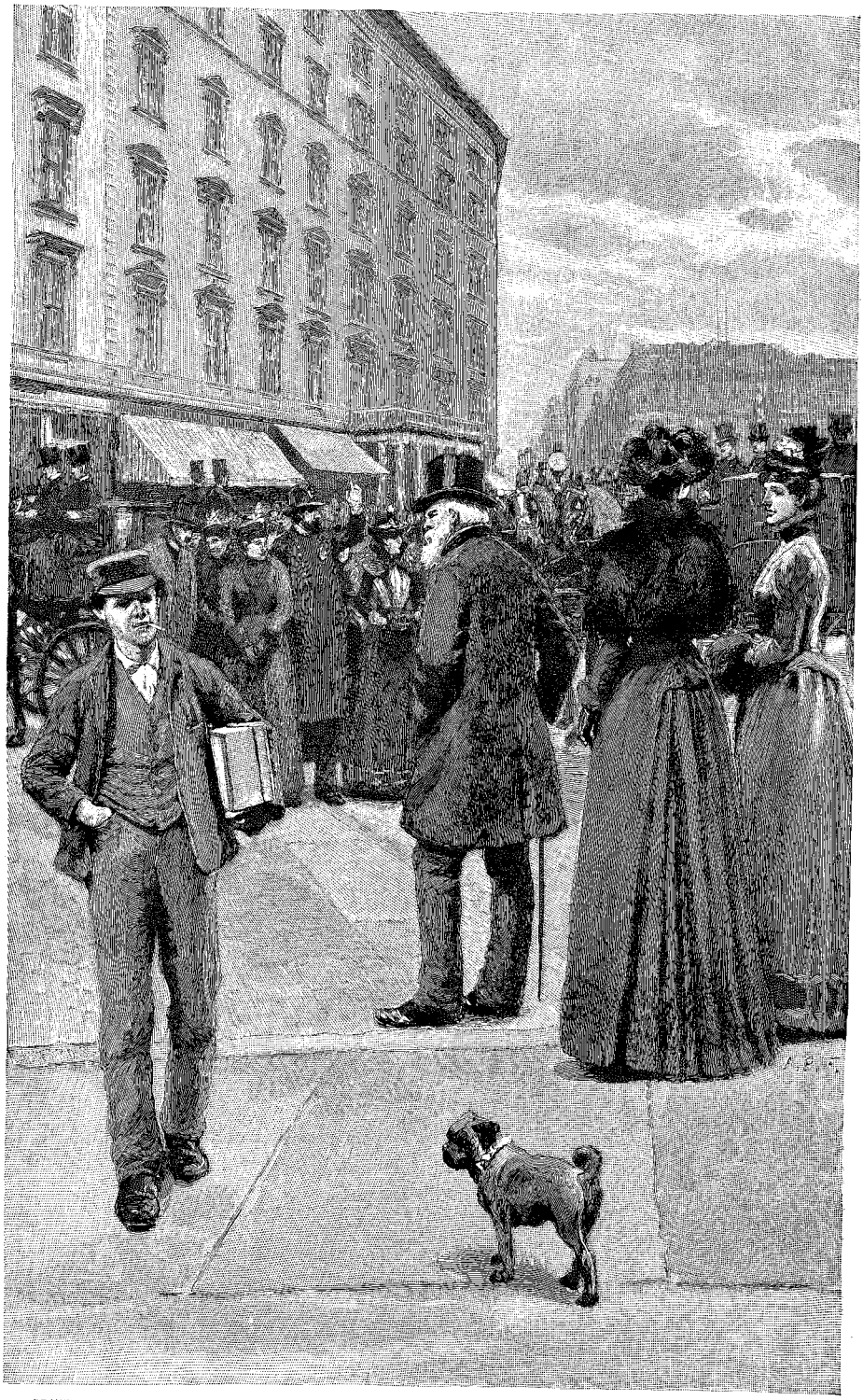

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

BROADWAY—THE TWENTY-THIRD-STREET CROSSING.

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